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AT NINETY¹

BY LE BARON RUSSELL BRIGGS

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT was thirty-five years old when, in 1869, he left a professorship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to become President of Harvard College. Approval of his election was by no means unanimous. He was a chemist; and to make a chemist President was a perilous innovation. He was not widely known, though certain articles of his in the *Atlantic Monthly* had attracted attention by their new treatment of educational problems. He was not popular, nor capable of bidding for popularity. To many he was personally formidable, a Bostonian aristocrat, now puritanical, now dangerously radical, and always tactlessly outspoken. To-day he is the greatest figure in the history of American education, the foremost citizen of the United States — not honored only, but beloved.

The transformation of public feeling toward him is caused in part by the steadily increasing greatness of his own character and life, but chiefly by the discovery of that character and of the use to which that life is put. Power he exhibited early. Power over men and affairs he acquired, day by day, with a speed which bred bewilderment, distrust, and alarm. People talked of him as a tsar. Slowly and surely they have learned that every power with which nature and unremitting labor have equipped him he directs to one supreme end. His noble speech, perfect in voice and enunciation, unmistakable in purpose, dignified, controlled, with tremendous strength in reserve, his amazing capacity for work and his delight therein, his scorn of fear and favor and defeat, his every gift of body or of mind, he has used with complete unselfishness for a purpose beyond the horizon of most men in private life or in public.

President of Harvard College for forty years, possessed by the determination to make of Harvard College a great university, he knew not how to work for Harvard only. Beyond the university was his country; beyond his country was the world. Every selfish motive, every academic motive, every provincial motive was below him. As he himself acquired power, so should his university, so should his country, acquire it — always for freedom and for man. Hence, among those who have come to understand him, no disagreement with his opinions can affect by

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one jot admiration of his character. They may denounce his doctrines and believe, forever, in him. All who know him he enlarges. Even in his Faculty, men whose whole academic career might hang on his good-will would openly oppose his dearest schemes, feeling that failure to speak out was personal disloyalty to him. Nor did any teacher's opposition warp his estimate of that teacher's value to the university or retard that teacher's promotion. Nor did he listen less eagerly to opponents than to friends.

The inscription on a cup which the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences gave him twenty years ago tells of 'his passion for justice, for progress, and for truth.' This passion is the unquenchable fire of his life. Even his prejudices — the strong prejudices of a strong man — turn to ashes in his consuming zeal for justice. Nor is he, as many leaders are, blind to small things in the close pursuit of great ones; his mastery of details is a constant revelation. Nor does the intensity of his public work diminish the intensity of his devotion to his home.

At ninety, he still strikes with uncompromising truthfulness and courage, for every great cause in America or out of it; and his voice, whether recognized as his or not, is heard throughout the world.

'Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord shall fight for thee.'

THE NEW STING OF DEATH

ON LIMITING INHERITANCE

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

I

LITTLE pamphlets on where and how to incorporate are sent annually to lawyers likely to be interested in such matters. They tell the special advantages of the corporation statutes of Arizona or Delaware or New Jersey, as the case may be, and the special and inexpensive facilities which the pamphleteers are able to afford to their patrons desiring corporate charters.

The time is coming, and perhaps soon, when pamphlets of a similar character, but in a new field, will be

issued on where and how to die. The preparation for death has ceased to be a field in which the spiritual adviser alone needs to be consulted. Inheritance taxation, while as old as the hills and used to finance the Roman legions, is with us, in its practical aspects, a very recent affair. A fat law textbook before me on this subject tells me that forty-nine of our sovereign States and the Federal Government itself now levy taxes on the shroud, and that their exactions in the past decade have in-

creased from about twenty-seven million to two hundred million dollars.

Mitigating this new sting of death is, therefore, a relatively new and interesting, though perhaps not especially elevating, function of a profession whose tax-law problems have increased a thousandfold in a decade.

The pamphlet on where and how to die, the salubrious climate, the mild and inoffensive inheritance-tax laws, the trust company and deposit-box facilities, the expert advice on the good securities which old men ought not to own, is perhaps inevitable.

This paper is not intended to trespass upon the field of the pamphlet yet to come. I do not intend to discuss here the growing intricacies of inheritance taxation, its very frequent inequalities, and the injustices and duplications of tax impositions. I wish rather to consider the principle of inheritance itself, and particularly in relation to human incentives as affected by the trend of recent taxation.

One of the great primary incentives to labor and to thrift is the prospect of being able to leave the savings of a lifetime to the family when the breadwinner passes on; and to continue support and protection after death.

In its normal expression, this incentive is wholly salutary and socially useful. It will therefore be a shock to the layman, perhaps, to know that what he has always considered as a right — the power to make a will or to have his property pass to his next of kin if he leaves no will — has no constitutional protection whatever. The lawmakers not only may tax his estate, but may go much further. 'The right to take property by devise or descent is a creature of the law and not a natural right — a privilege; and, therefore, the authority which confers it may impose conditions upon it,' says the United States Supreme Court. As far as the

heir is concerned it is always an open season with no game laws to protect him, and any modifications deemed desirable in the principle of inheritance are matters peculiarly free from constitutional obstacles. Inheritance is the Achilles' heel of Capitalism.

II

Two considerations seem to me to make a broad reconsideration of the principle of inheritance desirable. The first of these reasons is the relatively increased speed with which, under modern conditions, large fortunes can be assembled, and the increase in number and amount of such fortunes. In previous generations, the amassing of a fortune was a slow and difficult task. It was more likely to be the work of two or three generations of a family, instead of the creation of a single member of it in his own lifetime. Our now familiar instrumentalities for quickening the processes of accumulation did not then exist. Even the humble typewriter celebrated this past year only its fiftieth anniversary. A business man, even of exceptional energy, in active life, prior to the Civil War, could scarcely do in a week what can be done now easily in a day. The possibilities of accumulation by a man of first-rate acquisitive capacities are, therefore, greater to-day than ever before, and it is natural that large fortunes should increase both in number and in size.

This is no place for the elaboration of statistical data, but a very short examination of the extent of deposits and investments of trust estates would show this rapid increase in the sums now held under what might be called mortmain control — a control moreover facilitated by highly organized, efficient, intelligent management — by trust companies, which are themselves of comparatively recent growth.

Another reason why inheritance needs consideration lies in the greatly increased number of trusts and trust estates, created as a means of evading, not inheritance-tax laws, but the laws governing income taxes. Due to these processes of evasion, there has been an artificial increase in estates which ultimately will become subjects of inheritance.

The process is this: our income-tax laws place upon persons of large earning capacities taxes which are, to a greater or less degree, out of proportion to taxes levied upon incomes generally and at higher rates. We are thoroughly infected with the idea that the main burden of taxes should be placed upon the rich — meaning thereby the recipients of large incomes. We are, for example, the only important country in which the burden of taxes falls more heavily upon earned income than upon income derived from investments. We base these super-taxes wholly upon the size of these large incomes, quite irrespective of whether the recipients of these incomes, as an incident to their accumulation, are making social contributions which are of public benefit and which deserve to be encouraged rather than penalized.

This is not the place to discuss the methods of evasion which these laws tend to generate. Most of us every week see one or more cartoons showing the rich man evading his taxes by buying tax-free bonds, the cartoon generally picturing him as a particularly wicked and conscienceless person, cunningly evading his public duty of helping support the rest of us. This is, however, only part of the story.

Last winter, a friend who had just returned from Florida analyzed for my benefit a new and interesting class of our fellow citizens whom he described as 'income-tax golfers.'

'I saw down at Miami,' he said by

way of example, 'our old friend Stone, cheerlessly cutting large divots and playing a game incredibly bad. He never will learn how to play golf or any other game; but when an expert accountant told him that he had to earn forty dollars for Uncle Sam before he could have ten dollars for himself, he concluded to take up golf. He has cashed in at fifty-four, made three trust funds — one for his wife and one for each of his children — and lets the trust company look after them. He spends about a month a year on business and says he nets almost as much as he did when he was working nine hours a day and was the acknowledged leader of his industry.'

Trust funds of this kind are increasing enormously. They represent what might be called artificial extensions of inheritance in advance of death. They are created largely for the golfer's reasons. Most of these trusts, to be sure, probably have a power of revocation in them in case the party creating them should conclude to terminate them. To what extent they mitigate income taxes, or evade inheritance taxes, is not the question. The fact that they exist and the reasons for their existence, are, I think, important.

III

We are confronted to-day with a series of problems, surrounding and including this problem of inheritance, on which the new psychologists might be of considerable help to us if our lawmakers would permit anything so remote to influence their lucubrations on tax problems. Presented to the psychologists, the matters which perplex us could be stated about as follows: —

'We do not like the tendency toward great fortunes and the concentration of wealth. While some of our advisers assure us that the "con-

centration of credits" is of negligible importance, we do not think so and never will think so and there is no use talking about it.

'We particularly dislike the pampered children of the rich. We do not care to contemplate a state of society in which, while our children are earning their own living in the best way they can, — by their own efforts, — the offspring of the golden spoon will be buying and spending and living to establish in America the luxury standards of Nineveh and Babylon, coupled with the moral standards of Gomorrah, pictured and advertised in our popular fashion and society magazines.

'We have been told that this too is a matter of negligible importance. We again assert that to us it is important. Gross inequalities of wealth by mere accident of birth are peculiarly displeasing to us.

'On the other hand, we want the productive brains and ability of our best men and women continuously and productively employed. While we do not make the confession with much enthusiasm, we are forced to admit that we must rely on brains as the main source of tax money and material progress. We admit that we seem to be approaching a time when we may conclude that it is bad business for us as a people to continue a process by which we relax the energies and initiative or — still worse — make an artificial leisure class out of the men who ought to be captains of industry. We have lectured them upon their selfishness in taking their money out of common stocks and risks and industry and putting it into the millions of tax-free bonds of States, cities, and jerkwater hamlets. They have taken our lectures much as Sindbad would have received such views from the Old Man who sat on his shoulders.'

Secretary of the Treasury Mellon

has recently told us that we are losing money in taxes by this heretofore popular process of super-taxes on large incomes and the evasion through tax-exempt bond purchases which this system has stimulated. If it be true, as we are told, that our income-tax revenue for the past five years has been on the average some four hundred million dollars less, owing to legal evasion of this kind, we nevertheless realize that this is the minor part of the loss. The major loss is diversion of energy, ability, foresight, and enterprise from American production business into 3-per-cent, tax-free stagnation, and the transformation of driving-power into golf.

The success of any form of organized society must depend very largely on having its system of law, and particularly its system of taxation, consistent with the normal motives and incentives which govern the individual. Its stability and its progress must depend directly and entirely, in their material aspect, upon the vitalization and extension in the individual citizen of the motives which express themselves in a willingness to work. When these motives have been undermined or destroyed, collapse inevitably follows. Russia collapsed. We shall not collapse, but we have an uneasy consciousness that we are distinctly slowing down what the economist calls 'ability.'

To return to the psychologist to whom we have presented, in a very rambling fashion, these problems: if he should eschew his technical terminology and speak the common language, would he not say something like this as a diagnosis of our troubles:—

'Given a reasonable amount of sadly wanted legislation to prevent rascals from getting rich by rascality, the undue limitation of incentive put upon men competent to create and

organize wealth is a mistake. The danger feared of the undue accumulation of fortunes in hands which do not earn them can be avoided without these undesirable limitations upon initiative and enterprise.

'The mistake in our policy in the past on both of these matters has been largely due to a misconception concerning incentives. This mistake has arisen from an erroneous estimate of what constitutes the basis of the desire for accumulating wealth.

'Most of us who work and whose money-making capacities are limited must admit, if we do not idealize ourselves too much, that we are actuated, in the main, by two controlling motives: the desire for things in themselves; and the desire for security for ourselves and our families.

'Most of us never get beyond the direct range of these motives. In other words, we never acquire enough money to satisfy our rather moderate demands, as we see them, for either comfort or security. We fail, therefore, wholly to visualize a point in the process of accumulation — because we do not reach it ourselves: a point at which both these motives may become exhausted; where what the engineers call 'the saturation point' has been reached, and beyond which point a rich man, if he continue an acquisitive career, does so without thinking and simply as a matter of habit — or for wholly different motives than the search for either security or well-being.'

IV

I shall not attempt here to outline a complete thesis on why rich men work, however interesting such a study might be for the Sunday Supplement. I am convinced, however, of this: that the desire to leave wife and children in financial security has been

fully satisfied and has ceased to be a motive for further labor, in the case of the average man of great business or financial ability, long before the amount accumulated has reached proportions where its passing into inheritance would be in any sense a public danger.

In other words, a distinct limitation upon the amount which any man should be allowed to leave to his wife or family, by will or by intestacy, could be made without losing to industry the capacities of a single captain worth while. Whatever other reasons there might be for not doing it, a fear of desertion by industrial leaders would not be one.

It is not true that any large part of the popular support of the demagogue in his demand for super-taxes on the incomes of the great money-makers is due to hostility to the captain of industry, or to any antagonism to his having millions under his control in industrial use.

We instinctively rebel against his having the disposition of these enormous funds when he ceases to be a captain and becomes a clod of the same substance as the tramp in the potter's field. Henry Ford, our richest industrialist, enjoys a most extraordinary popularity. Our sentiment toward his son Edsel, however, may quite conceivably be a wholly different matter.

The lot of the true captain of industry might be made a great deal happier if this inheritance matter were settled to everybody's satisfaction, so that we felt we could let him alone a little more while he is alive.

The spirit back of the taxation of which the great industrial and financial leaders complain, is an entirely sound one. The trouble comes in its application. It was long ago regarded as one of the distinguishing features of the policy of our country to prevent the

accumulation of large estates in particular families and the development of either a landed or a moneyed aristocracy of the European type through inheritance. It may be interesting to quote what De Tocqueville said about this matter a hundred years ago: —

I am surprised [he said] that ancient and modern jurists have not attributed to their laws [governing inheritance] a greater influence on human affairs, for they exercise an incredible influence upon the social state of the people, a steady and uniform operation affecting, as it were, generations yet unborn. Through their means man acquires a kind of preternatural power over the future lot of his fellow creatures. When the legislator has once regulated the law of inheritance, he may rest from his labor. The machine once put in motion will go on for ages and advance, as if self-regulated, toward a point indicated beforehand. When framed in a particular manner, this law unites, draws together and vests property and power in a few hands—it causes aristocracy, so to speak, to spring out of the ground. If formed on opposite principles, as in the United States, its action is still more rapid, it divides, distributes and disperses both property and power. Whichever be the tendency, it goes on of its own force, grinding to powder every obstacle in its way.

What De Tocqueville would say on this subject, if he were to return to America now, would doubtless be interesting. Some of his comments would perhaps be these: —

That the tendency to disperse and distribute in America, which he had noted with approval, has not continued as he anticipated, and that legislation to effectuate such distribution has not come as one might have expected.

That our failure to legislate has been due mainly to the extraordinary expression in the United States of a voluntary trusteeship, manifested in the testamentary dispositions of so many men of great wealth.

This has become the accepted American tradition. It exists in no other country as in ours. It is probably true that these conspicuous gifts to public use by a considerable number of exceedingly rich testators have effected a delay in the consideration of inheritance as a whole. Inheritance taxation, as at present practised, has no social principle behind it, other than mere revenue-getting. To a considerable extent it represents a penalty on thrift in its application to modest fortunes. In its higher taxes upon the great estates, it accomplishes no serious distributive purpose. The Federal statute is inconceivably stupid, unjust, and harsh in its application.

How backward we have been on this inheritance question is fairly illustrated by the fact that we still maintain, in many of our states, laws limiting gifts to public purposes by will; so that in New York, for example, a widower with an insane daughter and ten million dollars to dispose of cannot bequeath more than one-half to institutions for education, charity or benevolence. To make the absurdity still more perfect, it may be added that he does not have to leave anything to the daughter. The existence of the daughter, however, makes void any testamentary gift to public charitable use in excess of one half of his estate.

In the recent interesting volume of letters of the late Secretary Franklin D. Lane, I find the following, which seems to summarize the problem we are now considering. He says: —

The last century was devoted to steaming up in production. This century, it appears to me, will devote itself more definitely to distribution. They (the people) will certainly find that they get most when they preserve the captain of industry; but may it not be that his imagination and foresight may be commanded by society at a lower share of the gross than he has

heretofore received, or in exchange for something of a different, perhaps of a sentimental, nature?

V

What makes this inheritance question timely is that we are considering the terms and conditions under which we are to avail ourselves best of the services of our captains of industry. The inheritance matter is one of these terms. I quite realize that the subject of the limitation of inheritance is not without difficulties and dangers. I nevertheless believe that, on the whole, society would be improved by a solution which satisfied our traditional American objections to the undue accumulation of wealth in hands which did not earn it. An alluring collateral advantage from such a solution might be found, perhaps, in an entirely new direction: namely, an improved distribution.

We complain that the best brains in America are constantly diverted to money-getting pursuits; that our political and public life generally does not receive a proper quota of first-class minds. Too many men of great imagination and constructive capacity continue as a mere matter of habit to-day an acquisitive game which has ceased to interest them. They continue the process of accumulation long beyond the period when accumulation means anything to them and then spend a few days or weeks in drafting a will which turns over the process of distribution to new hands. The distributive process is nowhere nearly so well done as the accumulative process.

What would happen if this same man, in his own lifetime, and not at old age but in the prime of his powers, were confronted with laws that effectively prevented his leaving by will more than a certain amount to his wife and children, or subject to such other

limitations as the law might fix? Might not the senselessness of further accumulation, with such a prospect, have the result of diverting to distribution the energies and trained capacities of the fortune-maker himself? Would not society, on the whole, be better off if this thing happened?

The elder Rockefeller is unique in two respects, the first of which alone seems to have been appreciated. That he was an acquisitive genius and made an enormous fortune, we all know.

The other matter is this: at a definite date in his own life, he ceased devoting his energies to further accumulations and turned them to developing a highly organized process of distribution, endeavoring to find distributive investments whose public value would justify the expenditure of millions of his previous accumulations. He probably began this process too late in life, but the resolute separation of his life into acquisitive and distributive periods and the character and quality of his distributive methods are the conspicuous facts of the latter period of his extraordinary career.

Comparatively few great money-accumulators have followed this example, and none except Mr. Carnegie on anything like the same scale. What effect might a definite limitation on inheritance have — so far as family connections are concerned — upon increasing the number of men of like type in the same process? Might we not, in a measure, by law, retain in new occupations of a distributive character men who are taking on the golf leisure at a time when they should be distributing their own fortunes themselves and enjoying a new game as they do it?

I quite realize that all ways of evading such limitations could not be closed. Such difficulties have not prevented legislation on other topics, the income tax itself being a conspicuous

example. One quite obvious method of evasion, I believe, would be less serious in practice than perhaps many might anticipate — the distribution to children or wife in the donor's own lifetime. To make such distribution by will is to-day, of course, quite common, but I indulge the surmise that the prospect of having to see in his own lifetime the folly of his heirs would in itself act as a wholesome deterrent to many of such unwise gifts. Other methods of distribution, based less upon mere kinship and more upon a recognition of assistance rendered by his comrades-in-arms in the co-operative work of fortune-making would have, I think, more influence on the captain of industry if the present testamentary convention were broken.

Before the Prohibition Amendment, there were two prosperous and popular cafés in lower New York, both of which were profusely adorned with collections of pictures, constituting a rather higher type than the average standard of bar-room art. The original proprietor of these interesting places, before passing on to wherever saloon-keepers are supposed to go, left them by will to his bartenders, to whose genial and efficient skill these places owed their extensive popularity. A good example in a naughty world might well be followed in a world less subject to constitutional limitations.

I am inclined to think that the suggestion of limitation of inheritance, however difficult in detail might be the methods of its accomplishment, would find relatively little opposition where perhaps opposition might at first be expected: namely, from the captains of industry who make the great fortunes, with the distribution of which we are now concerned. I read a few days

ago in my morning paper an interview which seemed to confirm these views. It was with a very rich man, a true and typical American captain of industry, who, having started life as a poor boy in a country town, finds himself at sixty-five, possessed of a fortune of many millions, engaged in a great industrial enterprise which he has founded and which bears his name. His wife is dead; he is childless; he is following the great American tradition of trusteeship, and has dedicated this fortune to an industrial school and the education and maintenance of orphan boys.

'Suppose you had two or three sons, would you still feel the business should go to the boys?' asked the interviewer.

'Well,' said Mr. Hershey, 'my wife and I decided that we ought to do this. She has gone on and did not live to see the plan completed. It was hers and mine. If we had had two or three sons, we might have felt differently. No man can answer that; but I think I should have given them what they needed and turned the rest over to the boys. Too much money is an evil influence for a boy. I am certain I should have felt that way about my own. Money spoils more men than it makes. The inheritance of a great fortune is a bad thing. Let us not place any curbs on the creation of fortunes; but we should limit their inheritance, I believe.'

These sentiments express, in simple words, a wholesome, old-fashioned, American philosophy. The unlimited right of inheritance forms no necessary part of the price which America must pay to obtain in full measure from her leaders in industry that quality and character of service on which not only her present but her future prosperity must so largely depend.

LONDON IN THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

DINING once with a charming woman, and matching minds, as was our habit, about London, she asked me: 'If you kept a public house in London, what would you name it?'

'Well,' I replied, after a moment's thought, 'if my "pub" had a good connection, — meaning thereby, if every old soak in the neighborhood preferred to buy his drink of me rather than of another, — I should keep the old name, whatever it was. If, on the other hand, I had to name it myself, I should call it the Bunch of Grapes, suggesting thereby expensive wines rather than cheap malt liquor; then also it would be called by the cockney, the "Bunch of Gripes" — and that would delight me. What would you call yours?'

'"The Marquis of Granby,"' she replied promptly; 'I've always thought that a very elegant name. You'd call it "Markis," of course.'

'Certainly, I should,' I replied. 'What's your favorite railway-station?'

'Victoria, Brighton Line,' she said. 'And yours?'

'Oh, there's only one for me,' I answered. 'Euston, the station by which I first entered the great town, one evening in June, just forty years ago.'

We drifted on to other subjects and the matter went out of my mind until the other day when, happening to pass the great granite portals of that station, I thought of the joy that was mine

when I first realized that I was actually in London.

I was traveling entirely by myself and my chief preparation for my tour had been a course of the *Rollo Books* — and I can hardly imagine a better. By them I was in some measure prepared for whatever came my way, whether 'Upon the Atlantic,' 'In London,' or elsewhere. When my boat, the *British Prince*, a tub that sailed from Philadelphia, touched at Queens-town, greatly to my surprise a letter was put into my hand. It was from a young lad, a distant cousin whom I had heard of only remotely; but it welcomed me to English shores.

'If I knew what you looked like,' he said, 'I would meet you at Euston.' I wondered where Euston was. But as my cousin was not prepared to recognize me, his letter went on to say that perhaps I would take a cab at the station and come along to No. 2 Rupert Street where I could live with him very cheaply, if I wanted to. When, upon arrival, I stepped out into the almost unspeakable confusion of Euston, I wondered how ever was I to make my way to my destination; but all difficulties vanished as I approached them, and half an hour later I was being welcomed by a boy about my own age into a cheap and dingy boarding-house where he was living, and I found I could secure a tiny room — a mere closet in which I could sleep — and that bed and breakfast would be

a pound a week. The bargain was soon struck. I liked the price, even if I did not care for the accommodation and we sallied forth into the streets. I have, I suppose, been happier since — but not much. And London always makes the same appeal to me. I enter with a feeling of elation — supremely happy; I leave it with a feeling of depression. Some day I shall leave London and never see it again. Well, be it so; we can die but once.

The London of the eighteen-eighties was a much noisier and a far more crowded city than now. The streets were narrower and fewer; the great thoroughfares of Shaftesbury Avenue and the Charing Cross Road were not cut through; Kingsway and Aldwych were undreamed of and, above all, there were no tubes — only one underground railway into which it was worth one's life to enter, so filled was it with filthy smoke and sulphurous gases, the accumulation of years. The noise of tens of thousands of horse-drawn vehicles made a confused and ceaseless roar as of distant waves breaking upon a rocky shore. The streets were brilliantly lighted with gas lamps and alive with people surging in every direction; most men wore silk hats and carried canes; the poorer class looked very poor, indeed, and wore caps; soldiers gayly dressed, with tiny round caps of about the size of pill boxes held on over one ear by a narrow strap, carrying canes about as thick as a lead pencil and two feet long, were everywhere in evidence.

'So this is London,' I said to myself.

We ate something, somewhere; I have no idea where or what, for my friend had said to me, 'I have half a sovereign, let's go to the theatre. Florence St. John (pronounced Sinjin) is playing in *Olivette*. She's a beauty! I don't suppose you have ever heard of *Olivette*.'

'Don't you?' I cried. 'If Florence St. John can beat Katharine Lewis singing and dancing in *Olivette*, she must be a good one. I know it, every bit of it, words and music. Let's go to the theatre by all means.'

We went, and I was forced to admit that never before had I seen such a wonderful performance. Florence St. John was superb; she danced and sang all the songs I knew so well, and I was in the seventh heaven of delight. I was told that she was a very naughty woman and that that wealth of golden hair was her own — or was n't — I forget which. I vowed it made no difference and it hardly seemed possible that anyone so beautiful — in tights — could be so very bad. Plainer women had set such rumors afloat out of mere jealousy. If anything could make me happier than I was it would be to meet Florence St. John in the flesh — there was a good deal of it. 'Wait till you see Marie Tempest,' said my friend.

We went to bed. In five minutes I was asleep, in another five, seemingly, I was awake and, if I ever knew that London was a late riser, I had forgotten it. There was much to be seen. I would get up and see it. It was almost seven o'clock. Dressing quietly, for not a sound was to be heard in the house, I went downstairs and let myself out into the street. Not a soul was in sight. Of the roar of the traffic, which had so impressed me the night before, nothing was to be heard. It seemed very strange that the pulse of London should have ceased beating. I did not know which to see first — the Tower, or Westminster Abbey. Consulting my map I found the Abbey to be the nearer and I quickly found my way into Trafalgar Square and walked rapidly on through Whitehall, stopping for a moment opposite the Horse Guards. Reaching the Abbey, I tried the door. I might just as well have

tried the door of the Bank of England. It was a little better than half past seven. I think I had not passed a single person on my walk. I walked by and admired Westminster Hall, the House of Parliament, and crossed over Westminster Bridge.

Then I began to feel hungry, very. I tried the doors of several restaurants — finally one yielded to my hand. I went in; on the bare wooden tables were stacked equally bare wooden chairs, harpies were on their hands and knees scrubbing with an ecstasy I had never seen before. I asked for coffee and a roll. I might just as well have asked for canvas-back duck and champagne. This occurred at Lockhart's: these establishments are gone now. If I remember correctly they have been swallowed up by the A.B.C's. I then decided to return to Rupert Street, trying restaurant doors as I did so, always with one result. Entering the house, — I had a key, — I went to my friend's room and saw him preparing for his ablutions with about a quart of hot water in a small basin. He asked me where I had been. I told him. 'My word! you are early,' was all he said. 'Go downstairs. I'll join you in a few minutes. You'll find my newspaper at my place in the breakfast-room. I take in the *Chronicle*.'

I had a very bad cup of tea, an egg that had met with an accident, bread, butter, and something that was called marmalade — but I was in London and I was very happy.

II

No. 2 Rupert Street is next to the corner of Coventry Street and just across the street, on the opposite corner of what would still be Rupert Street if that street had not tired of its name, was the Prince of Wales's theatre. At that theatre a young and beautiful girl,

as exquisite as a Dresden china shepherdess, — her name Marie Tempest, — was playing in an opérette called *Dorothy*. It has not, I think, been played in the United States — why, I could never understand. Over the gulf of years I remember it as a sort of combination of *Erminie* and *Robin Hood*. It was lovely! There was a fine song, 'Be wise in time, O Phyllis Mine,' and another, 'Queen of My Heart,' sung by Hayden Coffin, then in his prime, that I thought the finest songs I had ever heard. They might seem rather flat to-day, but at the time, — it was forty years ago, dear reader, and I was twenty, — I thought nothing more melodious had ever been written. And there was a hunting song that almost turned me into a sportsman. Night after night I used to climb to the gallery of the Prince of Wales's, until I knew the words and music so well that I could have taken any part, on short notice.

And in after years, whenever and wherever Marie Tempest was playing, I always used to see her and with all the enthusiasm of youth. Some who read these lines may remember how beautiful and graceful she was in the title-part in *The Fencing Master*, in which, years later, she toured the United States. Finally, she gave up comic opera and became a comedy actress of charm and grace, occasionally singing some simple song with such skill as only a cultivated musician can, playing her own accompaniment. Once I saw her as Polly Eccles in Robertson's old-fashioned, but amusing, play, *Caste*, and more recently, — but Marie Tempest is only of yesterday, — or is it to-morrow, — and the whole world is at her feet.

The last time I saw her, I did what I had always been threatening to do: I told her that I loved her. But many men have told her so, and my declaration occasioned her no surprise. It

came about in this way: it was during the war and for economy's sake we had closed our house in the country and were living at the Ritz in Philadelphia. One evening after the play, she came into the supper-room with her husband, Graham Browne, and seated herself at a table not far from where my wife and I were sitting. On the spur of the moment I got up, and telling my wife that something very pleasant, or very unpleasant, was almost immediately going to happen to me, I went over to where she sat and, holding out my hand after the manner of an old friend, I said, 'Miss Tempest, I cannot suppose that you remember me; but we have met many times in London.'

She gave me her hand with the merest trace of bewilderment, and asked me to sit down. As I did so, I observed that it was in 1884, when she was playing in *Dorothy* at the Prince of Wales's, and that I had never forgotten and never should forget how unspeakably lovely she was. Instantly she became the actress again and, holding my hand to detain me, said, 'Run away, my boy, run away; there was no such year.'

'I have left my wife over there,' I went on, pointing to my table, 'to come and sing to you, "Be wise in time." It may be a little late, but —'

'It is, it is,' she cried with a laugh; 'but do you know my husband?' Then followed about the merriest ten minutes' talk I have ever had, when, telling her that I should love her to my dying day, I returned to the wife of my bosom whom I have always suspected of hoping that I would meet with a rebuff.

A few minutes later Graham Browne got up, and coming to my table held out his hand to my wife saying, that as I had been making love to his lady he thought it only fair that he should be allowed the same privilege. So the

honors were even, and I am waiting anxiously for our next encounter. Please Heaven it may soon come!

III

Theatrical reminiscence is rarely interesting: the stage from the front is all motion and light and color; one would say that an actor's life could not fail to be delightful; but in reality it is not so. It is a life of difficulty, drudgery, and jealousy; and, when one comes to read of it, one is confronted by a maze of names, real and fictitious, and dates which are useful but not inspiring. In writing about the success of this actor in that part, or the failure of another in some other part, one finds one's self indulging in exclamations rather than explanations. Indeed, how is one to suggest the power of a glance, a gesture, and the voice by a written word? The actor's is a fleeting art. Perhaps it is only fair that this should be so, for what other artist enjoys such immediate and tumultuous applause? The author produces his effect in his study, alone; the artist paints his picture wondering whether the public will accept it; the successful actor is instantly rewarded — and almost as instantly forgotten. Confronting these difficulties I want to speak of Irving and Terry.

Charles Lamb once wrote, 'I have no ear'; and then went on to explain. In like manner, I have no eye. When by chance I remember a face I rarely fasten the proper name to it. But I have 'ear,' and after a lapse of years I can yet hear, in imagination, Ellen Terry, as Beatrice, say to Henry Irving, as Benedick, 'I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior Benedick. Nobody marks you'; and I can still see the lift of his eyebrows as he replies, 'What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?' and a moment later, when

she says she would rather hear a dog bark than a man swear he loves her, he replies, 'God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentlemen or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.'

These words, uttered in the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia in 1883, still ring in my ears; from that moment the great theatrical passion of my life has been Irving and Terry. All the scenes of 'Much Ado' — it was the first of Shakespeare's comedies that I had seen — come before me as I write. How electrified I was when Beatrice in the church scene cries out to Benedick to 'Kill Claudio!' And who that has heard it can forget Benedick's soliloquy in the garden, in which he details the charms a woman must have ere he marry her, ending 'And her hair, her hair shall be of what color it please God.'

I have heard it said that Irving could neither talk, walk, nor act: that his mannerisms were offensive, that he was 'always Irving.' I am willing for the sake of the argument to admit all that may be said in his despite; but no actor in my day had such intellectuality, was so full of that quality we call magnetism, without which an actor cannot reach the top of his profession. Call to mind Creston Clarke: he had a fine stage presence, a beautiful voice; he was conscientious and painstaking; yet he left one cold. Irving was electrical; one knew him for a great man. Who that has seen him can forget his noble brow, his piercing eye, his long and graceful hands? And as for Ellen Terry ('dear Ellen Terry' as Irving always called her in the little speeches which he used to make before the curtain), her delicious voice is still ringing in your ears, if, unluckily, your ears are as old as mine. Shall you ever forget her fascinating, if irregular, beauty?

When and where, and in what I saw these complementary and supplementary actors, what matters it? Suffice it to say I saw them in all, or almost all, their great parts: in 'Romeo' — in which I confess Irving was awful but Terry lovely, — in 'Lear,' and 'The Merchant'; in *Macbeth*, and in *Hamlet* — which was, I think, Irving's greatest part; in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, during one scene of which every man, woman, and child in the audience cried as frankly and openly as one does at a funeral. How well he played Charles the First! Certainly no actor ever looked the part more perfectly than Irving: I can see him now in the leave-taking scene, with Ellen Terry crying quite as much as Henrietta Maria in real life could have done.

Then there were those fine plays in which Irving acted without Terry — *Louis XI*, *Waterloo*, and *The Bells*. In these, especially in *Waterloo*, Irving was supreme. As a character study it remains unsurpassed. *The Bells* I first saw in Philadelphia one winter's night when there was so much snow on the ground that the street cars were not running, and I had to walk home after midnight, a distance of several miles. I had never seen such acting before. The 'bells' continued to ring in my ears as I trudged along, and occasionally actual sleigh bells could be heard. To this day, therefore, I never hear sleigh bells of a winter's night without thinking of Irving in the death scene where, as Mathias, he cries, 'Why is not Christian here?' Sound seems to have for me the reminiscent quality that smell has in others.

In the early productions the part of Christian was taken by the gifted young actor William Terris: who ever saw a better lover than he? What a matinée idol he would have made! only they hardly had matinée idols in those days. And what a handsome and reckless young villain he was as Thornhill

in 'The Vicar'! Poor fellow! When still a young man, not having an enemy in the world, he was stabbed by a lunatic at the stage-door of the Adelphi.

I saw Irving in *Ravenswood*, a lugubrious dramatization of *The Bride of Lammermoor* which cannot, I think, be called one of his successes, in *The Amber Heart*, of which I remember nothing, and in *Madame Sans-Gêne*, of which what I remember I do not care for. What did, however, delight me, was Tennyson's *Becket*, produced in 1893, a few months after the great poet's death. Incidentally, in the years to which I am reverting, I scarcely ever went into Westminster Abbey without treading upon the new-made grave of some great man whose name was so vital to me that it seemed as if I were treading on a living thing. The names of Tennyson, Browning, and Irving instantly occur to me. Great men don't die to-day — they are all dead.

But to return to *Becket*. It was a beautiful, dignified performance for which Irving was by nature especially suited. With what exquisite care it was produced! How well one remembers the beauty of the first act. The curtain rises and reveals two men playing a game of chess: there is complete silence for a time, then moves are made and at last the King, beaten, knocks over the chessboard, and Church and State in the persons of Becket and the King come actually to grips.

I never pass the Lyceum Theatre in Wellington Street — and I passed it no later than last night on my way to see a sporting melodrama, *Good Luck*, at Drury Lane — without thinking of the wonderful 'first nights' when it was the most fashionable theatre in London. For full twenty years Irving was on the crest of the wave. Nightly people stood in line at the pit entrance for hours, waiting for the doors to open; and when, to save them from fatigue and

exposure, Irving permitted them to secure reserved seats at the regular admission prices, they were so outraged that immediately they got in they tore up the seats and a riot was with difficulty averted. Who ever heard of the pit being reserved? A three-century-old tradition had been violated: the old order of things was quickly restored. What is the Lyceum now? It is given over to Hall-Caine melodrama at popular prices: no theatre in London has fallen so low.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that Irving's greatest financial, was not his greatest artistic, success. *Faust*, the most melodramatic spectacle produced up to that time, has always seemed to me unworthy of the great traditions of the Lyceum — as better suited to Drury Lane, although Irving's physical gifts and peculiarities especially fitted him in the part of Mephisto. In these days, when the production of elaborate spectacles is a matter of such ordinary event as to call for no comment whatever, a run of six hundred nights and 'takings' of a million dollars seem nothing remarkable; but in 1885 the world gasped. And well it might. Irving employed the best artists and spared neither pains nor expense to secure the most wonderful effects. The scene in the Brocken was really marvelous: elaborate electrical effects were used for the first time in a theatre; electrically charged iron plates were so placed upon the stage that, when one stood upon two of them, an electric circuit was completed. In the fight between Faust and Valentine, when their swords clashed, sparks flashed therefrom as occasionally they did from Irving, as Mephisto; and when he, in a scarlet robe, with red lights playing on him, raised his tall figure to its full height and hurled his curse at all and sundry — well, the audience fairly gasped. Ellen Terry as Margaret was

lovely, as always; but my own feeling was that the play was not worthy of the powers of the actors. Irving was at his best in subtly intellectual parts — parts in which the workings of his refined and melancholy face and above all, of his wonderful eyes, could be seen to better advantage than during the play of colored lights, in clouds of steam, and amidst the crash of stage thunder. I always regretted that I did not see him as Alfred Jingle, for in eccentric comedy Irving was as remarkable as in tragedy.

Alas! that there is always an apex to an actor's career — to any career. Why can we not, having been present at the glorious ascent, be spared the pain of witnessing the declension of our idols. Ellen Terry — the lovely and lovable, whose voice was music and whose smile a reward for a day's labor — began to grow old: after twenty-five years together she and Irving parted. There was no quarrel; as has been said, their separation was due to the fact that she was no longer suited to play young girls' parts, and to redeem financial losses, Irving became more and more inclined to melodramatic rôles in plays in which there was no part for Terry. Could she who had delighted the town as Juliet, come to play the Nurse? Irving, never a robust man, toward the last played against great physical weariness, and he died in harness. Becket was his last part, and his last words spoken on the stage were: 'Into thy hands, O Lord! into thy hands!'

At the bottom of St. Martin's Lane, not far from the world's worst statue — that of Edith Cavell — is a statue of Henry Irving, erected to his memory by friends in his profession. It shows Irving in academic robes and is in a deplorable condition: anything long exposed to the damp air of London soon becomes covered, as with a veneer, with grime and dirt. The statue should be

cleaned; a few buckets of hot water and soap would soon set things right. I must write a letter to the *Times* about it. In the Guildhall Art Gallery, perhaps the most incongruous collection of art objects in the world, is a beautiful marble statue of Irving as Hamlet by Onslow Ford, the talented sculptor, who died young; if it could have been reproduced in bronze it would have been a much finer monument to the great actor than the one which now represents him as an academician.

IV

In the days I am reviewing, just round the corner from the Lyceum, was the Gaiety Theatre. It was well named. The old building was swept away when the Strand was widened and Aldwych built, and to me, the name of the present Gaiety is a misnomer. Music and mirth have departed from it; I have n't seen a good show there for years.

In the old days as soon as I reached London I secured lodgings, and then drove to Strand and bought theatre tickets at the Lyceum and Gaiety for alternate evenings. Those were the days, or nights, rather, when they always ran a burlesque there. They were light and witty and took a lot of acting, and I think it will be admitted that never before or since, on the London stage or any other, has there been seen such beautiful dancing. Kate Vaughan is credited with having introduced a new style of dancing which came to be called skirt dancing. She was enormously popular and at the height of her career is said to have received one pound per minute for her work upon the stage. 'The poetry of motion' is a phrase which must have been invented to describe her exquisitely rhythmical movement. Later on came Sylvia Gray, Letty Lind, Marion Hood, and

a host of others — all of whom danced divinely. There was no suggestion of vulgarity in the best dancing at the Gaiety; rather it seemed as though a number of singularly beautiful and refined creamy, country girls, in long frocks, soft and fluffy, with innumerable colored silk petticoats, had stumbled into the theatre while on their way to a very swagger garden-party, and, having done so, decided to lark it a bit with some interesting men they had quite innocently discovered. Then the orchestra began a tune, as infectious as it was original, and, in a moment, the stage was a blaze of multicolored Liberty-silk petticoats, out of which would occasionally project a silk-stockinged leg and a dainty foot. In those days the *jeunesse dorée* of London might nightly be seen in the front rows of the stalls, picking out their brides — ‘reinvigorating the peerage,’ it was called.

How these Gaiety shows — *Miss Esmeralda*, *Faust up to Date*, *Ruy Blasé* or *the Blasé Roué*, and the rest — caught the town! They were full of comedy, not too refined, and were as English as boiled beef and carrots. The English have always been great rhymers and punsters: puns were as common on the old Gaiety stage as flowers are in the country, to mutilate one of Oscar Wilde’s best witticisms. What fun was made by that great comedian, Fred Leslie, so graceful and accomplished, who died when he was but thirty-seven, his great ambition to play Hamlet unachieved! And there was Arthur Roberts, another Gaiety wit! The spirit of comedy seems to have deserted the stage to-day. One form of amusement crowds out another. The Gaiety burlesques of my youth, themselves the followers of opera bouffe, an importation from the continent, gave way to musical comedies, — *Morocco Bound* was the first

of them, — as these have given way to vulgar and meaningless revues.

I was speaking of Arthur Roberts. I saw him at the Pavilion a year or two ago, playing the part of an octogenarian in a bath-chair at Brighton, and doing it very well, too, talking to another old crony of his experiences in London before the war — *with Napoleon*. But Arthur Roberts was a wag off the stage as well as on: I remember a story of which he was the hero. They are always holding exhibitions of one kind or another in London — the Motor Show is the latest of them; but in the year I have in mind they had an exhibition of foodstuffs — they usually referred to it as ‘The Healtheries.’ Food, *en gros et en petit*, was exhibited and occasionally samples would be given out. Well, one day Arthur Roberts had the bright idea of having a lot of cards printed — ‘Please Take One Home.’ These he stuck freely over pyramids of exhibits, — tins of sardines, bottles of olives, boxes of dates, and the like, — with the result that, before the distracted exhibitors realized what had occasioned it, thousands of small parcels were set in motion as if by magic.

I have almost forgotten Nellie Farnen — ‘Our Nelly’ as she was popularly called. She played boys’ parts, mostly, and at sixty was divine in tights. She and Fred Leslie played against each other for years. She had graduated from the Old Vic and was an accomplished actress before she became the star of the Gaiety — if the Gaiety can be said to have had any one bright particular star. She did not have an especially good singing voice, but she had wit, a rare thing in woman, and she was tireless in her efforts to please. I have mentioned Letty Lind: she was a tall, blonde, dangerously demure creature who early danced her way into the hearts of her audience and stayed there;

but my own passion was for Sylvia Gray, who is now the Mrs. Fenwick one reads about in the newspapers as a daring rider in the Quorn Hunt.

But good things must come to an end: Fred Leslie died, Nellie Farren retired wisely at the height of her fame, and the famous beauties married and lived happily ever after — let us hope! A new theatre, Daly's, opened to divide with the Gaiety the patronage of those in search of music and laughter. Musical comedies became the rage and four of them, *The Geisha*, *San Toy*, *A Country Girl*, and *The Merry Widow* ran for a total of ten years. One of the greatest successes of a slightly earlier period was *The Belle of New York*, an importation which succeeded in spite of a onetime prejudice against an American musical comedy. It ran — somewhere over here — for two years or more, thanks to its tuneful music and the ability of that excellent comedian, Dan Daly, and the charms of the demure Salvation Army Girl, Edna May, who soon became a peeress and is now the widow of one of America's very rich men.

Shall we ever forget *Florodora* with its famous double sextette — 'Tell me pretty maiden'? There are ladies, now firmly established in high places, who owe their rank largely to the fact that in the 'original sextette' they were given a chance to display such charms as, in the past, have changed the course of empire. When I saw *Florodora* in London, Marie Tempest was no longer in the caste; therefore I never heard her sing 'When I Leave Town,' — you remember it? — one verse goes: —

'When I 'm up, just for the day,
London seems so bright and gay,
Policemen smile, as I drive thro' the park in
style!

Busmen greet me from above,
Cabmen drive me just for love,
And every waiter says that he,
Waits exclusively for me.

I 'm known everywhere, from Bayswater to
Berkeley Square,
I 've got that sort of an air,
That positively knocks 'em over.'

And she had, too.

With the *Arcadians*, musical-comedy shows came practically to an end. It ran for over two years in London and then came to New York where I first saw it. I have forgotten the name of the man who played the high comedy part; but the lugubrious jockey with his song, 'Always Merry and Bright,' was the inimitable Alfred Lester. In it, too, was Connie Ediss, a vulgar cockney comedienne with a rasping voice, graduated from 'the halls' — a great favorite of mine. And what was the name of the girl who sang 'I'm so tired of violets' so delightfully?

But I must be careful not to mix my dates. I am verging upon the present. Most writing about the theatre is done by old men who paint the past in radiant colors against the dull background of the present. I cannot think of myself as an exception to this rule, but before leaving this subject I want to remind my severest critic — my wife — that twenty-odd years ago, when we were enjoying to the full the wonderful shows then being given at Weber and Fields's in New York, I said that never before had there been, and in all probability never again could there be, assembled in any theatre such a brilliant caste as that which, in addition to these two clever comedians themselves, included Charles Ross, Peter Daly, and Dave Warfield among the men, and Lillian Russell — and here I fall into reverie from which I do not wish to be disturbed.

V

I could, if it were necessary, give the exact date upon which I took a young and charming lady — the lady afore-

said, indeed, now a grandmother and wearing glasses very becomingly — into a small music hall in the Strand, and saw, through a haze of fog and tobacco smoke, a large fat man in ridiculous trousers, and listened to a song in which occurred words something to this effect: —

‘They want a man for the Prince of Wales
And they ’re after me, after me,
I’m the individual they require.’

‘Is n’t he wonderful!’ I said to my little bride, gasping for breath at my side. ‘That’s Herbert Campbell, one of the most popular music-hall artists in London.’

‘Artists!’ the girl cried, ‘I think he’s disgusting.’

‘Never mind,’ I replied, ‘that feeling is like seasickness; you’ll get over it; keep quiet and listen to the words and try to learn them’; and joining in the chorus I sang at the top of my voice: —

‘I’m the individual they require.’

Herbert Campbell was a large man with an unctuous voice, enormously popular with his audience, and much in demand for pantomimes at Drury Lane, for which, on account of his size, he was particularly well adapted. His once popular song would n’t go now: the present Prince of Wales is the most popular man in England.

Who shall explain the popularity of a song? What quality is it of words or music that gives it vitality? When I was last in Buffalo I visited the Public Library and was interested to note the efforts then being made, under the direction of a distinguished citizen, Judge Louis B. Hart, to preserve for all time the once popular songs of the nation, the abstract and brief chronicles of their time. Songs may be as important in a nation’s history as its laws; frequently they are written by wiser men.

Let us join in singing ‘Grandfather’s Clock,’ which swept over America in

the Centennial year, 1876. And let us not forget ‘Silver Threads among the Gold,’ or ‘After the Ball,’ which is the musical monument of the World’s Fair in Chicago in 1893. These unconsidered trifles have, of course, no musical or literary value, but in after years they will be interesting as showing the varying sophistications of their day.

To return to London. In what year was it (upon the day when it had been discovered that Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, had been indulging in an illicit amour with Mrs. O’Shea) that a man came out on a music-hall stage and sang a song, the words and music of which had been written only a few hours before? I remember that the chorus went something like this: —

‘Charley Parney, Charley Parney,
Naughty, naughty boy,
Who ’d have thought you ’d have interfered
With another fellow’s joy?’

The next lines I forget, but the last lines were: —

‘You want Home Rule for Ireland
And you can’t home rule yourself.’

Instantly there was a riot; when two or three Irishmen are gathered together there usually is. The Irish determined that the song should not be sung; the English wanted it badly. We were a hundred to one — but what are odds to an Irishman? While it lasted it was a very pretty scrap, but just as it was getting interesting the policemen came and put an end to it, just as firemen do to a fire — I could never understand why.

If I was not the first person in America to sing Lottie Collins’s great song, —

‘Ta, ra, ra, boom de ay,’ —

I don’t want the credit for it; but certainly I was her most steadfast defender when anyone happened to say that that song was not designed to be sung by a perfect lady. No, I am mistaken;

the song in that way challenged was not Lottie Collins's acrobatic song and dance, which swept round the world as it deserved to; it was another balladic masterpiece: —

'Her golden hair was hanging down her back.'

It was the pathetic story of a beautiful young country girl who came to London to see the sights, 'with her golden hair a-hanging down her back.' It took many stanzas to tell of the experiences that befell her: her name was Flo, and the chorus went this way: —

'But O Flo! What a change, you know,
When she left the village she was shy;
But alas, and alack, she came back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.'

I well remember the fate of my copy of this song. My wife, growing tired of playing my accompaniments, once remarked to herself: 'I wish someone would burn this song'; whereupon my daughter, then a girl of seven, before anyone could stop her, placed it upon the embers of a wood fire. But the words of most of it have been burnt into my brain.

Does anyone remember the rattling chorus? —

'Strolling round the town,
Rolling up and down,
Tasting every kind of wet,
Having a h—— of a time you bet;
Treating all the boys,
Did n't care a sou
Fair old, rare old,
Ricketty, racketty crew.'

If you have forgotten it, I would be pleased to sing it for a small remuneration. I learned it with lots of other songs in St. Bartholomew's Hospital to which I was conveyed with a broken leg just thirty years ago to-morrow.

How can a lot of boys and men more harmlessly spend two or three hours of an evening, after a hard day's work, than in listening to and singing a lot of nonsensical, and sometimes absurdly sentimental, songs? Don't let us try too

hard to 'uplift' our fellows in the street. Life is a dull, unhappy business at best for them; before they were born the cards were stacked; the chances against them are ten thousand to one. Think of the homes that many of the patrons of the halls come from! Think of the streets into which they must go for recreation and remember that

'Hearts may beat as true
In the Seven Dials
As in Belgravia Square.'

The streets of London are ceaselessly interesting and Coster songs, as sung by Gus Ellen, and above all by that great artist, Albert Chevalier, have always had a powerful fascination for me. Poor fellow, Chevalier died not long ago, and his books were sold at auction only last week. I hope to get some of them.

And what has become of Vesta Tilley — later to become Lady de Freece — who for years wore men's clothes, especially evening clothes, better than most men, and sang and danced in them to the distraction of the chappies about town. The 'Great Little Tilley' she was called, and she deserved both adjectives. She was christened Matilda and assumed the name of Vesta from a match box. Wherever she is, I hope she is happy. She ought to be for she has given so much and such innocent pleasure. At one time she was earning, not being paid merely, as much as £500 a week. Nor have I forgotten Vesta Victoria (I don't suppose she was so christened) with her famous song, — 'Waiting at the Church' — the words and music of which are kept under lock and key at home, lest it, too, may find its way into the fire.

Marie Lloyd — another great favorite. I happened to be in London a year ago when she died, almost the last of her line, and a great to-do was made at her funeral. She was vulgar, but droll, and enormously popular. At the time

of her death she supposed herself to be very rich, and left a lot of money to charity; but she had lived rich and died, as so many of her profession do, poor. Years ago, when she first became popular, the story goes of a man in London for the first time, being shown the sights by a friend who, although long a resident, was not over-sure of his facts. On top of a horse-drawn bus, the town innocent explained to the country innocent this building and that, not often giving the building its proper name. But the driver who knew every inch of the road was imperturbable. At last, nearing St. Paul's, the countryman inquired, 'What is the name of that statur' there?' For several centuries it has been Queen Anne; but the Cockney, at a loss, paused for a moment, where-upon the driver with a face like a frost-bitten apple, turned round and, chuckling to himself said, 'Don't 'esitate, don't 'esitate, say its Marie Lloyd.'

Who that has seen him has forgotten Dan Leno? He was an exquisite artist, always in trouble — on the stage; poor fellow, if I am not mistaken, he went insane. 'Genius is to insanity allied,' and Dan Leno was a genius. He made you laugh inside rather than out; no smutty word or suggestion ever came from him. He was a little fellow and when, during the Christmas pantomime, Drury Lane claimed him, he was lost in the immensity of that huge stage; but at the Tivoli, gone now, alas, he was in his element. I do not seem to remember any songs of his, but as a dancer he was superb. Fifty years ago, nearly, at Tony Pastor's in New York, I remember two black-faced comedians who used to sing and dance to words something like this: —

'Oh, we are a pair of mokes,
And we're always full of jokes,
And it's watch a nigger's educated feet,
Tah, rah, rah.'

Then would come a patter of feet as

faultlessly rhythmical as a verse by Swinburne. This forgotten jingle suggests one of Dan Leno's great accomplishments: with his educated feet, sometimes in shoes almost as long as he was tall, he would clog-dance with a grace and agility that I have never seen equaled. Even Royalty, and Royalty is hard to amuse, found him amusing.

But the old-fashioned music hall was not entirely given over to song and dance. I have seen animals do incredible things; I have seen cyclists ride wheels until my heart was in my mouth; I have seen feats of strength, and I have heard 'Datas,' the man whose memory was so remarkable that he could, as he said, 'give the correct answer to any question found in the following books of reference.' Then followed a long list — and he could do it too. I primed myself to catch him, as others did, but always failed. Tumblers and acrobats, too, I have seen — they are still with us, but alas! Paul Cinquevalli is no more. He was an Austrian, his right name was Kestner, a sensitive gentleman; the war broke his heart. As a juggler, I suppose he never had an equal. I have seen him keep in the air, at one time, a cannon ball, an egg, and a lighted lamp.

At a music hall as long as I can smoke, I can stand anything. 'Jonathan Wild is not too low for me, nor Shaftesbury too genteel'; but I hate a contortionist. When a contortionist comes on, I always close my eyes and sometimes go to sleep. Many years ago, in the smoke-room of the old Teutonic, I fell into conversation with a man about 'the halls.'

'I am glad that you enjoy them,' he said; 'you have probably seen me.'

I looked at him carefully and tried to place him, but could not, and I told him so.

'I am the "Human Corkscrew,"' he replied.

REPTILES AND ANGELS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

I

ROLLING along in my hospital wheel-chair, I passed through a narrow door and came to a stop in a whitened concrete vault. As this was, no doubt, the place (for it was plain that we could go no farther), I gathered my blanket about me and composed my mind to meet the further eventuality. I was now to be connected up, by both wrists and my left ankle, to an electric plug in the wall.

On a shelf or table at my right was a coil of electric wire, rather stiff-looking and black. On three ends of it were electrodes, these being zinc plates shaped like a shoehorn, and so curved that they would fit snugly, like wristlets and anklet, to the three parts of my body. Aside from this wire and its terminals, there was no indication of machinery in the place.

But while there was no machinery here, there was, down in the basement, where it could rest on solid earth and be free from all vibration, a machine about ten feet in length. Of its several parts, the dominating feature is a large electro-magnet. This magnet, which is circular in form, so that its poles face each other and approach closely, is as big round as a stovepipe and about two feet across. With its large iron core and interminable wrappings of fine wire it is a most able-bodied magnet. It is with this that the electric plug in the wall makes connection.

Anyone seeing the wire to which I was to be fastened, and noting the

careful arrangements for getting good contact, would naturally conclude that I was about to have a charge of electricity passed through my body. But this would be a mistaken conclusion. There was no source of electricity in that apparatus. The source was in me. The electric energy created by my heart, incidental to the muscular contractions of each separate beat, would go down through the plug in the wall, course through the fine wrappings of wire and give the big magnet its power. Thus my heart would operate the machine.

The result would be a record of how the muscles of my heart were acting. Each beat could be analyzed by means of the photographic representation which the electro-cardiograph inscribes on a roll of paper. This long message, when decoded, might offer me encouragement, within certain limitations. Or it might be news that I should not be very glad to hear.

Not much power is needed to work the essential parts of the electro-cardiograph — only enough to carry the news and make it manifest. The reader will therefore get a truer conception of it if he regards this black wire not as a power line, but as a telegraph wire. It was news we were after — important information; and to this end we were arranging for a cablegram from my heart.

A fitting end for the average man to come to! Considering how remote

from his mind is any knowledge of his own inner mechanism, and how careless he is of its upkeep, it is quite appropriate that he should have to get in touch with his heart after the manner of a message from afar.

To get appreciable power out of the electricity of a single heart, and to measure each slight fluctuation of the current, requires some very delicate mechanism. This the electro-cardiograph has. It contains a thread, a filament, so fine that when the front of the machine is off, one dares not speak in the room for fear of breaking it. It is really a thread of stone. When quartz is melted with the blow-pipe, filaments form and float away invisibly on the air. They are imperceptible to the eye except under the most favorable circumstances. A piece of black satin, suspended nearby, serves to catch some of the filaments and make them visible. With much patience and many mishaps, a thread of suitable length is finally captured and strung on a glass bow, its ends being caught and fastened in drops of gum. And now, after it has been lightly silver-plated, it is ready to be put in its appointed place, which is in the magnetic field between the poles of the big magnet. The amount of current passing through the magnet is indicated by the extent to which this filament is deflected. And a record of the behavior of this filament, which is obtained by means of a microscope, a projecting lens and a roll of photographic paper, serves to define the waves of energy that pass over the heart, making a weakness visible.

The filament between the poles is delicately stretched, and it must be brought accurately to a certain tension. This is determined by electrical test. In order to regulate the tension, a micrometer screw of great diameter and extreme fineness is provided. The

electro-cardiograph is a very sensitive instrument — musical instrument one might almost call it in view of this little Æolian harpstring which the very spirit of life is able to pluck and play.

II

My case was diagnosed rather suddenly — unexpectedly — all the symptoms falling together at once under the head of 'the Stokes-Adams syndrome.'

I was fully expecting to get into my car and drive the thirty-six miles which would take me home; and then the consulting physicians, who had withdrawn to consider my case, came back with this puzzling phrase on their lips: 'The Stokes-Adams syndrome!' They put my car in one garage and me in another — which is to say, a big, new hospital. Such are the mutations of a minute!

The trouble with my heart, as I soon discovered when I brought it to be repaired, was that the timer was out of order. Between the upper chambers, or auricles, and the lower chambers, or ventricles, is a muscle or tissue called the Bundle of His. This is the timer or coördinating device. Its function is to carry the muscular impulse, or wave of energy, over and across from auricle to ventricle, thus causing it to beat. If this device becomes impaired, the ventricle lacks muscular force, and when it does gather enough energy to beat, it beats out of time, one part not having due regard for what another part is doing. The result is a lack of compression, a loss of power; and this loss of power accounted for my tendency to faint, my pulse being forty and my blood-pressure ninety.

Five days I lay in state, as it were, on a high hospital bed. Serving creatures, mute ministering angels, came in and did things to me and passed out again.

No one ever takes the trouble to

introduce a trained nurse. At least they do not do so when you are being attended by the general staff of the hospital. You are supposed to know her when you see her; and so you do, no matter how often she may change her outer form and demeanor — her eyes, hair, and complexion — in the course of a night and a day.

There must have been a dozen of them, — eight whom I distinctly remember, — all making entrances and exits according to some system of particular hours and special duties. On the first morning my temperature was taken and so many things were done that I began to suspect that they were letting the neophytes practise on me. I found however that certain things come under the head of 'routine.' These things they do to all; and further attentions follow the doctor's orders.

As they said little or nothing, so did I. If a beautiful stranger came in and suggested that I sit up or turn over, I did so, knowing that she would rub my back with alcohol. Without saying anything at all, she could change all the bed clothes, taking the sheet from under me and putting another in its place. In these things they have a particular white magic.

Hospital beds are now made very high, so that the nurse can manipulate you readily, as on a table or workbench. When your narrow bed is made, and you have been tucked in just so, with the white covering stretched taut upon you so that your big toes make two peaks like tent-poles, it is all very invalidlike and sculpturesque and formal. You lie as on your monument, a perfect effigy of yourself, all motion stopped and inhibited. Any suggestion of activity upon your part — of getting up and doing things — is promptly put down by the nurse. If you start to argue she falls back on the formula:

'The doctor says — .' That settles it. She has quoted authority. But sometimes I have suspected that the doctor was herself.

Finally, after five days of this sort of life, a different nurse, one whom I had never seen before, appeared at my left hand. She had a wheel-chair with her, and as she rolled it up beside me she said cheerfully, 'Well, shall we take a little ride?'

It is my opinion that they make the proposition in just that way in all the hospitals in the United States. The phrase has been universally adopted; it has become standard, having proved to be the one best way. Along with the remark, which comes at the end of the ride, — 'Now we are going to take a little nap,' — it may be classed as technique. She says it wonderfully well.

As for *my* nurse, she came in and did her part so perfectly, with such entire naturalness, that she quite misled me. I had been hearing of certain big sun parlors where convalescents are taken to bask in unison, and cripples sit and wait for their limbs to mend; and I had conceived a desire to look in upon them before I left the place. As I had been told that I might be sent home on the fifth day, I was now in a mood of leavetaking. Consequently, when the nurse came in and made such a cheerful proposal, — just as if I were going to be her guest and make a grand tour of the place, — I accepted gladly. But, as I felt quite able to get up and walk, I told her that, if she would only wait till I put on my clothes, I would accompany her personally, and not in a wheel-chair.

This reply, evidently unexpected, put her clean out of her part. She was at a loss for a way to carry on. She fell back resolutely upon the lines as she knew them and repeated, now less naturally, 'I think we had better — take — a — little — ride.'

'Oh!' I remarked. 'Yes, I guess we will take a little ride.' So saying, I rolled out in my pajamas and took my place in the chair. And I became as a little child again as she wheeled me through corridors, and into an elevator, and then on by several turns till I found myself delivered into the keeping of the aforementioned white-walled vault, or little windowless chamber or cell.

This place, as I could see when I noted certain lockers and shelves, was used for storing the surgical supplies of a large hospital; but as it had no opening except the one door at my back, it struck me as a crypt or dungeon. And when my eyes rested on the zinc shackles prepared for me, and I fell to considering those extensions of iron bolts that were soldered to them, I began to think of Poe's story of 'The Pit and the Pendulum,' and all the things that happened therein.

The nurse, having pushed me in here, deserted me — let go of the handle, walked away, and disappeared! She who had approached me with such fair words, and held forth such a cheerful prospect of our journeying together — where was she? Gone! She had delivered me here and was done. In this solitary situation I began to feel apprehensive and distrustful.

This mood was quite put to rout when a new nurse came to me — this one to be writ down and remembered as the little Swiss maid. I needed someone in whom I could place my trust, someone to talk to and believe in; and now that the other nurse had proved unfeeling and fickle, I pinned my faith to her. She was a dainty being in black — a most maidenly form. I suppose it was because she was dressed in black that my eye caught each curve of her, a striking silhouette against the white wall. She was a fine feminine mechanism, like a Swiss watch; and she had

big, brown, truth-telling eyes as open and clear as the crystal on the same. She was very reassuring; and as I *needed* reassurance, I made the most of her.

As I was now her invalid, she took hold of me with the frank freedom of a sister and set to work to bind me hand and foot. She wetted my wrists and left ankle and rubbed and rubbed till she had worked the wetness in. Then she wrung woolen cloths out of warm salt water and bound them on. Over the wet wool she fitted the zinc electrodes; and over these again she wrapped more of the damp warm cloths and firmly tied them.

The iron bolts, soldered to the zinc plates, protruded from these cloths and extended out beyond my fingers. On the ends of these tentacles were the binding posts; and to these the ends of the wires were screwed. And now I might prepare myself, she said, to sit perfectly still. I must not work my foot up and down (as I was then doing) and I must not lean forward to look at things. I must lean back, passively, and let my heart beat.

But no, not yet. She had been called away. Coming back, she sat down on the floor, examined the end of the wire, and inserted it in the binding post again. There was something here which she would have to pay close attention to while the test was going on. To have her thus bound to her post, virtually chained to my ankle, was a great relief to me. I knew that she could not desert me in the time that was to come. So now all was in readiness — she would sit still and let the machinery run.

I could now feel it pumping away — running regularly.

III

The human heart is a duplex force-pump, each half being independent of

the other in the sense that there is no opening between the pumps to right and left. One side pumps the used blood through the lungs; the other side takes it from the lungs and forces it through the body in general.

Each side has an upper part, or auricle, which is a receiving chamber for the blood, and a lower part, or ventricle, which is the pump proper. These parts work alternately and connect with each other by means of a valve. The auricle collects a charge of blood from the veins which supply it, and then, at the proper moment, contracts and delivers it through the valve to the ventricle. And the ventricle, which has been expanding to receive it, now contracts and sends it through the circulatory system. It is evident that the two parts, upper and lower, need to keep time.

The heart starts to beat with an impulse which begins at the base of a vein that forms the inlet; and this impulse passes down over the heart in a wave of muscular contraction. The effect is, first, to contract the two auricles. The Bundle of His, situated between the auricles and ventricles, passes the impulse over to the lower chambers. Thus the ventricle closes its valve and starts to contract just as the auricle has emptied itself. And while it is contracting, the auricle expands and gathers a new charge of blood. The Bundle of His coördinates the machinery, so that the four chambers of the heart, and their various valves for intake and outlet, work to some effect.

If infection reaches the heart, forming scar tissue; and if this scar tissue happens to be on the Bundle of His, there is confusion. It is called 'heart block.'

The block, or obstruction to the wave of energy, may be partial or complete. The ventricles may beat but once while the auricles beat, or try to beat, twice

or even three times. Or the heart may seem to be quite normal, so far as the ordinary examination would reveal; but it will have spells when it becomes so baffled and confused that it is on the point of giving up.

The electro-cardiograph, being operated by the electricity from such a heart, responds to all the fluctuations in the wave of energy. The fine filament is deflected according to the force that comes over the wire; and these deflections, being recorded photographically, are an index to the true state of affairs.

Such, in short, was the nature of the machinery that was now operating. The button had been pressed, and my heart was steadily working.

IV

Finally, after a long spell, — it may have been ten minutes and it may have been twenty, — my little Swiss maid rose in answer to some signal and hurried away.

When she came back, she told me that the record would have to be made over. There was something wrong about this one. The superintending surgeon was not at all satisfied that he was getting a true record of my heart. The machine had probably been disturbed and the adjustment put out. However we would now try to get a true record. So saying, she again sat down at my feet and turned her gaze downward as she placed her thumb against one of the connections at my ankle. Again I was not to move. So I lay back in my chair and let my heart beat.

I have always felt a little pride in my ability to comprehend mechanical principles. I am good at locating subtle ailments, — even in a machine that is new to me, — and making the repair.

I now saw what had been ailing the electro-cardiograph, and I did it by the following chain of reasoning.

The electricity that was operating that machine was simply the electricity from my body as a whole, and not any selected electricity that came from my heart. Indeed, unless it were possible to put binding posts on a man's heart, and then isolate that organ from the rest of his body, it would be impossible to draw electricity from the heart exclusively. The electrical connections were made to my arms and one leg; and this would result in drawing off any electricity in my body that might arise from muscular activity. That the electricity used to operate the electro-cardiograph was heart electricity was due to the fact that my heart was the only part of me that was engaged in muscular contraction. This was a safe conclusion in view of the nurse's objections when she saw my foot moving nervously up and down.

These facts, in connection with certain others now occurring to me, led to a startling conclusion. When I was first brought to earth with fainting spells, I diagnosed my own case (quite wrongly) as tobacco heart. I had too long been a smoker; and now that I saw the results, I broke off at once. And as an alternative to the habit, I began chewing gum.

It was this gum-chewing of mine that had baffled the electro-cardiograph and given it such surprising symptoms. When I was wheeled into that vault to undergo a new and nameless ordeal, I naturally had a reserve of gum stowed away in my cheek 'as an ape doth nuts.' And when, after the uncanny preparations, I leaned back to hold my nerves in leash during a long and trying silence, I started promptly to chew gum. I was now releasing muscular electricity by both heart and jaw, a beat and a bite, a bite and a

beat — or beats and bites together; and the results were going over the wire. The machine was putting the doings down as the true record of a single heart, whereas no two hearts could have equaled it. I dare say that, as compared with the energy my heart was producing, the record of my maxillary muscles, as they came down at regular and frequent intervals, was hardly a secondary dynamic force. But, as the combined and unrelated efforts were fused into one electric current and translated on paper as coming from one source, the record was one of neither jaw nor heart — neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. It was a thing to puzzle any expert.

When this little matter, and its scientific bearing, occurred to me, just as I was composing my nerves to sit for a second test, it took me somewhat aback. I could see just what that record looked like. It was no wonder that the superintending surgeon refused to believe it human.

As for what the man of science said when he learned the cause behind that set of phenomena, I must report that he did not say anything, the reason being that I did not tell him. I was on the ground floor at the time, and he was down in the basement. And besides, I was speechless. Later on I decided to remain speechless.

When I had been taken back to my room and tucked into bed, he came up to see me. I found that his visit was a social one, purely a personal call. He was in a conversational mood, and, as I soon began to see, really apologetic. Because of the strange aberration of his machine, I had been kept down in that vault an extremely long time. He wished me to understand that something unusual had happened — some careless push or jar had put it out of adjustment.

There are not a great many of these

machines — only three in the state. And I could see that he, as the expert in charge of one of them, was quite embarrassed by its wild behavior.

By this time I was no longer chewing gum. At the head of my bed was a little stand with a drawer in it. The gum, deposited in a tin box and stowed away in this drawer, was now out of sight. And so I listened and said nothing.

V

On the fifth day of my lying in state, the junior surgeon came to make another physical examination. This was to be a clean-up of all the minor details, a final work of elimination.

When he had gone through the usual auscultations, chest-rappings and thumpings, and depressed my tongue with a wooden spatula, and tested my reflex centres with a little triangular hammer, and tucked his fingers up under my short ribs to find how my liver might be, he turned his attention to my eyes.

This interested me at once. It reminded me of something I wanted to know.

At the inner corner of each eye, next to my nose, there seems to be a growth over the eyeball in the form of a film or skin — a thick yellowish film which gathers in wrinkles when the eyeball is moved and becomes increasingly evident. When I look straight forward, the wrinkles pass out and the loose skin is not so plain.

For several years I have felt that this thing would bear watching. Other people's eyes, as I observed, did not have it; and I suspected that it might be a growth of sinister portent. The surgeon got through with his examination without saying anything about it; and then, in the nick of time, I thought of it. I told him to look closely and he would see it gather as I turned my eye.

'Oh, that,' he said, without giving it so much as a glance, 'that is a prenatal remnant.'

And then he went on to explain. Certain of the lower orders of animals, as reptiles and birds, have an extra eyelid in the form of a semitransparent film or sheath. It is called the 'nictitating membrane.' It is situated at the inner angle of the eye, the same as mine is, from which position it can be drawn up by certain muscles to cover the whole eyeball.

The human being, in its early prenatal stages, goes through a progressive development, a series of resemblances — worm, reptile, fish, and quadruped — which is a condensed history of the process by which the human race was evolved. At a certain stage there is a film over the eye. This gradually clears away until, at the time of birth, it has totally disappeared.

'In your case,' he said, 'it never quite disappeared. It is a prenatal remnant.'

'A reptilian remnant!' I commented. 'Or might I claim a kinship with the lordly eagle?'

'It is the reptiles that have that sort of a rudimentary film,' he explained. 'With the exception of the crocodile, it is not nictitating; it is merely a rudiment in the corner of the eye. Birds have the complete membrane. Through it the eagle can gaze upon the sun.'

'Possibly,' I reflected, 'if I have a streak of reptile in me it will prove advantageous in my present condition.'

'Yes, that is a good view to take,' he agreed. 'A reptilian relationship would not be a bad thing for a man whose heart is out of order. The heart of the lower orders is especially retentive of life.'

With such light comment — due to my inward uplift upon finding that my

eyes were in good condition — we brought the subject to an end.

On the afternoon of the same day, my own physician, Dr. G——, came in to make a call. And now that diagnosis had progressed to the point of certainty, I brought him around to the point of 'laying the cards on the table.'

My physician is an able optimist. He has such a ready command, not simply of language but of science, that in an argument about your condition he can think instantly of an interesting fact which will checkmate your gloomy and pessimistic position. They say he plays Mah Jongg well, but I would say that, in his own profession, he plays hearts better.

'You say,' I insisted, 'that I have organic heart disease — not functional. That is what people die of. So I may expect at any time to give one gasp, and that will be the end.'

'The heart,' he replied, 'does not live by means of the blood which goes through it in pumping. Like any other organ, it has a circulation of its own. If it were the circulation of the heart itself that was obstructed, that would be a different matter. Your heart loses the impulse to beat, that is certain; and you might think it was going to stop suddenly. But the heart has an inherent impulse to beat, quite apart from any impulse communicated to it. The heart of one of the lower animals, a reptile for instance, when placed in a normal salt solution, will go on beating for quite a while. The human heart has the same instinct in its very tissue. Its inherent rate of beating is about thirty to the minute; but it will not continue its independent beating so long as that of a reptile because it uses up its sugar sooner. Your heart, while it has its communicated impulse partially blocked, still has a normal rate of forty to fifty.'

'I see the idea,' I said. 'The circulation in my heart is not obstructed; all the passages are open. As long as it beats at all, my heart will partake of what circulation there is; and as long as it partakes of that circulation, it will remain alive and keep on beating. I can see from that that I am going to live forever.'

'Not so bad as that,' he answered. 'But the heart is a wonderful organ, and it has great power of self-repair. For that reason, if a patient will be careful and do just as he is told, it is a most satisfactory organ to work with.'

As I have said, my physician is a talented optimist. When I have been over the ground with him, I am convinced that my heart is bound to keep on going. I am reminded of the man whose liver was in such good condition that after he had passed away they had to take it out of him and beat it to death with clubs.

At the same time, I am glad that he brought out those facts about reptiles and their hearts. Added to my prenatal remnant, they reinforce my position greatly. When worst comes to worst, I have something to fall back on.

It was a few days after this that my country doctor — he who sent me to his confrères in the city — came in to resume relations with me. By this time I had grown very mechanical-minded, greatly interested in the heart as a pumping device, regardless of whom it belonged to. And considering how much the average man understands about an automobile, I began to marvel that he should be so blissfully ignorant of a piece of machinery which, if it were not for his shirt bosom and a few other integuments, would be right under his eyes.

Regarding it as a great invention, I ventured the opinion to my country doctor that it might have been built

somewhat differently. It need not have been constructed according to the present design.

He quite agreed with my views, radical as they were. 'Yes,' he said, 'there are a number of differently designed hearts in nature, all of them very good. The frog has but one ventricle and two auricles. In fact, the human heart itself is different at different stages of development. Among the more primitive forms of life, the heart is but a tube, with valves at each end. In the human being it is first of this variety — a mere tube. Later it has what is, practically, a single auricle. But before birth the auricles become separate chambers.'

'Rather reptilian!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, it is, somewhat.'

'I am pleased to hear it,' I said. 'Glad of it, in spite of Mr. Bryan's views to the contrary. A man with heart disease ought to take some comfort in harking back to his remote ancestors.'

'It would not be a bad point of view,' he admitted. 'Anyway, it is a good deal better than worrying about your condition.'

From where I am now lying in bed, along with a supply of paper and a pencil, there are no books of a modern scientific nature to be had. There is quite a display of fiction, essays, and the drama, but nothing dealing with the human heart. A good encyclopædia might yield up considerable information, but I am held back by the

doctor's opinion that I had better not make an exhaustive study of my inner machinery.

On a certain lower shelf, however, is the *World Almanac* for 1923, 'a book of facts.' This afternoon I made a trip as far as the bookcase and brought the 'World' to bed with me.

I find here, on page 357, that of all the causes of death in the United States, 'organic heart disease' stands at the top of the list. We hear much of cancer, but that is only fifth. Tuberculosis is much in the public mind, but that is not even second. For 124,143 who died of organic heart disease in 1920, there were but 72,931 who died of cancer and all tumors, and 88,195 who died of tuberculosis.

As I am now writing for the largest audience in the United States, namely those who expect to die, and for that decided plurality who will finally take an interest in the heart, I am sorry that I have no books out of which I might get reliable and helpful information. I shall have to content myself with this screed as it is — inconsequential and frivolous as it may appear.

I found, after two weeks of lying in bed, that my object in taking no exercise was to give nature time to provide me with a 'compensated heart.' It must automatically strengthen itself in certain regards, to compensate for the breakdown in others. Thus I am lying low and putting great reliance on the reptilian retentiveness of life. I never felt, anyway, that I was exactly cut out to be an angel.

POEMS

BY GEORGE VILLIERS

I. CONSOLATION

I KNOW that somewhere under the sun
There are quiet women
Between white walls, going about their peaceful tasks
In a blue twilight;
Folding things,
And putting things away,
With quaint restful minds dreaming back into the past,
Content.
And men coming home tired after their labor,
Into cool rooms plunging out of the glare and heat of the day,
Looking in the eyes of the women they love
And knowing that life at least cannot rob them
Of so much as they have had,
And happy so.
And lovers creeping closer in the dusk,
Pleading their pitiful vows under the moon.
And little children falling asleep like flowers.
And men and women gathering in wide open spaces
With exultation in their hearts
At some great news.

Somewhere under the sun
I know these things must be —
Then why, in heaven's name, do I sit brooding here
In the pit of mine own thoughts,

Dark and unhappy,
When if for a moment I reach out to them, even in vision,
I know a consolation
Deeper than thought?
O foolish me! O blessed humankind!

II. CONTRASTS

A flute-player by a Public Bar
Droning through the melancholy haze
An impossible glad tune; a smell of beer;
A boy drab-aproned spitting by a cart,
Swearing and shouting —

And in my heart,
White and still, peaceful and crystal-clear,
The image, like a star, of one who fell in France —
Most dear to me, most lovely in his ways.
O God, the texture of these latter days!

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE

BY ARTHUR MASON

HAD it not been for a woman and a canary bird Captain Dan McCann, of the schooner *Morning Star*, would not be limping around on a cane to-day, nor would a certain four sailors, before they sign on a new ship, inquire whether or not the captain carries his wife.

Captain McCann's misfortune happened when the *Morning Star* was less than two days' run from San Juan de Fuca. The weather up to that time had been pleasant, and everyone seemed happy, even in spite of the forecastle superstition that a woman on board brings bad luck.

Then one day the sun came up out of the ocean, pale from shouldering a watery-looking cloud away from the horizon. There were other little clouds skirting the waves, and on to one of them was hung a piece of a rainbow.

'That's a bad sign,' remarked a short, stuffy sailor who suffered from asthma, 'them things in the sky in the morning mean something, they do.'

The crooked-legged sailor leaned over the rail, his eyes set on the sun dog. 'Of course it means something,' he said, solemnly, 'and if I don't miss my guess that thing'll bark before night.'

Captain McCann and his wife Kitty were walking the narrow poop. Kitty occasionally gave a squint at the rainbow; if she felt any alarm at what she saw, she kept it to herself, as befitted the seasoned mariner that she was. The captain's only interest was in the speed of the schooner, which was

racing away with a free sheet and all sail set.

The cook stuck his head out of the companionway. 'Breakfast!' he shouted.

'Come on,' said Kitty; the captain grunted, and the two went below.

While they were eating, little clouds seemed to group themselves together to make a big one, always a little nearer and more threatening.

When breakfast was over, Kitty went about the first of her cabin chores, which was to feed and water the canary bird — the apple of her husband's eye and not to be touched by anyone save himself and her. Whether the threat of the sun dog influenced even so small a mite, or whether some latent ill luck really lurked in the touch of Kitty's hand, certain it is that the canary escaped from its cage, flew to the deck, and alighted on the main boom.

Kitty's voice seemed muffled in fur as it squelched through the companionway.

'For the love of Heaven,' it said, 'catch him, catch him!'

The captain, who was sitting on a mooring-bitt, picking his teeth with his pocket knife, jumped to his feet. The man at the wheel gulped, and wordless he pointed at the bird as it flew to the boom. Breathlessly Kitty reached the deck.

'Did ye get him, Dan?'

'Whisht, woman,' the captain commanded, 'ye have done enough this morning!'

'God save me, it was n't my fault at all, at all.'

'Whisht, I tell ye!' He made a motion as if to stamp his foot, but stopped in mid-air, afraid to frighten the bird.

'Dan,' she whispered, 'shure and he won't budge an inch if ye talk to him.'

Captain Dan gave his wife a stab-stare from his angry red eyes, then, getting down on his hands and knees, he crawled over to the boom and the bird, leaving Kitty motionless, and seeming to breathe only with the roll of the ship. The man at the wheel let her wander at will, afraid that a squeak from a spoke might upset the captain's purpose.

Cautiously the owner of the canary moved his hand up to the boom, then with a lunge grabbed for him.

'Be-hivins,' roared Kitty, 'there he goes!'

Captain Dan rose to his feet grasping a tail feather. He stripped his teeth with another stare at Kitty.

Though first of all a woman, Mrs. McCann was aware that she was joint owner of the schooner with her husband, and therefore, in a sense, joint owner of the bird. She placed her hands on her hips, squared her shoulders, and spoke:

'And is it shtandin' there ye are, McCann, wit' yer thick tongue in yer mouth while yer bird is up the mast in the cowl, and danger av it dyin'!'

Captain Dan walked over to the main rigging as the mate came on to the deck from his room.

'Call all hands!' ordered the master. There was a hiss behind his words as he turned toward Kitty:

'A man may expect anything that carries his wife to sea with him!'

The helmsman's lips moved as if in response, and a trickly murmur oozed from them to the effect that 'Us-uns knows wot we knows.'

Kitty sniffled, as if to forestall a tear, and went down into the cabin.

No need to tell the crew what to do. With ferret eyes fastened on the canary bird they took to the rigging, the captain directing operations from the deck.

'Tackle him gently,' he ordered.

'Aye, aye, sir,' came from the throats of three sailors, two mates, and the cook.

But the canary bird was not to be caught in their big tarry fingers, and smothered there with kindness. When the puffing sailors got within arm's length of him at the main crosstrees he fluttered his wings and flew forward to the foremast.

The captain, looking at the big black cloud to windward which, composite of little clouds, now looked like an island of gigantic size, with capes and inlets, shouted to the men to hurry. The asthmatic sailor, following his glance, took time to breathe and let some words fall to the deck.

'There's rain over there, and plenty of it,' he said, pointing.

'I'll take care of that,' barked the captain, bitterly. 'Up the foremast wit' ye, and get him!'

Kitty sat in the cabin, her hands hanging limp in her lap. She was hurt by the insult from her husband. Then, as thought of his cruelty warped her to action, she clenched her fists, and the fire sparkled in her eye as of old. She rose to her feet.

'I'll tell him what I think av him — me that's sailed the Morning Star while the auld whiskey-hound lay sobering up in a durty jail! And him up there tellin' them flyin'-fish sailors of his that I'm the wan that's bringin' bad luck.'

She reached down and grabbed a handful of her skirts; her face was pale and angry as she said rasping words between her set teeth:

'Dan McCann, ye'll beg me pardon before the crew!'

She made a spring for the deck, and as she did she passed the canary bird flying past her down the stairs, and into the captain's room.

'God bliss ye, me darlin', and it's back again ye are.'

She followed him into the cabin, and slammed the door shut. The puckered pockets around her mouth disappeared and showed the sweetness of it. She pushed back straying locks of hair that was still curly, and held out a shapely hand to the bird. He lighted upon her finger, and she put him gently back into the cage. Then in an instant all tenderness left her and she started again for the deck, with savage speed.

But hardly had she the door handle in her hold when, with a rending roar from the deck above, the Morning Star pitched upon her beam ends, sending movables in the cabin crashing. Instantly Kitty's legs compassed the angle of the cabin deck; she posed like a dancing frog.

'God save me, is it the end of the world it is, and me not prepared at all, at all?'

The shadow of alarm crossed her face but for a moment, for the expression of a sea-fighter, like a flash of light, took its place. She opened the door, and the tightened muscles of her jaws made her cheeks bulge.

'Me Dan is up there,' she said simply, and went creeping on all fours to the deck. Captain Dan was lying there, face down, abaft the wheel-box, blood running out of his nose, and a part of the broken mainsheet wrapped around his leg. The crew were in the rigging, even to the helmsman, testifying to the power of the squall which had struck her. It had about spent itself now, leaving the Morning Star with barely a stitch of canvas on

her gaff or booms. Kitty, with the look and sniff of a hunting dog, flew into action.

She cleared the mainsheet rope away from her unconscious husband's leg, and dragged him to windward, away from further danger. She ran to the wheel and put the helm hard down; then she raced to the break of the poop. Placing her hand around her mouth she called aloft to the crew:

'Quit talkin' to yer Maker, I tell ye, and come down out of there, wit' work to be done and your captain spacheless!'

Rain fell now, the last of the squall was driving away to leeward, and the Morning Star backed over to even keel again. The crew came down swiftly to the deck. The asthma-sailor slid down the forepeak halyards. As the rain water raced off him he spoke: 'I knew it, I knew it!'

'Lay aft here!' roared Kitty.

They carried the captain down to his room.

'Handle him aisy, me b'ys,' she ordered, 'shure, it's a bat in the head he'd be havin'.' To herself she said:

'Hivin help me, I do belave it's dead he is, and me not able to tell thim.' As if to relieve her, the homely science of the forecaskle voiced itself.

'He's a gone gosling,' said the stuffy sailor.

'Not while he bleeds at the nose,' volunteered another.

'W'en the 'eart stops, the blood stops,' said another, finally.

'Out wit' yez, ivery wan,' said Kitty when they lingered to make their observations on how the laws of Karma were operating on their captain. To the mate she said:

'Reeve a new main sheet. Haul your booms in 'midships, save ivery rag of canvas ye can, and I'll be wit' ye soon.'

When she was alone, Kitty turned to her husband where he lay pale and

motionless in his bunk, and looked at him as if she longed to take his place.

'God! is this the last of ye?' she said, slowly. The captain's head moved, and Kitty saw it. She sprang to a cupboard that was fastened to a bulkhead, and took from it a half-filled bottle, pouring some of its contents down his throat. She looked for towels to use to bathe his head. There were none, nor any rags. She opened her locker.

'Whisht,' she said, looking around cautiously; 'shure wit' babies and the dying a person has to do the best they can.' The while she tore up her fine new red-flannel petticoat that was her pride and joy. Wetting a strip she bathed his face and head, partly with water, and partly with her tears. Whether from within, due to the contents of the bottle, or from without, from contact with unmanly material, color did come into Captain Dan's cheeks, and he opened his eyes and spoke.

'Did we save him?'

'Ah,' said Kitty ecstatically, 'it's yer own dear little yellow bird that'll be lookin' at ye now from his cage.'

A trace of a smile came into his face, followed by a spasm of pain.

'It's my leg that hurts,' he said.

She cut the trouser-leg away, and found that the leg was broken below the knee, and badly cut by the rope of the stranded sheet. She made him as comfortable as she could, and reassured him about the squall and the ship. Then she left him, and went on deck.

'She's a foine little vessel,' he said, as she opened the cabin door.

'Deed an' she is, whin she have a good man like you to command her.'

Observing the twitch of his eyebrow she said to herself: 'It'll not be his brains that's hurt,' and smiled as she went on deck.

There she ordered the mate to saw

off an oar-blade and split it lengthwise, evening up the thickness. While this was in the doing she took stock of the damage of the squall.

It was not hard to compute. Everything that the Morning Star carried in the shape of sails was hanging like a Monday morning washing on a limp and tattered clothesline. The crew looked at Kitty with witchlike nervousness, and the asthma-sailor went around wheezing like a wind-broken horse.

'We'll never reach port,' he whined, 'Lord, how can we? If only a ship would come along and take us off!'

Kitty, deaf to everything, seized the two pieces of split oar-end and bounded with them to the cabin, where, with the homely skill of the sea, she set the broken leg and bandaged it with sheets torn to strips, embellishing her handiwork for warmth and durability with the remains of the potent petticoat.

'There, me man,' she said finally, standing off and looking with the eye of the craftsman at the groaning Dan, 'it's content ye'll have to be wit' a nice cup of coffee that I'll be sendin' in to ye, while I goes about gettin' th' Morning Star to port.'

She went up to the deck again, and at once her manner changed to non-chalant alertness, to suit the news brought her by her gimlet eye that all was not well with ship and crew. She made no comment on the information that the Morning Star did not have a spare sail on board, and that what was hanging to the bolt-ropes was of no use to the schooner now. The thought was on her mind that her husband's life might depend on how quickly she got him to a doctor.

'I could make the run in twinty-four hours wit' this breeze,' she said to herself, 'if — if —' The mate stepped up on the poop.

'The crew,' he said, 'are talking

about taking to the lifeboat. They think they stand a better chance of rowing to port than of making it in a schooner without canvas, and the captain crippled and perhaps dying.'

She stopped walking.

'Is that all there is to it?' she asked lightly, and slowly her lips relaxed into an irresistibly coquettish smile. He looked down at the deck sheepishly.

'Anyway they're putting tackles on the big boat,' he said, 'you can see them yourself.'

Suddenly she straightened and jumped in front of him.

'I'm going to take the Morning Star to port,' she said savagely. 'Are you for me or against me, is what I want to know.'

He looked at her — then, as once before, he gave in.

'For you,' he said briefly.

Instantly she seemed to have forgotten all about him. She pulled off her heavy sweater with one single jerk, adjusted the waistband of her skirt with another, and with nimble fingers tucked the celluloid pins into rebellious hair. She felt of her shoes to see that they were tight to her feet.

'Stay here,' she commanded, 'till I come back.'

With springy steps and loose shoulder-muscles she bounded on to the main deck.

'What are ye doing, min?' she shouted.

A stout and paunchy sailor answered her while he hooked a tackle-block into the boat. 'Do you think we are going to stay here and starve? Better come along, ma'am, it's the only chance you'll have.'

'Take down your blocks and tackles!' Kitty's voice had an eagle scream to it.

'Hoist away, men,' said the paunchy sailor, 'pay no attention to her.'

The words were scarcely out of his

mouth when Kitty flew at him with feet and fists. She hit him on the jaw, she kicked him on the shins and rapped his head against the deadeye.

'Take down the tackles,' she yelled, 'before there's willful murder committed here!'

The cook ran into the galley and hasped the door shut. Crooked-Leg, with a single leap, took to the rigging. Still Kitty, possessed of the agility and vengefulness of a tigress, continued to pound the big sailor.

'If you'd let me up, I'd take 'em down,' he managed to say at last, plaintively.

'Right-o, mate,' said Crooked-Leg from the rigging, 'when she gets like this there ain't nobody got a show.'

Kitty backed away, watching the boat tackles come down. Never had she seen sailors work so fast and readily.

'Now,' she said, when the job was done, 'wan av yez get hould av that galley shneaker and have him take a nice cup av coffee to me husband Dan. But first I have wan word to say.'

'If it was n't that I'm busy this mornin', I'd punish ye right for thryin' to run me ship. But hear this from me,' and she emphasized her words with a threatening fist and the shifty foot of a buck-and-wing dancer, 'the first wan that'll open his mouth about me or the Morning Star from here to port, or after we get there — God help him, that's all! Now you,' she ordered Crooked-Leg, 'tind to the coffee, and the rest of yez go to the fo'castle and fetch up annything that'll catch wind. Mind ye don't be lavin' anny blankets behind.'

Looking like men who were going to their doom, but cowed beyond repair, they went off silently to obey her orders. Returning, they brought blankets and quilts by the armload, and dumped them on the hatch. Pink,

black, yellow, brown, white, and red, contributions from the mate and the master; even Captain Dan was stripped to one quilt.

'Now, me min,' ordered Kitty, as cheerfully as if nothing were out of the way, the while she scrutinized each blanket for its wind-carrying power, 'take the tarpaulins off the hatches and sew thim in wit' these here. Mind ye, no herringbonin' but a nice double seam wit' a close stitch.'

Silently the crew sat down to sew. All that day tobacco flew unhindered, and silent oaths; and night found them still at it by lantern light. The hours of darkness passed in their turn, and the brightness of a new sun returned in defiant color waves from a complete and neat set of sails the like of which for tone and texture the seven seas do not often behold. The wind laughed on both sides of the new canvas, and the blue sky shone through the weave, but the Morning Star gathered headway, and the sailors alternately cast yearning glances at their blankets, and proud looks at their handiwork.

As chance would permit, too, their eyes would rest upon Kitty as she walked the poop, confident and conquering, and to them she looked the masterful master. At noon, when she took the sun and told them the distance to port, their mangling glances wilted to glows of genuine admiration, and when she spoke they raised their caps and ran with a will to the work she ordered. That night they slept as best they could without covering. It was only when the asthmatic sailor was seized with a fit of sneezing that Crooked-Leg voiced their nervousness.

'She'll have us all in the hospital yet,' he said, gloomily.

Land was sighted at last, and with it two tugboats coming at full speed for the Morning Star.

'We're all right now,' said the

paunchy sailor, whose jaw moved stiffly when he spoke, 'she's bound to take a tug. I'd hate to go into port with them outlandish sails.'

'So'd I,' answered Crooked-Leg, 'but you can't never be sure of Mrs. McCann.'

'There's a law that'll make her.'

'That's a good un, that is,' and Crooked-Leg laughed and slapped his thigh. 'Why that just shows you don't even know her yet. She makes her own laws, she do.'

Like greyhounds the tugboats raced within hailing distance of the schooner, whose unique appearance attracted them as honey does the fly. When they came within earshot their comments were such as to bring a blush to the cheek of any mariner, and the watch below skulked in the protection of the forecastle. Kitty, without change of gait or manner, continued indifferently to walk the poop.

'They are shouting to you, Mrs. McCann,' said the mate nervously, 'they say that with this freshening wind our sails will be gone in no time.'

'Ah, let thim roar,' she answered, 'sound is chape. You get off the poop and let me handle thim. Shure a woman can do more in toimes like this than ary man.'

Kitty well knew the danger that the schooner was facing, with a lumpy sea and strong puffs of wind from the southwest; with Destruction Island on the one side and Vancouver Island on the other. She knew also what would happen should she take alarm and fall before the wolfish onslaught of the two tugboats.

'It's blowing a gale,' shouted one. 'I'll tow you as far as Dungeness for two thousand five hundred.'

'Take my heaving-line,' roared the other. 'I'll make it two thousand and not a nickel less. You'll be shipwrecked in less than an hour, and you know it.'

There was a silence. 'Do you hear me?' came from the second. Meantime, thought Kitty, two hundred yards gained.

'Shure I hear ye,' she answered good-naturedly. 'Who would n't be hearin' sich foine min as ye?'

'Nineteen hundred,' shrieked the first.

'Give me a little time to think,' from Kitty. Another five hundred yards.

The argument went on, and so intent were the rival captains upon fleecing Kitty, and so determined to win this extraordinary prize from each other, that they took no count of distance

traveled, as their prices fell by two-hundred-dollar leaps.

'Be daycint, min, be daycint,' said Kitty, and so the haggle was held, until all danger was passed and the Morning Star, with her gratuitous escort, stood well inside the Cape. Then, politely, Kitty informed them that she would not need them now.

When, two hours later, the doctor came aboard, she scored a greater triumph.

'Whoever set your leg,' he said to Captain Dan, 'knew his business.'

'I think so,' answered Danny McCann, artfully.

PROSPECTING IN AUSTRALIA

BY ROBERT M. MACDONALD

I

ONE of the most fascinating pursuits on earth is that of prospecting for minerals. The prospector looks upon the whole world as his hunting-ground, and is equally at home in the ice-bound valley of the Yukon or in the dense tropical forests of New Guinea. Brazil is the same to him as California or Australia, and he knows all the world's waste places by the track of his footsteps. The writer is one of that legion of wanderers; he has chased elusive fortune everywhere, and now thinks that North Queensland, in Australia, is the world's most prolific treasure tract. In North Queensland almost every known mineral exists somewhere between the Gulf of Carpentaria and the Pacific coast, and

probably there are many others as yet unknown.

Finding minerals in North Queensland is an easy task; there, the sun always shines, life is pleasant, its requirements easily procured, and, as if by some magical influence, neither cares nor worries afflict anyone once the civilized coastal towns are left behind. Men from all parts of the world plunge into the vast region beyond the Great Dividing Range, and promptly become lost to all outside interference. Some may have reasons they never tell for being there, but most are chasing fortune in the shape of gold, silver, copper, molybdenite, wolfram, tin, and dozens of other minerals, simply because they love a life of freedom and

know that their gain will be yielded from nature's treasure-store and mean no loss to their fellow men.

In the glorious North prospectors become a law unto themselves in some things. They certainly obey the law of the Commonwealth of Australia, but, inside its general principles, also follow what seems to be a natural law in the country. They want to be on the move, and this impelling feeling is the reason why, after having actually developed a mine, they leave it, and pass on to the scene of the latest reported 'find' of some other mineral. They mark their abandoned properties on a more or less crude map, nevertheless, and know that, if luck goes against them in their new venture, their old mines will probably be as they left them, when they care to return to them. In the interval, after the first rain, tropical vegetation covers up all signs of previous work, unless a chance bush-fire discloses the old ore-dumps and other relics of the abandoned mines. Other prospectors usually pass by any signs by chance disclosed, as each, having a map of his own 'finds,' respects the unlegalized rights of the man who has gone before him. Besides, any mine will most likely be flooded with water, as a result of the last rainy season, — December to February, — and the trouble of unwatering would be too big a proposition for those who did not know what the water concealed, but knew they could get all their requirements by passing on to the next untouched outcrop. The writer has his own map showing the locations of over a hundred mines, all more or less developed, and they are certainly not worthless.

The mineral at present commanding the most attention is molybdenite; but wolfram, which is also used for steel-hardening purposes, because of its tungsten contents, is a close second.

Copper, tin, lead, antimony, and bismuth are also abundant in the great north; but, as their prices depend on the demand for them, that price is small, at present, owing to the prevailing bad trade-conditions. Silver is found everywhere associated with lead, and gold seems to have a home in all places where one would least expect to find it. But as the prospector always moves on, often when he has really proved his mine but has got the 'move-on feeling,' there are probably many hundreds of vegetation-covered mines in North Queensland now, the value of which will never be known because their original owners will never reclaim them.

— The men who frequent the great plateau are seldom miners by profession; in fact, they include wanderers from all parts, and of all professions, and consequently, many quaint partnerships are formed. My last associates were a careless band of optimists such as could exist only in North Queensland. My partner was a famous professor of mineralogy in New Zealand, but he does not yet know that I discovered that fact, although I was instrumental in naming him 'the Professor.' He was full of ideas, and could make a stew which no Chinese cook could equal. We were 'tin-scratching' on a creek which fed the Tate River — when it flowed; and, at the time, tin commanded a price that made every 'scratcher' feel like a Ford or a Rothschild. Near us were several other groups of partners, which included a doctor, a lawyer, an ex-banker, a parson, and about a dozen others of no special calling that they spoke of, although one of them thought he was a poet. We pooled our 'black sand,' and, when opportunity offered, sent it to the buyers. Money was easily earned, and our camp soon threatened to grow into a township, when, suddenly, all was

broken up because someone discovered a rich gold formation a few miles farther west. The professor opposed the idea of shifting camp to the new gold-field, but, as tin fell in price just then, I was able to convince him that gold nearly five pounds an ounce in value offered a better paying means of living the simple life than tin at under two hundred pounds per ton.

We moved, and made the gold pay us well; and an inventor fellow had just succeeded in rigging up a wonderful electric-light installation for the camp, when the rainy season stopped. The creek then ceased to flow, and his source of power disappeared. We could have got on all right without electric light; but as Peter the Poet stumbled across a big wolfram lode in the hills near, just then, and we knew we could return to the gold next rainy season if we cared to, we again shifted camp.

The wolfram proved to be a fair-paying proposition but its treatment troubled us. Our primitive methods enabled us to extract only the mineral in the highest-grade ore, and we had to discard fully fifty per cent of the ore we mined. We could have sent all our ore to the nearest government reduction works, where nearly all the wolfram would have been extracted at a comparatively small cost; but to do so meant the cutting of a road to the nearest railway, and we did not feel inclined to be roadmakers.

Rich finds of antimony were made by someone about this time, but the question of treatment was too big a problem for even our inventor fellow to tackle at the time — and that antimony still lies there. Molybdenite then coming into demand, owing, it was believed, to some new uses for that mineral in the steel trade having been discovered, a general camp-fire consultation was held. As almost every man knew of some molybdenite 'show' he had

some time previously abandoned for no particular reason, a half-hearted break-up of camp ensued, and parties went their several ways. Thus, there are several hundreds of tons of rich wolfram ore lying around those abandoned shafts to-day, and, probably, many thousands of tons awaiting raising from their lower levels.

II

I knew of many quartz reefs carrying molybdenite, and consequently the professor, the parson, the doctor, Mac, Boston Bob, the poet, and some others, including, of course, myself, eventually established a new camp about twenty miles from the mining town of Chillagoe. Molybdenite there, according to Mac, existed in a richer formation than was known elsewhere in the world. The others did not know what America or other countries of supply yielded, and as we could break out the flaky, silvery-gray mineral, averaging three per cent metallic contents, by hammer blows, from innumerable surface outcrops, we did not care much what the rest of the world produced. We ignored the existence of the government works, erected specially to purchase and treat all ores, at a central point down the railway line, and contented ourselves with picking, by hand, the pure flakes and particles which were shed from their quartz environment on being shattered. We sent our products to the buyers direct, as we had done with the wolfram. Molybdenite was £400 per ton at the time and, even with our extremely primitive methods, afforded us a returning currency more than we required.

But the inventor fellow was at his deadly work again. He somehow discovered that at least fifty per cent of the molybdenite remaining in the quartz, from which the larger pieces

had been already picked, could be saved without much labor. By partly crushing the discarded rock in a crude hand-battery, and arranging that the powdered ore resulting would slide gently into a pool made in the creek which supplied us with water, most of the valuable mineral would float — if provision were made for getting rid of the barren material. We soon improved upon our method of crushing, and made the creek do most of our work. It was a permanent creek, having its sources in some adjacent lime-bluffs which acted as huge sponges during the rainy season and yielded water from their porous reservoirs all the year round until the next rainy season. Probably, the presence of lime in the water of the creek was an important factor in the flotation of our molybdenite; but, of course, I am not telling the whole story of the inventor fellow's discovery.

The mineral gained so easily amply paid us for our efforts in obtaining it; and, although perhaps half was lost by being carried away in the creek, we did not worry. We knew that the lost portion did not go very far down the creek, and could be collected 'some day,' if the demand for molybdenite made that process worth while.

But the news of our improvised plant spread far and near, and soon so-called mining experts and others came along to see what was in the idea. The idea itself was almost all, but few really believed that the water of the creek did so much for us — and we did not explain. The camp soon became so popular that we found it necessary to keep half a dozen tents specially reserved for visitors, and to employ a cook. Most of our old comrades rejoined us, and many other wandering prospectors pegged out ground along our creek. Our camp thus grew daily, and seemed as if it were to form the

centre of another township, and all our shafts were deep in the heart of the rich lode of molybdenite. The professor was writing a book about butterflies or ants — I don't know which — in his spare time, and Peter the Poet was producing ravings, which we were forced to listen to, at an appalling speed. The doctor found a kind of shrub which, when dried and smoked, had some marvelous effect on what he called the bronchial tubes. He wrote a book on the subject, but all the men in camp, including the parson, were very rude when asked to smoke his preparation. During this period the inventor fellow had brain spasms every day and had to be kept under strict supervision.

One day a couple of enterprising but courteous city men arrived, dressed in garments which reminded some of us of Sydney, New York, or London. But they were neither British nor American, although they spoke better English than any of us, excepting Boston Bob and the professor. They were the representatives of a big French steel company, and in about half an hour after introducing themselves offered to buy all our properties. They were extremely frank, and told us that the demand for molybdenite would soon be greater than the known resources of the world could supply. They were acting on the assumption that normal trade-conditions in Europe and America would soon be restored, and were anxious to ensure their own peoples' requirements.

The professor, as usual, objected to our doing business. He said he was tired of building new camps and wanted to get his book finished without another shift. We concluded the deal, notwithstanding, and probably the buyers got a bargain. We knew where to find several outcrops a few miles away, however, which had every indication, according to Big Sam, who

was our most experienced prospector, of proving to be more than equal in depth to the mines we had sold. If good trade-conditions should bring about a boom in molybdenite, we thought we could take full advantage of our knowledge.

III

That night we left the camp, as it stood, to the new owners and some of those they were able to employ; and the returning Etheridge railway train, which runs once a week, took us to Chillagoe, where the wild hilarity of visiting a hair-cutting saloon, and other things, almost made us reckless. We also got the names of the 'certain winners' in some big Melbourne event about due; but as each man heard of a different 'certain winner,' the information was a bit perplexing.

We had now sufficient funds to enable us to tackle some big proposition, and as we had got tired of the strenuous life of Chillagoe, which consisted of a ceaseless round of eating, sleeping, and drinking, with sometimes a Salvation Army meeting or a picture show in addition, we decided one day to get on the move again. We all knew of some abandoned copper mines about thirty miles to the west. Why they had been abandoned, we did not know; but that fact did not matter, as there are seldom reasons for anything in North Queensland. The price of copper, like that of all other metals, had fallen at the time; but as the mines were already developed, we calculated that we could make them pay, even if we had to hold back our products for a time.

But we did not proceed straight to those mines. We knew they would wait for us, as they were too big for any other band of men, then in the district, to handle. The country between was known to be very rich in mineral

wealth, and we decided to make our journey a prospecting trip.

In some respects that trip was wonderful. During the ten days that we traveled toward our promised land, we found outcrops of almost every known mineral. Most of us could tell what they were by sight, but the professor's or Mac's crude though careful assays were necessary, to determine the percentages and values of the minerals carried in the various formations. The inventor fellow wanted to stop at every new find, and always had some plan in his mind for the efficient treatment of the ore; but, in most cases, we only marked them on our maps, with the intention of coming back to them 'some day.' Wolfram and molybdenite seemed to be everywhere, and tin could always be found in the gullies.

Near our destination, we struck a belt of silver-lead country, and as silver commanded a fair price at the time, we sunk pot-holes here and there, and were somewhat surprised at the high values contained in the reefs. The ore was in massive chunks weighing anything up to a hundredweight. It was really galena (a sulphide of lead), but it carried about two hundred ounces of silver to the ton, and over 30 per cent of lead. We could easily have cut a bush track from that part to the government smelters at Chillagoe; but the inventor fellow said we could concentrate the ore on the spot by simple flotation methods, and thus, by getting rid of the poorer material, raise the value to perhaps a thousand ounces of silver, and, allowing for losses, 70 per cent of lead per transported ton. But the absence of water settled the matter, and, thinking that we might return and build a water-conserving dam before the next rainy season, or 'some day,' we resumed our journey, riding transversely over five miles of country for every forward mile traveled.

That night we struck an abandoned camp which, judging by the great heaps of ore lying around the old shafts, must have been an important one at some time. Remnants of tents were still standing, and windlasses remained over the shafts as they had been left. It was dark before we could find out any reason for its abandonment. Most of us thought that its members had simply got the 'move-on' feeling and left; but Peter the Poet surmised that all its population had gone down to see the Cairns races, and, having lost all their money in that city by the sea, had heard of some fresh mineral discoveries nearer, and thus had never returned.

I knew the country thereabout well, and going back in memory to the men I had known who previously had frequented the district, although I had never heard of the camp, I thought that, to a man, they had suddenly left for the war, as most other prospectors had done, and had not returned. The doctor said nothing, but seemed to take a great interest in the old bottles and tins littered about, which were mostly of the medicine variety.

We set fire to the long grass which had overgrown everything, and, after attending to our horses, dined extremely well, discussed matters of more or less importance, said unkind things to the poet, and went to sleep under the stars.

But the inventor fellow could n't sleep. Perhaps something had gone wrong with the Southern Cross constellation, from his horizontal point of view, or he may have had one of his usual brain spasms. He got up and wandered among the great 'blows' and outcrops now showing, where the fire had done its work. Mac joined him very soon, and a few minutes later came Boston Bob and the parson. They had a night of it, but before morning they kicked up the others to

announce the result of their perambulations in the darkness. This was to the effect that an outcropping reef of copper carbonate, carrying about an ounce of gold to the ton, formed the ridge upon which the old camp had been situated, and that the bottom of one of the shafts sunk through its heart was left in a 35 per cent copper-sulphide ore, of unknown gold contents, but with a silver value of at least forty ounces per ton.

The news was surprising, but the chief element of surprise lay in the question why such a treasure-store had been abandoned. After breakfast, almost every shaft was examined. They proved to have been sunk on the 'underlie' of an extraordinarily rich copper lode; and even with copper at only £60 per ton many fortunes were waiting, because of the gold and silver the lode carried, in addition. There were huge dumps of ore already 'at grass' (on top of the ground awaiting transport), and it seemed as if we had really struck something good. The inventor fellow at once began evolving a scheme of treatment for the ore which would save transportation, and the professor took many assays. The parson and the poet worked hard with pick and shovel, Mac, Boston Bob, and Sydney Charlie saw about repegging the ground, others got busy putting up our tents, Big Sam went out with his gun to replenish our larder, and the doctor wandered off into the bush, thinking.

A hard day's work in the fierce heat of the North Queensland sun earned a rest when sundown came, and we were all, excepting the doctor, who had not returned, helping Mac in the preparation of our evening meal which, thanks to Big Sam's prowess, would be original and varied, when two riders rode into the light of the camp-fire. We recognized them at once as the two

affable Frenchmen who had bought our molybdenite properties, and welcomed them in the usual hearty bush style, gave them a tent, and saw to their horses. Then we waited for them to explain their business, if they had any; but we also awaited our dinner with more expectancy, and we were anxious about the doctor, who was not gifted with great bush knowledge and might easily have got lost.

'What horse won the Melbourne Cup?' someone asked, abruptly, as we squatted round the fire to share what the gods, Big Sam, and Mac had provided.

One of our visitors mentioned a name which was not that of any of our 'certain winners,' and we all became reflectively silent. This silence was broken by the doctor's arrival, and in answer to our questions he explained, briefly, that he had been exploring. All laughed and some passed sarcastic remarks, but the doctor would say no more. He took his place in the circle round the fire, and the meal proceeded in a silence strangely incongruous in our camp. At last, the professor forced matters to the point of interest.

'I suppose you fellows have come to ask us to take back the mines you bought from us?' he observed, addressing the two strangers.

'No,' one answered, hesitatingly; 'the fact is we sold them over again and — we do not know how to put it rightly — we have been chasing you gentlemen all over the country to get some more from you.'

We all breathed again; but Boston Bob, who was an expert in the art of hiding his feelings, inquired casually, 'How much did you get for them?'

'Oh, we do not wish to hide anything from you,' said the second man: 'We got exactly double the price we paid you —'

'You only got double!' Bob ex-

claimed in disgust. 'You are most assuredly greater fools than we were. Molybdenite is going to be almost priceless soon, and —'

'Yes, we know that,' replied the same man; 'but you see we are business men, not prospectors like you fellows. We can sell mines but we could never find them.'

'You could n't help finding a mine in this vicinity if you survived falling down the shaft someone else had already sunk on its outcrop,' the parson remarked.

'This reef beside us is the biggest copper proposition I have ever known,' added the professor, reflectively. 'You can see, even in the dark, that there are many hundreds of tons at grass already.'

'But you did not put that ore there,' laughed one of the men. 'I will make you a sporting offer, now, of a thousand pounds for your rights —'

'All right,' broke in the doctor; 'the reef is worth many times that figure, but it has not cost us much.'

We were all very much surprised at the doctor's words. He was not a business man, and his knowledge of the value of a mineral outcrop was about equal to that of Peter the Poet or the inventor fellow on medicine or theology; but of course we had to stand by what any of our comrades said.

We passed a pleasant evening smoking, telling ghost stories, and, in a way, studying astronomy. Next morning the deal was effected and the men rode back to Chillagoe to register the leases which we had not yet even 'claimed' ourselves. (We afterward found out that the astute French gentlemen thought they had purchased the mines we had set out from Chillagoe to find; that town having been greatly excited over our mission, after our departure.)

We took down our tents and rode westward under the doctor's leader-

ship, and soon we understood why he had sold our rights so cheaply. He led us to a little, crudely fenced-in square, and a wooden cross inside informed us, in rough letters cut out in it, that three prospectors lay underneath, having 'pegged out from plague.'

'I found this yesterday, boys,' the doctor said as we halted, reverently. 'That cross explains why the place was abandoned. I knew that you fellows would never work their old shows. Most of us knew them.'

We passed on, sadly. Most of us *had* known them, and we recalled that a mysterious epidemic had visited the land while we had been — elsewhere. Those men had returned from the war before us, and had met their earthly end in their own country. We were all thinking according to our various intelligences, although Peter the Poet and the inventor fellow were most visibly moved, when the doctor said: 'Did those French fellows happen to mention, last night, what horse won the Cup?'

Mac told him, and the doctor seemed very thoughtful for a moment. Then he suddenly remarked, 'Boys, life must be a kind of a dream after all. I have been a failure in every thing I am qualified to make good in, yet I gambled a hundred pounds on that horse at ten to one. Let us go back and get rid of that thousand pounds and have a good time in Cairns.'

We also were silent for a brief space. The parson was the first to speak. 'Well, you have only won what your mates have lost, so we 'll go on with life's dream where we are; you can give your money away without much trouble.'

Somehow, all seemed to agree with the parson. To a prospector a good time means prospecting, and we *were* prospecting. The doctor became thoughtful and left the leadership

to the inventor fellow, and an hour before sundown we reached the old abandoned copper-workings we had set out to find.

IV

We found four Chinamen in possession, but that fact did not trouble us, as they were only working the surface outcrops, and treating, in their own way, the discarded ore left by the old-time miners. And their leader had once been my cook! That night we again dined well, thanks to Ah Sin, my former servant; and, a little later, when we stretched ourselves for sleep under nature's perfect canopy, we again watched the constellations of the South move in their mysterious ways.

Next morning we started to work. We set fire to the long grass which had overgrown and almost hidden the old workings, incidentally, also, burning much primitive mining plant which would have been of much service to us. Before sundown we had fitted new ropes to most of the wooden windlasses still standing over the old shafts, and had carefully examined the shafts and the formations through which they had been sunk, taking all due precautions against possible accumulations of gas at the lower levels. The reef outcropped along a line of about two miles, and, on the surface, carried masses of copper carbonate which averaged 35 per cent in value, according to the professor's assay.

In a few days everything was in working order. We left the surface workings to the Chinese, who were all good fellows and knew some things in connection with mining that we did not know; but, according to the law of Queensland, they could not themselves hold a mining lease. I need only say that the inventor fellow learned more of the science of ore-treatment from them than is known, generally,

or written in any textbook, and that the professor added a chapter to his book.

It was the lower and 'constant' levels that we were after, however, and we called into service an old steam-pump and a derelict boiler left by the last workers. The inventor fellow did the rest. The main shaft was pumped dry, and the levels underneath cleaned out. Those proved to have been driven along a lode of dense copper sulphide which we had to cross-cut to find the width. Why such a huge body of ore had ever been left was a mystery we could not solve; but we soon ceased trying to find an explanation, and day by day we opened out new ore-bodies. The transport of our ore to the smelters in Chillagoe proved, at first, to be a very difficult proposition; but the inventor fellow and the Chinese evolved a system of concentration, which I must not explain, which did much to do away with that trouble. By its means it was necessary to transport only three tons of ore to yield one ton of the metal. We cut a track to Chillagoe and employed horse teams to convey our concentrated product to the smelters; but later on we bought, at scrap-iron prices, some old traction engines lying at rail-head, and the inventor fellow, helped by all, made them do wonders in the way of transportation.

We were now happy. We owned a first-class mine and, being able to work it ourselves, were free from all labor troubles; but the reason why such a property had become ours so easily was still causing some of us much thought. The explanation came, however. One night an old prospector rode up to our camp-fire and shared our repast. I noticed that Big Sam occasionally looked at him, curiously.

'Are you boys making your show pay all right?' the stranger asked,

casually, during a lull in the general conversation.

'We think so,' the banker answered, modestly, 'but we have n't yet worked out all the costs of transportation and smelting.'

'That's what killed us,' the man said, quietly. 'There were n't any smelters at Chillagoe when we worked this place. We had to pack all our ore on horses and, when copper dropped to fifty pounds, it did n't pay us to send it over the ranges to the nearest smelter. I reckon you 'll find mighty good stuff in the east drive. — Has any fellow got a spare pipe and a bit tobacco?'

The change in the subject was strange, but the man was evidently trying to hide his emotions. We all rose to get pipes, but Big Sam instantly handed him his own, in full going order. 'Have mine, Tom,' Sam said; 'I have n't seen you for ten years.'

'No, Sam, I've been wandering among the South Sea islands, pearling, for a bit; then I went to Mexico after gold. But this old place kept calling me all the time and, though I'm too late in getting back to it, the ghosts of my old mates will know I did my best.'

'You're not too late, old man,' Sam said kindly; 'only you've got new mates. Tom Riddell is welcome in any camp that holds Big Sam.'

With one voice, all approved our comrade's words, and our muster-roll became twelve.

Old Tom Riddell, whose name is known everywhere throughout the world as a pioneer, proved a valuable asset to us, and soon we found it to be to our advantage to employ any chance men who came along. Our camp quickly grew into one of the chief mining-centres of the district, and the inventor fellow erected a suction-gas plant and made it serve many purposes resulting to our comfort. He

attached a dynamo and an air-compressor, and thus we had electric light and, somehow, by means of the air-compressor, cold water to drink — a luxury unknown in North Queensland away from the coastal towns. The Chinamen diverted the water pumped from the mines into bark channels they made themselves, which led into selected ground they formed into gardens. There, by reason of the water and the tropical sun, they grew fruit and vegetables in a magical way, and our camp soon became famous far and near for its civilized attractions.

Popularity by no means pleased us; and the inventor fellow, Peter the Poet, and the parson were told to exercise their particular gifts less strenuously. But the evil had already been done, and our camp grew into a town, almost miraculously, and many other parties opened out new mines along the reef. The town was eventually surveyed and proclaimed by government officials, named by the professor, and is now in big print on the map.

But the glamour had gone for us. To preserve our dignity as the founders of the town and the owners of the chief mines, we had to wear collars, pay some attention to our dress, and live in our respective houses. Life was no longer an existence of untrammelled freedom, and we began to think of going back to some of our old molybdenite shows, where a common camp-fire and our tents would again afford the glorious good-fellowship which most of us craved.

While discussing things one day in a large cool chamber down one of our chief mines, one of our employed men brought us word that three fancy-dressed men from Melbourne had arrived and were anxious to see us. They were invited to come below, and when they saw the enormous formation of the lode, they could not hide

their amazement. 'We are business men,' one began, 'representing American interests. We are looking for copper mines in anticipation of a trade boom. Life is very short, and we have not time to go into details. We know all about your mines from the official smelter returns and —'

'The Bird of Time has but a little way to fly —' chimed in our poet; but Big Sam threw an ore-bag over his head, and Mac sat on him and thus prevented him from saying more.

'You are looking at the formation of one of the biggest and, perhaps, the richest copper lode in the world,' said the banker. 'It has been proved for two miles in length, is five feet seven and a half inches wide, at the narrowest part, and probably extends in depth to a place not geographically defined, though popularly supposed to be nearly as hot as North Queensland.'

The would-be mine-buyers looked mystified, and, I think, some of us gave the banker's place a name.

'We can't calculate on extreme depths not proved,' one of the men said, seriously. 'We'll allow you the measurements as they actually are.'

Boston Bob became our spokesman, and we came to terms very soon. Probably we sold the mines for a fraction of their value. Indeed, the new owners told us we were fools, when the deal was completed. Perhaps we were; but we were tired of the place and did n't trouble to explain that we knew of about a hundred other properties, that we were prospectors in preference to being miners, and that the amassing of wealth was only a secondary thing, which we could not help.

The new owners attended promptly to their own business and employed every man available to work the mines; but we suffered a few days' agony, doing nothing. One afternoon, while some of us were swimming in the Walsh

River, about a mile away from the town we had brought into existence, the parson said, 'Boys, we are wasting our lives; I ought to be seeing about building a church, and you fellows forming a progress committee. Our town will be very famous some day.'

'I know what I am going to do,' I said: 'I am going home to the Old Country to study a bit, and get some special machinery made; then I am coming back to work some of the molybdenite shows I know.'

'Then we'll all go home,' said the doctor. 'A trip would do us good and I want to get some books in a place I know in London.'

I knew that place, too, but did not feel called upon to say anything; but the idea of a trip either to Britain or America was hailed with delight.

That night, nine members of the twelve rode out on the bright moonlit track we had cut ourselves, toward Chillagoe. Those left behind were the parson, old Riddell, and Boston Bob. The parson felt he had a mission, Riddell would not leave the country, and Boston Bob guessed he could be happy where he was until our return. Our farewells were, as far as I can remember, 'Good-night, old men, we'll see you again, soon.'

The poet and another saw them again, I expect, before morning, as, about half-way to Chillagoe, they an-

nounced that they felt they could n't leave their mates — or the North. Next morning, six men sold their horses in Chillagoe — I was the seventh, but having left the country so often previously, and liking my horse, I gave him into safe-keeping instead of selling him — and boarded the train for Cairns.

At Mareeba, an important junction town down the line, we saw the first newspapers that had come our way for a long time. They reported, among other things, that the demand for the rare minerals was increasing; and, while we were waiting at the station, the doctor and another informed us, abruptly, that they had changed their minds. 'We find we cannot leave the North,' the doctor said; 'Mareeba is as far away from the lime-bluffs as I ever want to go. You fellows can bring me back the books I want.'

Five of us reached Cairns, but only four boarded the steamer for Sydney. Next morning's train carried the other back to his comrades — and a camp-fire. At Sydney, the banker thought he would like to try to form a syndicate to work some of the deeper level molybdenite deposits we knew, and, eventually, only two men boarded the Niagara for Vancouver and the homeland.

The professor is already on his way back and the inventor fellow has got the doctor's books and will not be long behind him.

DIVINE FIRE

BY FLORENCE J. CLARK

I

MR. HARRAGAN, on first acquaintance, gives no evidence whatever of being peculiarly favored by the gods. He does not look it, his circumstances do not suggest it, not only are his friends and neighbors totally unaware of it, but they would indignantly deny such a statement if made to them. Yet it is still a fact that upon Mr. Harragan, that hopelessly ridiculous person, the gods have seen fit to bestow one of their choicest gifts.

For Mr. Harragan is a born ruler. His kingdom is small, his subjects few — two little rooms on the East Side, a wife and four children, are the measure of it. Yet in the exercise of power it would be difficult to find his equal.

Whence comes this power? It does not have its source in the fact that upon Mr. Harragan depends the economic security of his family. On the contrary, the economic security of his family depends entirely upon Mrs. Harragan. She it is who wins the bread, bears the children, keeps the house. Yet a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Harragan and the children establishes beyond all doubt the fact that they all live in loving and absolute subjection to a man whose contribution to their material well-being is practically *nil*.

Neither can good looks explain it. Mr. Harragan is tall, lank, unkempt, not very clean, unshaven and unshorn. From strict observation of the facts, it seems fair to assume that his theory on clothes runs rather like this: they must

be bought, and in due course of time — a long time — discarded. In the interim they are quite capable of taking care of themselves. He is in every way a contrast to his neat, trig, little wife.

I knew Mrs. Harragan first. I had the good fortune to have her keep my house in order when I first went to the East Side to live. She is a cleaning woman — and proud of her profession.

Mrs. Harragan is short and slender, a little woman, auburn-haired, merry-eyed, immediately human. It is easy to like her. She is always happy, full of quaint wisdom, warm of heart, quick of temper, buoyant of nature.

She is active and agile. She works fast, so that no sooner has she begun her tasks than she has finished them, it seems, with a little time left on her hands for conversation. She always runs upstairs; her quick patter along the halls is unmistakable.

When Mrs. Harragan arrives, things begin to happen. Mountains of soiled dishes are, in the twinkling of an eye, arranged in washing-order, and in the twinkling of another eye they are clean and put away. Rooms are swept, beds made, fires built, with a rapidity which leaves one breathless. I cannot say that all these things are done quietly. The whole thing is in the nature of an attack. Mrs. Harragan attacks her work with vigor and enthusiasm. Dust flies, dishes rattle, fires blaze — and it is done. When she leaves, a great quiet descends upon the house.

Occasionally a dish cannot survive her energetic treatment, and great is her contempt for such a weakling; 'uptown dishes' is her good-natured epithet for them, and she puts the responsibility for the breakage squarely upon the shoulders of the person who transplanted them from their natural habitat into the rough-and-tumble of the East Side. 'Do you think,' she will remark, viewing the pieces with a pitying air, 'dishes like that ought to be around this neighborhood?'

Yet the real marvel is that so many do survive. Mrs. Harragan is, as a matter of fact, very proud of her non-dish-breaking record. She is able to tell the exact number of dishes she has broken since she married Mr. Harragan. (Before that date, her memory is blurred in everything.) Nicks she does not count, and objections to them she dismisses lightly — they are, in her mind, nothing more nor less than evidence that the objector has never been married. And thereupon satisfaction settles upon her; for any mention of marriage brings to her consciousness her own enviable state. It is strange how many roads lead back to Rome.

And she is indefatigable. She works early and late, she is not daunted by the most difficult task, and she does it all with the glory of Mr. Harragan upon her.

Not that Mrs. Harragan is in love with Mr. Harragan in any ordinary understanding of the term. That phrase, when applied to her, savors of superficiality. Rather is she completely absorbed by him.

She explains her situation thus: —

'Mr. Harragan was hurt in his head a long time ago; he got a sunstroke, and he's been weak ever since. He looks strong, but he ain't. His head catches him every once in so often. Many's the time I've thought I was going to lose him.

'Oh, but he was a great worker in his day; he used to make his thirty-five dollars a week regular. That was before I knew him. He was married then, too, but his wife died. She was always sickly; her doctor's bills were something terrible! He worked hard that time, all right. Well,' — her buoyancy asserted itself in an upward inflection of the voice, — 'it was his luck to take care of her and it's mine to take care of him.'

Mrs. Harragan kept the wolf from the door for years by the most scrupulous management. God knows what they had to eat. She was too proud to tell; but the children looked underfed and delicate, and occasional gifts of food and clothes were received with unmistakable gratitude. Once a year she borrowed twenty dollars — for the children's clothes. In six months this would be paid back, and for the next six months, she was a free woman.

Yet she always managed to keep Mr. Harragan in drink. Not that he is a drunkard; he has too keen a sense of propriety for that. (Mrs. Harragan boasts that the children have never seen their father drunk.) No, he goes to no unsightly extremes; he is just habitually mellowed by drink.

They live in two small, dingy rooms, one a dark one. Six people eat, sleep, and pleasure in them. And it is not mere existing: their life is rich and varied.

II

It is not quite true to say that Mr. Harragan does nothing whatever, in spite of the statement of his little daughter Maggie to the contrary. When she was six years old (she is now twelve), she was asked by her teacher what her father did. She answered, 'He sits by the fire and reads the paper.'

He does this, to be sure, and more. With some help from the children — three boys and the girl — he cooks the

meals. He does not clean the house, or do the washing or the mending. Mrs. Harragan does that after work and on Sundays. But meals he does prepare, and very grateful is Mrs. Harragan for this attention. 'Mr. Harragan never lets me go to work without my cup of coffee,' she says appreciatively.

He also does occasional odd jobs — as an accommodation to somebody in distress. Work with Mr. Harragan is always a chivalrous response to an appeal for help, and it ceases with the subsiding of the generous emotion. And the character of his work is such that the need for service has to be very real indeed; for to call upon Mr. Harragan for help is in itself evidence of being reduced to extremity.

The subject of payment is never mentioned in his presence. Such business is carried on later with his wife, who has an exalted idea of his worth. Yet even she cannot raise the figure very high for work which is paid by the hour. She stands there, naming a ridiculously high figure for very inferior work, on the alert, ready to spring if objection is made; for she knows perfectly well that the price named is far in excess of what is usually paid for work of that character. But objection is never made; for only in this round-about way is it possible to pay Mrs. Harragan herself adequately for her own very good work. She constantly undercharges, and if the attempt is made to pay her more, she will leave the extra money on the table, saying:

'I want to be paid fair, but I'm not looking for more than I earn. Those dishes were nothing.'

Realizing that her fine flower of independence is a more precious possession to her than the money that she needs so much, the money is meekly taken back, and Mr. Harragan is gladly paid what she thinks his work is worth.

For Mrs. Harragan believes that no-

body can take care of a furnace or polish a floor quite like Mr. Harragan. Realizing that most of the world is blind to his merits, however, she always hovers near him when he works, getting him water, brushes, cloths, as he requires them, tidying up after him, protecting him from criticism.

A few years ago an attempt was made to have Mr. Harragan contribute definitely to the family budget, and it very nearly proved disastrous. Mr. Harragan undertook to be janitor of a tenement house, in return for the rent. One day Mrs. Harragan announced that they were going to move.

'I'd rather pay rent,' she said. 'It's altogether too much bother to Mr. Harragan to be janitor. Why, sometimes he'll be in the middle of frying a beefsteak and somebody will come to see rooms! I've been thinking of moving for a long time, but I would n't stay a minute after what happened yesterday. You remember what a rainy day it was? Well, a man came looking for rooms. Mr. Harragan showed them to him and he went away.'

She became a little excited. 'It seems he went next door and decided to take some there. The landlord heard about it, and he got mad at Mr. Harragan for not watching the man to see that he did n't go into the next house. Well, how could he have seen where the man went without standing in the rain?' Her voice blazed. 'My husband don't have to stand out in the rain; somebody else's husband may, but not mine.' Her tone sank to normal. 'And I want to move anyway. Mr. Harragan was never cross to me all the years we've lived together until he was a janitor, and it ain't worth it.'

The little money that Mr. Harragan brings in is negligible; his work at home is meagre. Yet somehow he manages to keep the world steady for his family. The children are scarcely less devoted

than the mother. There are two grown boys now, eighteen and twenty, and up to the present moment they have shown no disposition to rebel against the destiny manifestly laid out for them, of further adding to his comfort.

Mr. Harragan receives and dispenses all the money. Mrs. Harragan has, all the years of her married life, handed her pay envelope to him unopened, and now the two boys do the same.

If Maggie appears in a new coat and is asked, 'Where did you get your new coat, Maggie?' her reply is immediate: 'Papa gave it to me.'

The two boys started to work at about the same time, and they had an impulse to be generous with the first money that they earned. Did it occur to either of them to get for their self-sacrificing mother some little unaccustomed luxury? Not at all. With the first money that they earned, they surprised papa with a new suit.

But Jimmie's job soon had to be abandoned, although it appeared satisfactory to everybody but Mr. Harragan. For he, who takes most responsibilities very lightly, does take with seriousness the matter of making the morning coffee. Jimmie's job began so early in the morning that it interfered with Mr. Harragan's rising habits.

'It 's the miserablest job ever I heard of,' said Mr. Harragan; 'breakfast at half-past six in the morning!'

All the children obey him implicitly, conscious of the honor of being so fathered. They speak of him with pride.

'I could never bring up the children without Mr. Harragan,' Mrs. Harragan says sometimes. 'They think there 's nobody like their father; and you know how it is, especially with boys: they have more respect for a man.' Her voice takes on color. 'He talks to them something grand, the lectures he gives those children! You know' (deprecatingly), 'Mr. Harragan is a little bit

educated if he had his health. Well, if they turn out bad, it won't be for lack of bringing up. Terrible strict he is.'

To give the devil his due, Mr. Harragan is not without charm of a sort. He receives visitors like a king, offering food and drink with regal hospitality, to the mingled admiration and dismay of his wife.

'Maybe you don't want to eat anything,' she will say, fearing that he may have gone too far. 'Don't mind him if you don't. You know, if the President himself walked in, Mr. Harragan would offer him a glass of beer.'

And he has his Irish wit. One day I chanced to call there, and lying on the floor was a burlap potato-sack. Mr. Harragan was not at all nonplussed. He pointed to it, 'See me Persian rug,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

The one daughter, Maggie, is a dainty, auburn-haired little elf, quick of movement, with a touch of her mother's gayety. 'I tell Maggie sometimes,' said Mr. Harragan to me one day, 'that she 's a fairy. But she does n't like that, and she begs me to say she is n't. So then I say, "Well, no, you 're not exactly a fairy; but you 're the sister of a fairy."''

And Mr. Harragan is full of interesting ideas. He has an ethical code concerning work which is entirely his own. Part of it is that washing windows or washing anything white or light is woman's work and unfit for men or boys. Therefore, no matter how great the emergency, it is to Mr. Harragan like an invitation to sin to ask him to do any of these things. A psychological crisis is on the hands of her who makes this rash attempt. If white paint must be washed or bathrooms cleaned, Mrs. Harragan can do it in the evening. This point of view is profoundly interesting to Mrs. Harragan.

He also decrees that Mrs. Harragan is not to wash floors. Why he selects

this as her one abstinence in work, nobody knows. But in this one particular she does not regard his word as law.

'Mr. Harragan does n't want me to wash floors,' she says, very proud of him for the thought. 'But sometimes you can't be so particular when you need the money. So I just go ahead and wash them and don't say a word to him about it. He would get mad at anybody who asked me to wash floors, and I don't want him getting into no trouble on my account.'

But to return to Mr. Harragan's solid virtues. If we take Mrs. Harragan's word for it, he has courage. She rejoices in one tale of him: how one day he heard screams and blows coming from a neighbor's apartment, and how he investigated them, and found a man most cruelly ill-treating his wife — passion at murder level. Mr. Harragan knocked the man insensible and then got him arrested.

'And now,' she adds, 'after Mr. Harragan taking all that trouble for her, and actually saving her life, she's so mad at him for getting her husband arrested that she won't speak to him. But Mr. Harragan does n't care. He says he'd do it all right over again.'

And one day on the street he fought and laid low a man who had most unreasonably deserted his wife. Yes, we will grant him courage.

The other evening, Mrs. Harragan appeared, quite late, to wash the dishes. She was all breathless and excited. She started on the dishes with an extra vigor, chatting meanwhile.

'I'll hurry a little to-night,' she said. 'I want to get home as soon as I can. I've been up town working to-day.'

This was astonishing, as Mrs. Harragan has scarcely been five blocks from home in twenty years.

'I got a chance to do some work up town,' she said, 'and with Jimmie out of work, I thought I'd better go. Jimmie took me up, I could never have found the way alone. I got there at one and I've just come home. On Thirty-Fifth Street it was.'

She looked at me, a little awed. 'For the first time in my life,' she said, 'I was homesick. I'll never go so far away again. It struck me in my stomach. I could n't eat a thing. Lord, child, they had broiled chicken and peas and strawberry shortcake, but I could n't touch it any more than as if it was so much wood. They kept at me to eat, but it was no use. My, but I was glad to get home! I ran home a minute to see Mr. Harragan before I came here, but I did n't stop to eat. As soon as I've finished these dishes I'm going home and have a good meal. I'll never go so far away again.'

Mr. Harragan, you are a lazy, good-for-nothing individual. You are a parasite, living in as much comfort as your wishes dictate, upon the hard labor of your wife and children; you are a drinker, depriving them of even the barest necessities of life; you are a slipshod worker. And balanced against this — what? A little lift of the imagination, a modicum of wit, a spark of courage. That is about all.

No, Mr. Harragan, it is not enough. The score stands heavily against you. Judged by the common standards of our day, you are a most unworthy person. And yet — beauty and harmony attend you! Mr. Harragan, you are as futile and absurd a creature as ever walked God's earth. And yet — to you, yes, to you it has been given to discover, for at least one tiny fraction of the world, the gold at the foot of the rainbow.

THE ART AND NATURE OF GRAPHOLOGY

BY ARCHER WALL DOUGLAS

SOME years ago I became interested in the way in which a friend of mine analyzed signatures so as to disclose the characteristics of the writers. The results were so amazingly accurate as to excite my wonder and admiration, especially as most of the signatures were those of people whom he had never seen, and of whom he had not the slightest knowledge. The sequel to my admiration was a study of the art of graphology by the only possible method: the analysis of the signatures of the people whom I knew passing well, that I might detect in their autographs the reflection of familiar traits and characteristics. I found that there were many books written on the subject, but they merely led me astray, because in general they contained only a lot of rules, and I soon discovered that you cannot confine and compass the peculiarities and manifestations of human nature within such exact and definite limits. As I went on I realized that the signature had first to be studied as a complete entity, and that detailed analysis was a secondary function. The autograph, like its owner, has character and personality. Moreover, there is some dominant trait that stands out in bold relief: some peculiarity, some phase of temperament or of mentality, which is often the key to the puzzle or unwinds the tangled skein.

The procedure, as I followed it, became tremendously logical, though often it dealt with a most elusive and indefinite material. It was something

more than a coincidence that treachery, deviousness, and all the evil ways of lying and deceit were easily known by fine-spun, winding lines which recalled to me the Hindu proverb that surely the trail of the snake is always crooked. Rules, however, were of no avail here, for sinuosities, which in the business man's nature were symptomatic of underhand ways, frequently meant nothing more in the autograph of the lawyer or doctor than indifference to good penmanship, or haste and carelessness in writing. But, the strong rising signature is a sure indication of ambition, courage, and determination, just as the one that drops steadily tells of indwelling melancholy and discouragement.

Early in my study I was surprised to discover in some of my friends the possession of qualities that I had never suspected in all my long acquaintance. One instance is that of a young woman who was especially noted for her unfailing good humor and high spirits, yet the steady downward droop of her signature told an entirely different tale. Upon questioning her, she admitted the truth of my analysis and was greatly surprised that it was possible for her signature to betray the presence of a melancholy strain in her disposition which, she thought, was effectually hidden from all.

Another instance is that of a man with whom I was casually associated in business for many years, and whom I thought of as a creature of figures, expert in the casting-up of sales and

receipts. By mere accident I analyzed his signature one day, and was surprised to discover in the capital letters the revelation of a thorough understanding of form and harmony, and an imaginative appreciation of art and nature: comprehension, rather than the ability to create, though the difference is often one of degree rather than of kind. This sympathetic understanding is not infrequent in cultivated and intelligent people, and is generally recognized by the limitation in the beauty and originality of the curves of the capital letters as contrasted with the boldness of expression found in the signature of the creative artist. Tennyson, Byron, and Burns are examples which come most readily to my mind. The truth seems to be that signatures are unconscious betrayals of ourselves, and therein lies their interest as indices of character. This is not true of handwriting to anything like the same degree, nor are the reasons far to seek. We are apt to make efforts to improve our handwriting so that it may be at least legible. But we rarely take thought concerning our signature although doubtless we have an unconscious desire to make it characteristic of ourselves in some fashion, we know not how. Hence, as we emerge from childhood and youth it gradually shapes itself along the lines of our thoughts and desires. Unlike our tones, our manner, our bearing, our conversation, it is expressed entirely without concealment, and without our being on our guard, as it never occurs to us that a signature in any way betrays us, or reveals that which we would keep secret. Thus it is even more indicative of our personality than the voice, since in conversation we constantly cultivate and assume certain tones, accents, and manners of speech which are not native to us. In this way the signature becomes the

crystallized expression of our inborn traits and characteristics, and registers but slowly those which we often seek to acquire with patient care and purpose. This has always seemed to me to indicate that such acquirements are after all but the suits and trappings of our character and often go no deeper.

In comparing signatures of the same person written years apart, the changes are almost invariably found to be the result of evolution and development, not of addition and superficial acquisition. I remember the autographs, written three years apart, of a distinguished violinist whom I knew well. The record was merely the confirmation of my own observation at the concerts which I had attended during these years: a marked growth both in artistic conception and execution, and in breadth of understanding and sympathy. Yet the germ of these things was all in the earlier signature, much as was the primordial atomic globule of our race in the beginning of evolution. Conversely, I have had some unpleasant experiences in watching the growth in wealth and power of those whose early signatures gave a dark hint of the Old Adam of selfishness and insincerity which had not been baptized out of them, and which became stronger and more pronounced with years and success. It is something more than a literary analogy that the leopard cannot change his spots, and I have pondered much upon our responsibility for those seeds of evil in us, sown through no fault of ours.

In all matters of detail it is the logic of the evidence that most impresses me. Crossing your *t*'s and dotting your *i*'s is the natural sign manual of carefulness and precision. The interest for the graphologist lies in the discovery that the way in which such things are done tells whether the carefulness is born in you, or merely acquired in

after life. There is a certain perfunctoriness about the latter method that never equals the deliberation and naturalness of what you do unconsciously and because you cannot help it. If the small *a*'s and *o*'s are open at the top it is a fairly good indication that you have some of the milk of human kindness in you. Contrariwise, it is more than probable that Old Scrooge wrote a small, close-fisted hand, with the small *a*'s and *o*'s hermetically sealed at the top. A signature that is written continuously, without pause, naturally tells of logic and continuity of thought and, sometimes, of an impatient and irritable temperament as well. The nature of temperament is shown in the level of the line on which the signature is written. Unevenness, whether up or down, indicates only too truly whether the temperament moves to a rising or falling inflection; the even-tempered and self-contained go on an even keel. Singularly enough, temporary and passing fits of depression often leave fleeting impressions upon the handwriting though but rarely upon the signature.

If capital letters tell of the possession of imagination, or of its absence, they also tell of that fancy which so many mistake for the creative instinct. This is shown by a lack of originality and beauty in the capitals, and is most often found in the signatures of women. It tells of day dreams, of things which we vainly believe that we could accomplish, had we only opportunity, and it is as much a matter of temperament as of mentality; moreover it is something that the writers are usually very shy of confessing. They seem loath to have their fond fancies dragged into the light of day. Likewise, do capital letters tell of pride in all its degrees and ramifications — from that pride which caused Satan to fall from

Heaven, to that which seeks to be judged only by its deportment, after the fashion of Mr. Turveydrop. To attempt to recite all the hints and suggestions of evidence that you gather from the details of the autograph is to have the sun go down upon the tale. After all they are not the main themes, but rather its incidental diversements. Your knowledge comes not from the solution of minute details, but rather from an understanding of the spirit which the writing portrays. You hold the key to the inner meaning of the cuneiform inscription which lies before you, not through the separate analysis of the individual factors, but through the relation which they bear to the whole, and the way in which they are colored and affected by the personality of the writer. Graphology is not the painstaking determination of the value of unknown quantities in an algebraic formula. The task is not so simple as that.

In the beginning you get only a few 'leads' and indications, and upon this comparatively small foundation you construct the fabric of your characterization. There is much of deduction and induction. Certain characteristics indicate the possession of certain other characteristics. Most determined and ambitious men are not overburdened with scruples, nor with consideration for others, when their own interests are at stake; while the pure in heart, and you sometimes run across them, have charity and thoughtfulness, and all the traits which go with those who see God. Then, too, your signs and evidences are not invariable in their meaning, but are modified by the other traits with which they are associated. Pride in the conceited man is a far different matter from pride in the fine spirit who desires to be judged only for the things for which he stands. The indications for obstinacy, blind

and unreasoning, in a signature, are much the same as those for unyielding determination in matters of faith and conviction. It is the difference in the association with other traits which makes the distinction so vital. Like all puzzles, the analysis of the signature opens up wide vistas when once you have arrived at the main components of the matter, and it is not difficult to go on to great refinements of definition and description. If you are quite sure of yourself in deduction, induction, and observation, you need not hesitate in your conclusions. I recall more than one instance where the writer of the signature manifested a profound love for lyric poetry, because of the obvious appreciation and understanding of harmony and rhythm set forth in the general character of the signature, especially in the capital letters. If it were a man, Burns was generally his peculiar admiration; if a woman, it was apt to be Tennyson, or Mrs. Browning. So, too, it not infrequently happens that I can say with entire assurance, of some woman, that her bedroom is a thing of beauty and good taste, with bits of color here and there, and with her wardrobe arranged neatly in that feminine fashion which is beyond a man's understanding. All this is an easy deduction from the sense of form, color, and arrangement, that permeates the signature.

It is difficult to describe on the printed page how certain forms of writing indicate such traits and characteristics as I have spoken of. Yet the most unimaginative can easily see the connection when it is pointed out in the handwriting. For instance, there is usually, though not always, marked and profound difference between the signatures of men and women, and this difference emphasizes the equally profound and fundamental difference between the sexes. It is very rarely that

one is in doubt as to the sex of the writer. Yet to endeavor to put the difference on paper intelligibly, is to attempt a task that would probably involve the student in one of those fogs of words that mark Algernon Blackwood's latest mystery stories. Again, although most women's signatures are very feminine, there is a very wide distinction between the femininity of the flapper, and that of the mother of the family; and the writing does not fail to indicate it.

Some thirty years ago, when I first essayed the study of graphology, the greatest puzzle I found in women's signatures was their apparent lack of individuality; they were too much cast in the same mould. They would have been more easily decipherable had they run less true to sex. That I rarely encounter this difficulty now is, I believe, a mute testimony to the extent and rapidity of woman's emancipation in the last generation. I still encounter this obstacle in the signatures of many Europeans whose individual expression seems smothered and concealed by the burden of tradition and inheritance.

Of even greater interest than traits and characteristics are the revelations of hopes, desires, and aspirations that the writing discloses. You discover them in most unexpected surroundings, and with strange and apparently uncongenial associates. Artistic conceptions and understandings in the autographs of business men, whom you have always thought of in connection with the prayer of the Pirates of Penzance: all they asked was life, without one touch of poetry. An inextinguishable, though seemingly dormant, love of beauty and color and form in Nature, in personalities who, you thought, worshiped only the God of things as they are, and not as they should be. Suppressed Freudian desires and ambitions, sometimes suppressed

because of lack of opportunity or of money. In a married woman with many children we may discover, carefully concealed, the thought of the actress or the singer that she knew she might have been but for the man whom she had chosen instead and who never even suspected her fond regret. You often suspect the existence of the regret, without giving it definite form or nature; but when you tell the writers of your discovery, they rarely ever deny it, either because it does not seem worth while, or because they are not sorry to have a confidant. You get a fleeting glimpse of a human entity that is all new to you, and more interesting than before. Nor do you soon forget the irreparable tragedy of a matter that it is too late to do anything about. Yet often to the principal actor in the drama it does not bear so serious an aspect, save for the passing moment; for time is a great consoler. But to the onlooker this makes the tragedy all the worse. Not infrequently the tragedy becomes pathetic because it is nothing more substantial than the hopes of those who lack purpose and ability to make those hopes realities, even had they both opportunity and the necessary wherewithal. You get hints and evidences of such matters from half-formed or undeveloped artistic traits and characteristics, touches of imaginative ability and conception, poetic formations of the letters, or hints of the love of form, color, and harmony, cropping out here and there throughout the signature.

In all the matters which I have set forth there is nothing that is not easily susceptible of logical explanation, nothing that is 'uncanny,' or mysterious. It is not difficult to explain to an intelligent person how your conclusions are reached, and how perfectly logical is the entire process, although, like everything else, it requires a certain

fitness and experience for its successful outcome.

There is another phase of the matter concerning which I have never been able to do more than conjecture. It is in no way a part of the study of graphology, as generally pursued, and I have never known but two other people besides myself who exercised it. It is the ability to deduce from a signature some of the physical characteristics of the writer, although he may be an entire stranger to you, and you may never have seen or heard of him. The description is not a photograph, but rather the perception of certain physical traits, or peculiarities, which are readily recognized by those familiar with the person in question.

The incredulity with which this statement is always received is equaled only by the puzzled surprise at the actual performance. Obviously, he who essays this task cannot afford to make so much as a single mistake, or he is thoroughly discredited. I never have the slightest concern in my own case, and am absolutely sure of my ground for there is never any doubt of what I see. In analyzing any signature there must come to me first the vision of the writer, else I am not confident of my accuracy and do not attempt to proceed, for at such times the spirits summoned from the vasty deep refuse to come. Once I carried in my pocket the signature of a man who, I afterwards learned, was generally regarded as a sphinx, but who gave up all his secrets when there suddenly dawned upon me the somewhat nebulous vision of a close-lipped being with eyes severe, and a firm tread that told of determination and resolve. Such visions are indefinite, save as to those traits and peculiarities which stand out boldly, and which are all that you see clearly. The things that you see, probably in your mind's eye, vary greatly in different people and appar-

ently without rhyme or reason, though they have one common denominator in that they are always most characteristic and easily recognizable. Sometimes, as in the gait or bearing, they are directly inferred from some peculiarity in the signature; but usually they have no connection with anything in the writing. The nature of the walk is usually apparent, whether a firm tread, or a swinging gait, or an uncertain motion. I recall one man who shuffled in his walk, and who also giggled a good deal, and whose teeth were not good. Nearly always you get an impression of the mouth, whether full- or close-lipped, or weak, or firm-set, and constantly of the teeth, as to whether they are good or the reverse. Also of the eyes, whether restless, or steady, or of a fixed gaze from under beetling brows.

Cordial hand grasps are usually easy of detection, as are unusually charming smiles.

Sometimes tricks of manner are most prominent, as of looking knives at you out of the corner of the eyes, like the French maid in *Bleak House*; or putting a hand upon your arm in earnest conversation. Not infrequently you see some fashion of dress in a woman, that differs from the ordinary. I remember one young woman in those remote days when they wore long skirts, who picked up her dress in crossing the street in such an unusual manner as to attract attention. I could not describe what the peculiarity was only I knew that it was there.

Occasionally you can tell whether the person wears glasses, and the kind of headgear he affects.

Some personal peculiarities that you see have no connection whatever with anything in the signature, as far as you can discover, and yet they stand out vividly. One man carried a cane which he was always dropping and picking up. Another walked a little lame in his

right leg. Another slammed things around in his fits of temper, which description much amused his wife who gave me his signature to analyze. Another man looked straight at you while you talked, and worked his mouth in a peculiar manner while he listened.

Of late years I have found that you get the same results from the voice that you do from the signature; that is, by talking over the telephone with one who is an entire stranger to you in every way. But that is another story.

Now I am not so much concerned in producing evidence for such matters as I have set forth — though it is available — and thus preserving my reputation for veracity, as I am in finding the *raison d'être* of the entire matter. What is the connection between that signature and the physical appearance which I deduce from the writing? Frankly, I do not know, nor have I the slightest idea how the deduction is made, though I am always equally sure of the correctness of such deduction. There is, of course, nothing mysterious about it, other than that anything is mysterious which we do not understand; usually because it is beyond our ken.

It has occurred to me, however, that I have unconsciously reversed our usual method of judging people, which is to infer certain mental and temperamental traits from their physical appearance. In other words, having deduced certain mental peculiarities from a physical signature, it is perfectly logical to associate them with corresponding physical characteristics, even though I am not conscious of the process by which I arrive at such conclusions.

This naturally leads to the conclusion to which I have come from this study; that our physical and mental being is one and indivisible, and not two separate and distinct things. We

are gross mentally, and that is why we are gross physically; and the reverse is equally true. We are not separate entities, but a concrete whole in the same shell, alike and indissoluble, at least so far as this world is concerned.

If this is so, then much antiquated philosophy can be laid on the shelf, and we need not excuse ourselves by laying

the blame on the weakness of the flesh, when in truth the mind is most industrious in conceiving the mischief. If there be not such intimate connection, what else can be the explanation of the discerning and telling of physical things when only mental and temperamental matters are presented to you and within your ken!

ROAST CHICKING

BY HANNAH L. PROTZMAN

I AIN'T got no fambly, youse might say, 'nless youse would count Rosie an' the woman. What I means is, I ain't got no fambly of my own.

My father an' mother is both dead, an' I am the only one of the childern what lived. They was eight of us, but I never seen none of them for I was the younges', an' the rest all died when they was babies yet. I was the only one what lived — which ain't no fault of my ol' man's.

Many is the time I has jest been goin' to step inside of the house when somethin' in my head has said to me, 'Louie, don't go in,' and I hev went back. An' afterwards I has found that my father was layin' for me inside, an' it has been jest in the grace of a hair's breath that I ain't killed — sech a good shot is my ol' man.

An' if it wa'n't for that voice on the insides of me warnin' me, I would n't be livin' unto this day.

Father was in the saloon business first. He was at that for about sixteen year' when he sells out an' buys a private place, an' lives private. He stands that for jest about one year

when he goes back into business agin.

He sure was one ornery cuss, an' youse might say, I never had no respec' for him. The earlies' remembrances I hev got of him is a lickin'.

C'n youse think back to the first thing youse c'n remember? I kin. I c'n see that bar yet, jest like it was yest'day, an' me runnin' round it, an' father after me with a board he has broke off 'n a box, in his hand. An' ma over in the corner with her apern over her face, cryin'.

It was jest like I was borned there in the saloon, right then, for I don't remember nothin' that has happened before, an' it seems like that is the first time I ever has seen my father an' my mother. I knows who they are without no one tellin' me, but I don't recollect ever hevin' saw them before. Nor does I even remember seein' my ol' man pull that board off 'n the box, yet I *knows* that is what he done. Nothin' that has happened before does I remember.

Ma said father licked me long before I c'd walk yet, but I don't recollect that far back.

Now *me* — I never laid a hand on the little feller, nor on Rosie neither. But the woman — she was always as ready with her hand as she is with her mouth. But after the little feller was took, I never let her lay no hand on Rosie again.

Sech a tongue has she got in her head that I don't dast say much what she *kin* do and what she can't do. But after the little feller goes to his grave with the marks of a broom handle on his little body, somethin' on the insides of me kind of busts like, an' I tells the woman there ain't goin' to be no more lickin' in my house again. An' there ain't, un- to this day.

Now *ma*, she wa'n't like father. She never licked me less 'n I done somethin'. But I never walks past my ol' man but what I has to duck quick, an' youse c'n believe me or not, I never goes no nearer to him than I has to.

Other childern ust to run away *from* school, but *me* — I run away *to* school. Not that I took to book-learnin', but because I knowed when I was in school, father could n't tech me.

They wa'n't no impulsatory school laws in them days, like they is now, an' father wa'n't for leavin' me go to school at all. An' many the lickin' has he give me for goin'. Always he ust to say, 'Do youse think I have brung you into the world for a dirty loafer?' An' he makes up a sayin' which says, 'Them as don't work, don't eat.' An' never does I get no supper on the days I goes to school, only what I sneaks.

An' cert'nly I would be a ignorant man to-day, if it wa'n't for Miss Lang, a school-teacher where lived in the same house with me onct. It was her that learned me both to read an' write.

Nor was I allowed to have pets like the other fellows.

The only pet I ever has is a chicking, which I would n't of had, only *ma* she keeps chickings, an' father don't find

out for a long time. Even unto this day I could cry when I thinks of Henery.

I raises him from a little lame chick. For some reason his mother won't own him, so I scratches for him, an' looks out for him, an' soon he is follerin' me round everywheres. An' often I sneaks him in, an' he sleeps on the foot of my bed at nights. I could n't of thought more of my own brother if one of them would of lived.

As I already told youse, my ol' man owns a saloon — but it wa'n't jest a saloon. It was a grocery store an' billiard-room an' saloon, all in one.

One day I was goin' past the corn bin, an' I done what I always done when father ain't around — I takes out a handful of corn.

Then I goes out in the yard an' I calls Henery, an' he comes limpin' up an' hops onto my shoulder. An' every time I puts a kernel of corn in my mouth, he leans his head over real sassy an' pecks it out. An' always he is that careful that he don't hurt me.

An' all the time I don't know my ol' man is anywheres around, till he starts cussin'.

I gives Henery a quick fling one way, an' I beats it another, for I knows father.

I stays away all day, an' I don't git in till supper time, countin' that by that time father will either be too busy or too drunk to do anything.

I 'low to sneak in an' swipe a piece of bread or somethin', but when I gits in the kitchen an' smells what I smells, horses can't drag me away. But it is many a long day after that but what that same smell makes me sick to my stummick. Even unto this day when I talks about it, I c'n feel my stummick goin' flip-flop, jest like that.

Ma don't say nothin'. She jest goes on gittin' things ready to set on the table, an' I c'n see she has been cryin'. But I don't think nothin' partic'lar

about that, seein' it ain't many days she *ain't* been cryin'.

Then I hears father comin' in, an' I starts to run. But he sees me before I gits out. So I beats it to the other side of the table from where he is at, so the more chanct to hev when he comes after me. But instid of doin' what I am lookin' for, he says real sof' an' kind, 'Well, well, Louie, youse are jest in time for your birthday supper,' he says. 'Set up,' he says.

An' sure enough, it *is* my birthday, which I never would of thought of.

I am so hungry that I decides to resk it, an' I sides over to the table, keepin' one eye on my ol' man, an' the other on the nices' roast chicking you ever see — all carved an' ready to eat.

I have a oneasy feelin' all the time about father, an' when he pushes the plate over my way, without even helpin' hisself first, I grabs a leg quick, thinkin' his game is to leave me pret' near git a piece, an' then jerk it away.

But no, he leaves it settin' right in front of me. I don't like the way he is smilin', for I knows it don't mean no good to me, but I intends to eat while I has the chanct.

When I has a'most the whole leg et, father says, jest as if he is surprised, 'Well, I do declare, this here Henery seems to be *some* chicking. Shove him over to me till I tries him.'

Never c'n I tell youse my feelin's. There I sets with part of my little Henery unchawed in my mouth. An' certainly, neither c'n I swaller him, nor c'n I spit him out.

Ma, she has bust out cryin'. But *me* — I am jest settin' there like a statute, with my mouth hangin' open.

Father is laffin' that way he has where youse can't *hear* him, an' he is reachin' over to help hisself to little Henery when a red-hot iron comes runnin' up by backbone an' into my head. An' without hardly knowin'

what I 'm doin', I grabs the plate with Henery on it, jumps past father before he knows where I 'm about, an' lights out for the woods.

An' when I examines that plate, I finds that I hev et the poor little game leg that I has rubbed many a time tryin' to make it longer.

An' that piece where is left in my mouth unchawed has disappeared. You have saw magician fellers which holds a egg up in front of youse — now youse see it, now youse don't? Youse c'n laff when I tells it, but that same kind of a miracle has happened — for neither has I spit out Henery nor has I swallered him, yet certainly there ain't no Henery left in my mouth. It is jest like the egg I tol' youse about — he ain't in my mouth, he ain't out of my mouth, he ain't nowheres.

I puts what is left of Henery together the best way I kin. Then I wraps him in my coat, an' buries him out there in the woods.

After which I says, 'Gawd,' I says, 'I don't know no prayer, but if youse will jest tell Henery I did n't know it was him, an' that I would of starved first before I would of et his little game leg, I 'll do somethin' for youse some day,' I says.

'An' leave father to me, Gawd,' I says, 'for I knows him better than youse, livin' with him as I does,' I says. 'Jest leave him live till I am growed up,' I says, 'an' I 'll git even with him,' I says. Which both me an' Gawd done.

Then I tries to sing 'Where is my wanderin' boy to-night?' which is the only funeral song I knows, but I don't git far till I busts out cryin' like I ain't done but onct since, an' that is when the little feller passes away.

I truns myself on the little grave I has jest made, an' I must of went to sleep, for when I looks up again it is early mornin'.

I hunts for a stone big enough to

cover over Henery's grave so no dog can't dig him up, then I picks up the plate an' starts for home.

I don't know *why* I am goin' home, for I knows my ol' man will be layin' for me. But it is jest like somethin' is dead on the insides of me, an' I don't care no more what happens.

I am a'most home when I sees ma runnin' toward me. I am lookin' for a cuffin' off 'n her for not havin' no coat on; but instid of that she grabs the plate off 'n me, an' tells me to beat it quick, for father is waitin' at the barn with the horsewhip.

I don't know why I does it, but I walks straight on, an' I am jest past the big tree, when out jumps father an' ketches me by the arm. An' when he is through with me I can't stand on my two feet, but am layin' there by the fence. Some people picks me up an' takes me to the doctor's, an' he puts stuff on the open places where makes them hurt worsen than they does before. Then he ties me up.

But even with that I don't feel that there lickin' like youse would think. It is jest as I has already told youse — somethin' is dead on the insides of me, an' I don't feel nothin' the same.

They tells me afterwards that the neighbors has my ol' man arrested, an' he has to pay a big fine. But *me* — I don't see him agin for a'most two year.

There is a farmer — Mr. Henderschott by name — where sees father give me that lickin', an' he takes me home for a 'prentice on his farm. An' there it is that I am interdooced to Miss Lang, the lady teacher I has a'ready told youse of.

She is boardin' at Mr. Henderschott's, an' one evenin' she says at the supper table, 'After youse fellers git through eatin', go an' warsh yourselves, an' then come into the settin'-room, for I am goin' to learn youse somethin'.'

They is three of us workin' there, an' when we gits through eatin', the other two fellers goes out to the pump, but I am tired, an' besides I don't see the need for no more learnin'. So I sneaks up to the attic, an' has jest turned in when in walks Miss Lang.

'Louie,' she says, 'either youse kin git up an' dress yourself, or I'll do it for youse,' she says.

I seen her manage a horse onct, so I gits up an' does what she tells me. An' I thank her unto this day, for as I always says, if it would n't of been for Miss Lang, neither could I read or write.

I am at Mr. Henderschott's for a'most two year, when father comes after me. Mr. Henderschott ain't for leavin' me go, but father says he will git the law on him, so he leaves me. He says certainly he hates to see me go for I am the best worker he ever had.

An' all this time I ain't et one bite of chicking. When I smells one cookin' it makes me sick, an' all I kin think of is, I wants my little Henery back.

It is late at night when we gits home, an' ma she is settin' in the kitchen. 'Hello, Louie,' she says. 'Hello, ma,' I says, an' I goes up to bed.

Father has me up early the next mornin' ploughin' the back lot. I am growed considerable in them two year, an' my ol' man 'lows I am goin' to make up for lost time.

When I goes home for dinner an' smells what I smells I has the feelin' that I can't stand on my two feet. I starts to git out, but father, who has came in, shoves me into my place at the table, an' calls ma to put on the dinner. Which she done — bustin' out cryin' while she done so. For there on the plate is a roast chicking, lookin' for all the world like my little Henery.

Father puts his revolver on the table beside of him, an' then he pushes the plate over in front of me, jest like he

done that other time. An' all the time he is smilin' an' laffin' that way he has.

'Louie,' he says, 'have a leg of Henery's grandchild. An' either you eats,' he says, 'or youse gits this here bullet,' he says.

I am settin' there thinkin' I would ruther have the bullet, when all of a suddent that same red-hot iron I tells you about before comes runnin' up my backbone an' into my head, an' I grabs not only a leg, but as much of that chicking where I kin hold in my two hands. An' I starts eatin' as fast as I kin. For the feelin' has came to me, what right has that chicking, or *no* chicking, to live, when my little Henery is dead! I *wants* to eat it, an' also I wants to eat every chicking they is. An' that feelin' has stayed by me unto this day.

When my ol' man sees what I am at,

he stops shakin' of hisself laffin', an' he gives me a knock on the head where sends that chicking acrost the room, an' me on top of it. Then he makes me pick it up an' put it on his plate.

Ma, she goes for to help me, an' he gives her two black eyes. Why, she has a pair of eyes on her where she can't look out of her head. He says it is her what puts me up to hawgin' that chicking.

But it wa'n't ma. It is jest as I has told youse. I has the feelin' that I don't want no chicking to live an' enjoy hisself, now my Henery is dead. An' never has that feelin' left me.

That is why they ain't no one kin help Mr. Cupp eat hisself sober as good as me. He is the only one I knows of where kin eat as much chicking as me, an' even then, he has to be his drunks' to do it.

SOME ASIAN VIEWS OF WHITE CULTURE

BY UPTON CLOSE

I

A BIT of Chinese humor concerns a swain who went to market to buy his new wife a present. In one stall he saw some neat little framed mirrors — pictures, he thought.

'Whose likeness?' he asked, picking up one.

'Your noble own,' said the merchant.

'Ah,' thought he, 'the very thing! Every time my wife looks at it, she will see me.' So he bought it.

His bride was delighted. She gazed at her treasure by the hour. Never was husband's gift given a more flattering

reception. Not improbably, however, he soon realized a puzzling discrepancy between the smiles turned toward the mirror and the varied moods which greeted the supposed original of its reflection.

With pride, we of the West display the gifts of our civilization — and Asia looks them over with many flattering *ah's* and *oh's*, and we feel encouraged in our naïve conviction of unquestionable superior worth. We may remain as blissfully unaware as the lout in the Chinese fable that the

pleasure apparent while the recipient contemplates our marvels, mechanical and scientific, may be due to newly appreciating, in their connection, the value of the ancient culture. We shall not fail to note, however, that Asia's interest in our achievements does not carry with it any noticeable attraction to our civilization at large.

We have a right to expect that our attainments will influence Oriental peoples — at least, their educated classes. But we seemingly think that, in view of demonstrations we give, our superiority in everything from least to greatest will presently be admitted by all but the ignorant, and we shall become the model and pattern of endeavor. To the modern Occident it is hard to comprehend that there are other ideals than its own — that if the attitude of alien races is not mainly composed of admiration, the true explanation is not sottish obstinacy and impotent envy.

Youth and age are inclined each to be sure in its own wisdom. Asia's confidence in her culture is matched only by our self-conceit. But philosophical old age can be far more tolerant than strenuously living youth. Therefore it is that, while Asia thinks her culture is the better for herself, we think ours the better for ourselves and her. Salvation for Asia, to our way of looking at it, lies in her conformity to our way of thinking and doing, and we set out with zeal upon a crusade to save her. What Asia thinks of our type of salvation, we do not stop to consider. Her lack of desire for our services we interpret as evidence of her depravity. She has sunk so low that she appreciates not her own need. We will rescue her, perforce.

Mayhap we are right. If so, it is because of pure accident, and not because we have reasoned out our action from a study of comparative cultures. Our

belief that Asia needs our civilization is just as unreasoned as the belief of the German imperialists that the world needed them to rule it, and springs largely from the same mentality. Actually, while we have achieved, a great many of our aims are such as other races would not care to set for themselves. Their reasons are often worth thoughtful attention.

Our ancestors in the days of Marco Polo looked respectfully toward the settled culture of the Far East. Concern with problems of philosophy and religion was then honored, both east and west, as the highest occupation of the intellect, although personal eminence and glory came very often to the warrior. The Orient in that age, as it vied with the West, — not only in these attainments, but also in material well-being, — might even with a little pardonable conceit claim superiority. Since then, centuries of western geographical and scientific advance have intervened. We have become cocksure. Galloping 'progress' has robbed age of its prestige as we have left the ways of our fathers. Looking back now from our position of eminence in positive sciences and arts, constructive and destructive, we complacently offer to show the way to those we have outdistanced. If the offer is not enthusiastically accepted, we are put out, even disgusted.

We seem to ourselves to have been the only ones who have made progress. It seems to Asia that we have forgotten the aim of progress. The East has not been willing to forget the preëminence we all were once agreed on giving to certain considerations called spiritual. Vaguely, we feel that we have kept them still in mind, although sometimes at a loss to analyze our views or justify our actions. But to the outsider, a cacophony of material accomplishments, undirected and unharmonized,

bursting fitfully from a barbarous theme of world-lust, is the prevailing motif in the music of our culture. And the Oriental takes leave to raise the question of whether we have made any progress at all in directions that really count, that tell permanently for higher living. Of course they are wrong in this — we are civilized. Look at us — all the things we have and make and do!

‘Yes, the things you do,’ say they, ‘and by them we are compelled to doubt if you have really reached civilization as yet. We are consistent. We have a time-tested wisdom, we know what to call good — but do you? You do many things which no civilized people can continue to do — why? We have built a culture that endures. What have you, take you all together, got in mind to build — anything at all? If so, are you sure that it is anything really possible, or just a dream?’

If civilization is, as Confucius described it, the sum of intricacies whereby every man’s personal dignity is preserved and respected, they are not to be blamed for their questionings. It is anything but a civilized side of our nature that has been prominent in our contact with Eastern peoples. We admit the Chinese sage’s definition to be attractive, whether complete or not. But by what definition of civilization could we justify our attitude toward his countrymen, and other peoples of the Orient? Whatever may be said of our conduct among ourselves, — and they would render trenchant judgments as to that, — we cannot claim that our conduct toward them was civilized. Insisting on the excellence of our social customs and religion, and their need to understand and practise them, we make little effort, as a rule, to understand theirs. We have shown little respect for their persons, customs, and possessions. We have insisted

that we do all the teaching and they do all the learning. We maintain the sanctity of our rights, property, and claims at the point of the bayonet, but we act as unrestrained communists in our desire to exploit their wealth and resources. We are aggrieved and angry if they wish to keep anything they are not at the moment using.

Since we have sent this cultural crusade against Asia, — and not Asia against us, — Asiatics have been given more opportunity to form opinions of our civilization than we of theirs. These are not usually made public; for the Asiatic does not feel so great an urge as we to express his mental reactions. Besides, he is restrained by courtesy, and often by self-respect, from comment upon features of our contact. Of course, only a few Orientals have made a reasoned comparison of themselves and us. During eight years’ contact I have collected little patches of opinion from household servant, ricksha man, clerk, merchant, official, proselyte, and everyone who has had to deal with the foreigner. Fitted together, these form the mosaic picture that I briefly outline here.

II

If my houseboy could be persuaded to tell what is ‘wrong’ with the westerner, he would say, *buh gwei* — ‘not squared up.’ Vaguely he feels that the white man is unbalanced. His more educated kinsman analyzes this feeling and judges that the westerner is overactive for activity’s sake, that he possesses excess of power which he utilizes for power’s sake. This appears to him childish, and he would like to excuse us on the ground of youthfulness. But we have the power of prodigies along with the restraining minds of children. Our moral faculty has failed to keep pace

with our development in the mechanical. And this, he feels, is very dangerous, both for our civilization and for his.

Since we came to the Asiatics with material superiority, they demanded from us a corresponding intellectual and spiritual superiority. That may be unreasonable; but let us not forget that we affirmed ourselves equal to the implied obligation. Events since 1914 have somewhat shaken our self-confidence. They have utterly shaken Asia's respect for us.

Nowhere is this reaction more evident than in the field of Christian evangelism. From a willingness to follow our lead in everything, they have changed to an unwillingness to allow us to be the interpreters of our own religion. Friendly Chinese have formerly accepted the various sectarian forms of Christianity taught them, as the metaphysics, as it were, of our cultural philosophy of 'Go-getter-ism' and 'Make-all-the-world-as-thyself-ism.' Our culture was taught by Christian missionaries, but unconsciously, and in an effort to make their message more attractive. Some Chinese, hitherto friendly or indifferent, have, under influence of the reaction, developed an actively hostile attitude toward Christianity. Many others, with deeper insight, have divorced our culture from our Christ. They have discovered that Christianity is more Asian than European in spirit — a spirit which we have largely missed.

'As far as I can discern,' said a graduate of St. John's University in Shanghai to me, 'your "Christian society" has hardly more claim to descent from Christ than our superstitious Taoism has to connection with the virtuous Lao-tse whom it claims as its sage. I judge that in both cases an existing school of thought and action, an existing culture, attached

itself, without any anxiety for consistency, to the most venerable name it knew. Your culture has been propagandizing us in the name of Christ. I see nothing in the Sermon on the Mount which implies nationalism, patriotism, an army and navy, quantity-production, stock markets, Ford cars, and all the other things which have been coming over here as concomitants of Christianization.'

Christian missionaries tend to be too 'occidentalists,' if there is such a word. Their religion is so imbued with national culture that it carries a strong flavor which is distasteful to the Orient. It is evident that Christian propaganda in Asia will soon have to divorce itself as thoroughly from 'culturization' as it has already been compelled to do from political alliance. Missionaries once believed that they should favor the 'Christian' subjugator of heathen lands. They still operate on the theory that Western cultural conquest is encouragement to Christianization and an integral part of their crusade. As native eyes see it, the whole hope of Christianity in the Orient is in the groups which stand out against foreign culturization, maintaining that the age-enriched ground of their own culture is ample to nourish the mustard seed of Christianity, with no need of importing soil from abroad. These Chinese leaders, in such gatherings as the Pan-Christian Conference at Shanghai and the World-Student-Volunteer Convention at Peking, the real import of which is little understood by church people in America, are making it clear that they are not interested in dogmas which seem to them a result of crossbreeding, or the peculiar application of Christian teaching in Latin-Teutonic civilization. Nor do they care to dwell on higher-critical refutations of views to which they were never committed. As to sectarian

lines, they have expressed themselves as 'agreed to differ, but resolved to love.' The 'sticklerism' which is an overdevelopment of the Western conscience appears childish to them, just as their tolerance and freedom religiously appear careless and slipshod to us, whose ancestors burned rather than recant, and fought wars over a theological syllable.

The Chinese have been long accustomed to religious propaganda, and view it, when properly conducted, with a tolerance which has hardly been known in the West. Buddhism, Mazdaism, Judaism, Manichæism, Mohammedanism, Nestorian Christianity, half a dozen orders of Catholicism, and finally forty-odd varieties of Protestantism and the sundry schools of Higher Criticism had, or are having in turn, the unhampered privilege of propagating their doctrines. The typical modern Chinese hardly understand why one should inconvenience himself—or, in particular, others—much on account of creed. So the intolerance of Western propagandists for one another and for the native religions stands in disagreeable contrast to the attitude of their three cults, Confucian, Taoist, and Buddhist, which serve the people with as little rivalry as florists and confectioners catering to the same feast.

Under the reign of the great Manchu, Kang-hsi, Jesuits and Dominicans fought so bitterly that he had to separate them to preserve peace. A century later, in Japan, the intrigues of Spanish fathers to bring the country under the king of Spain, even as they had the Philippines, brought the Japanese people to a passionate awakening as to evil concomitants of some altruistic professions. At the close of still another century, patriotic Chinese were aroused to note that Western governments were enforcing privileges

that had been granted to missionaries, as precedent for a commercial penetration of the country, which they feared would result in its complete economic and political enslavement.

From our point of view, speaking theoretically rather than historically, our crusade against Asia has been fourfold: political, commercial, religious, and educational. Some of us would sponsor one, and some another, condemning the rest. But Orientals never clearly distinguished these aspects, which so often blended together, one being used as instrument of another. Contradictions of Christian love and religio-social intolerance, of national interrelationships and patriotic vendettas, of greedy competition and magnificent philanthropy, are, to them, all parts of one inconsistent and aggressive culture which bases general claims of superiority upon *fait accompli* arguments of material prosperity and militant success.

Is it any wonder that Asiatics, and particularly Chinese, who are attracted at all to the doctrines of Christ, desire to isolate these from the contradictory mass in which they come to them? Early Christianity was swallowed up in China by Mohammedanism, coming in contemporaneously, because Christianity as taught was contradictory, and Islam, in its militancy, was consistent. Islam, it is worthy of note, was toned down by the Chinese temper, and is found in China to-day in a very mild and sociable form.

Perhaps the Chinese lack a proper appreciation of religious realities; yet there are many who feel that China needs the Christian doctrine of the essential friendliness of the Universe, of the fatherly concern of God for man, of the mutual responsibility of man for his fellows' welfare, to supplement the more passive Confucian doctrine of personal dignity and mutual respect,

and to offset the prevailing Chinese vices of oversophistication and suspicion. If they can give us a practical example of *tolerant* Christianity, they may yet become religious teachers of the West. It would seem that the fundamental teaching of Christianity has at least as much prospect of acclimating itself in the culture of modern China as in the society of Imperial Rome, where it adapted itself to polygamy, slavery, and many other things at which we should hold up our hands in horror, and which only the assistance of economic and other factors finally brought under the Church ban. There is considerable difference of opinion among us as to what Christianity is. From its reduction to primal terms in new Asiatic environments, we may be able to get a better definition. It may become plain that many western institutions which we feel are bound up with it are entirely unessential.

Asia is disillusioned as to the ethics and spirituality of our civilization. Her people have been confirmed in their early impressions, gained from the filibusterers and opium merchants who first visited their shores. By them and their successors we were judged, just as we have judged China by the laborers and laundrymen who have come to us. They are aware that we appraise them by their belligerent ability, — that a Benny Leonard weighs heavier with us than an Isaiah, — which appears to them as a barbaric standard. To the pacifist East, our militant pride is our shame. Where checked by force, or fear of complications, from making ourselves their political masters, we have preached democratic reform — it seems to them not so much from humanitarian motives as in the hope that a change in government would make their wealth more accessible.

Having had experience of our ability at appropriating what we once get our hands on, is it any wonder that they respond with a sophisticated smile when our consortiums of capital propose to develop their resources for them alone — and a profit?

III

Orientalists are still willing to admit our material superiority. But they are questioning whether material prosperity be not an illusion held out for the ruin of mankind. With the undying conservatism of their culture, they ask whether, since the temptation to misuse our inventions seems too great to overcome, mankind would not be better without them. Even Japan, which almost apostatized to the West, is undergoing a reaction, particularly among her cultural leaders, to the true Asiatic point of view.

'I should be willing to admit the value of improved communications,' said one of the Chinese delegates to the Versailles Conference to me, 'if men were ready to be brought closer together. But what is the profit in bringing nations, continents, and races together merely to fight? The increase in problems which confronted the Peace Conference over those of any previous like body was fundamentally due to the hasty bringing together by modern invention of formerly separated peoples.'

'We have just participated in a European war which under former conditions would never have concerned us, and from which we got only sorrow. Up to a few decades ago, our people, fearing complications, followed a policy of isolation. That policy you broke down by force. We began to be overcome, as you, by the fascination of mechanical and geographical achievement, and against our inner convictions

accepted your assurances that only good could come from it all. The events of the past few years compel us to reconsider. We are being led to believe that the fears of our hearts were well grounded. You of the West, however, still rush forward in the flush of achievement, giving little thought to the problems you are creating.'

This man was trying to express, from the standpoint of the historical experience of his people, what some of us in the West have begun to suspect: that the fundamental reason for the hostile state of the world to-day, in spite of the work of science in making the pursuits of peace more attractive and profitable and the pursuit of war proportionately more dreadful and unprofitable, is that the improvement in physical communication has outrun advance in intellectual and spiritual communication — even in our own Euro-American, or Christian, civilization. Science has brought men physically close together, and they discover themselves mentally as far apart as in the days of Abraham. They snarl and strike at one another. Apparently we need to slow down in our mad enthusiasm for mechanics, until we can catch up in world-sympathy.

Another phase of the same question begets the Oriental feeling that man's account with science balances on the debit side — the consideration that the returns from science apply so often — not only to destruction of life and property, but to things which merely gratify and do not edify. I encountered this opinion recently in two very interesting men, one a young Japanese poet of accomplishment who has lived several years in New York, the other a Chinese associated with me in newspaper work in Peking.

The Japanese represents a reaction from the unbalanced haste of fellow countrymen like Baron Shibusawa,

who said that the most beautiful scene he could conceive would be a landscape filled with a background of belching chimneys. He has spent the last few years in researches into Old Chinese philosophy and poetry, which are to his people what the learning of the Greeks is to us. I called his attention to a statement by 'America's highest-paid editorial writer,' that 'China is a land which contains nothing worth seeing.'

'That,' he said with some heat, 'is subsidized ignorance expressing itself. Yet many Americans will believe it because of the salary the writer gets. Speaking of salaries, I think not only this writer but all of you in the West are getting more than you are worth. I mean that you are taking more from the earth than you bring to it of fundamental value. Science has increased your income, so to speak, and you receive it and call for more, little considering what good you are doing for yourselves and your fellows in your increased standard of living.

'If I should suddenly increase my porter's wages tenfold, he would be a poorer gateman, an unhappier person, and a less worthy human being. You are becoming a spoiled people. Science has bequeathed you riches and, like rich heirs, you don't improve them. You merely quarrel and fight, with more extravagance and destructiveness than before.'

I felt that a good deal might be said on the other side, but I refrained.

My Chinese friend was more coolly critical. We were together looking over a recently arrived copy of a Pacific Coast paper, for 'stories' worth translating for the Chinese press. I stopped over a bit of press-agent stuff about what the motion-picture is doing for civilization.

'Would this interest your clientele?' I asked.

'Well,' he replied, 'many of them are interested in motion-pictures as a passing toy. But I am afraid that the idea of the cinema doing anything in particular for the advance of civilization would appear rather absurd to them.'

We dropped the paper and began a serious discussion. I can give merely the gist of it here. Mr. Sung punctured my Western vanity with his shots at some of the outstanding products of our mechanics and science. I learned that his people are not greatly impressed with the science of photography, when its supreme product is motion-pictures, which usually seem to them childish or banal, and often offend their sense of decency.

I spoke of the modern newspaper. While his people were content to print with blocks — I reminded him — we developed the double-octuple press and the great modern daily.

'It is fine,' he replied, 'to be able to turn out in such bulk, if only there is material worth turning out. Perhaps all that is of permanent benefit to mankind in the enormous output of printed material could still be published with blocks and hand presses. The printed page in China used to be revered — nothing insignificant was committed to print. Now multiple presses have invaded our country, and the people have lost respect for what they read. Have your mechanical inventions put the world so far ahead, after all, in the art of living together — in the more abundant life? You boast of force, quantity, process — what is the product?'

Mr. Sung doubted whether a nation on wheels would be any happier than a nation afoot or muleback. He was convinced that the faster men travel, the less they see. Airplanes had been used for destruction more than for welfare, since they were brought to his country, and he opined that the same

was true elsewhere. He saw great opportunities for art in the effects of electricity; but were we not teaching men to scorn their beauty by applying them to gaudy commercial advertising? In sum, Sung felt, although he could not express it quite so clearly, that our mechanical monstrosities need further taming for the service of mankind before they may expect to arouse the unequivocal admiration of the Oriental peoples.

In following up this theme with other Chinese friends, I learned that there exists, further, a feeling of apprehension among them that in so rapidly helping ourselves to the un-renewable wealth of the earth, we may be setting up a standard of living that we cannot maintain — spending above our assured resources, as it were.

Orientalists have demonstrated that the fertility of the soil may be renewed year after year for millennia. In spite of years of dearth, which they regard as necessary checks to population, they feel that they have a stable support for society in the products of the earth's surface. Many are loath to turn their culture into what may be a blind alley. Western authorities themselves assert that, in a period short compared with recorded history in China, such necessities of our modern life as coal, iron, and petroleum will become scarce beyond practicability for use.

We plunge on gayly, assuring ourselves, when we think about it, that we shall forever be able to utilize new resources of energy when the present are gone; and we may be right — no end to our journey upward. But the problem seems worth considering in advance; and Orientals who have arranged a culture to move in routine cycles indefinitely can afford to do it. There was a time when they regarded us as creatures of immense wealth,

with power to renew our riches at will. They have learned our limitations. After the experience of contributing to help save starving white men, the naïve assumption of our prosperity is giving way to critical appraisal. If the revolving sphere of their culture is to leave its orbit, a question they would like answered first is whether thenceforth it will go on from good to better without limit, and if not, can a safe and sane stability be resumed when desired.

The impetuous Occident cannot pause for such questions. Perhaps when we have 'eaten our cake,' they will still have theirs. Will they share it with others? If so, future generations of both sides of the world will be thankful that we were not allowed in our present bonfire-mood to get at their earth-resources. If not, Western rapacity will have reason to be greater than now, but its relative power may be less.

In the social, educational, and political field Asiatic thinkers feel that we have something to offer, although they discount our enthusiasm, which sees each reform as starting the millennium. The view of our disturbed condition confirms their caution. Accounts that they get from large-type headings on our dailies are little more in our favor than their actual contact with the ungente profiteers whom we send to their shores. The murder, divorce, and crimes of rapacity, prevailing among us to a horrifying extent, are in great contrast to the peaceable tenor of life in their communities — for, despite all we hear of their lawlessness, the percentage of violent crime among them is much lower. We may look at their brigandage, governmental disorder, and official extortion with repugnance, but they have something of the same feeling at reading of the Ku-Kluxism, gang robberies, hired gunmen, labor-

union battles, and other manifestations of intolerance and attempts outside the law to enforce conformity, which obtain among us. Who looks at his own faults? 'At least,' say they, 'the Western world is no better than ours.' Truly, one would search long in the West to find large numbers of people who would starve to death rather than rob another's fields, as did many in West China during the recent famine.

Orientalists note with some approval our heavy public expenditure for universal education, but are not convinced that we get a proportionate return in philosophical enlightenment and the beautification of life.

In our feminist movement they are keenly interested, yet they view it from the standpoint of people who have looked out for centuries at backward matriarchal tribes on their frontiers, where women are the heads of society. Reading of the increase of divorce in the West, they wonder if there is wisdom in abandonment of their system of marriage by careful parental arrangement instead of free choice. And considering the problem of the single woman in Europe since the war, it appears that there may still be something to be said for their own system of responsible concubinage, by which no women are left necessarily deprived of family backing. Because of Western influence, they are beginning to have the 'new woman' to deal with, and — at least from the ordinary masculine point of view — this is not an unmixed blessing.

It is in politics that our contrast with Asia is most evident to us. We preach the virtue of patriotism (except where our interests are liable to injury if it is practised), and feel that in this, with some exceptions, Asiatics suffer greatly by comparison with us. With practice added to precept, we have at

least convinced them that they ought to organize nationally to stand out against us. But the more they watch, the less they believe in our nationalistic system. The feeling grows that their loosely knit society will live to see the 'strong' nations of the West pass into oblivion and the people into extinction.

Used to their merely opportunistic scraps, the Chinese, for instance, are puzzled at our national vendettas, our placing above regard for culture a fealty to national entities or administrative forms. They are amazed at our willingness to sacrifice our civilization itself for some vague thing called 'national pride.' Their own pride is racial, not national, and their fealty is primarily to their culture. In their eyes the European peninsula, excepting possibly Russia, is quite as much a unit in geography and culture as their own divergent provinces, of about the same population and extent. They read of Europe's wars much as we read of the petty-state feuds which destroyed the glory of ancient Greece.

If nationalism means the dividing of the same culture into hostile camps, to fight, they would rather have less nationalism. If patriotism is to mean that all the population is going to join the squabbles between the officials of various localities, they would rather have less patriotism. And if to have a strong government means that the State has unlimited right to consume its people in deciding futile questions, like, for instance, 'Shall Paris or Berlin have the right to tax the industry of a certain territory to make it pay for munitions and official salaries?' they prefer not to have a strong government. Soldiering is a necessary evil to them, but not one for any self-respecting person to participate in. China's culture here stands supreme in following to its logical end the instinct of Asia.

'The three essentials of a State,' said Confucius, 'are the confidence of the populace, sufficient food-supplies [material abundance], and military equipment. If you must dispense with one of the three, dispense with military equipment; if with two, dispense also with food — for all men must sometime die; but when you no longer have the confidence of the populace, the State ceases to exist.'

True, we may laugh at such doctrine to-day, but the saying might well have come from our Christ, had He applied His teaching to affairs of state, as did Confucius; and, after a century more of devouring one another, should our civilization survive, we may recognize it as the true mark of culture, and all our present opposing guides of human action as costly fetishes of a repudiated savagery.

IV

However reasoned and sincere may be this varied criticism, it is certain that the Oriental, and the Chinese in particular, is far from overwhelmed with desire to discard his own institutions and civilization for a wholesale adoption of ours. A culture which appears to him to contain the seeds of its own destruction is from his long historical view an experiment to watch with interest, while reserving decision to act.

Still, we point to our present activities and urgently call the rest of the world to join. Like children coasting downhill to a frozen pond in early spring, we are all exhilarated with our fun, and commiserate the senile obduracy of the old gentleman who stands at the top and questions whether the ice is really thick enough, and whether we had better come indoors pretty soon. Indeed, to continue the figure, we are more than eager to drag him onto our sled and take him for a ride.

Had Asia felt the urge to propagandize us, as we have propagandized her, the East and West might understand one another better than they do to-day. There would not, at least, be the feeling which arises from a common assumption among us that we have everything to teach, they everything to learn. And some unfamiliar doctrines from Confucius's teaching might greatly help us, to whom his name does not mean authority.

The doctrine of mutual respect, with Oriental courtesy as its extreme outward expression, is at the basis of the unusually placid relations between Chinese artisan and apprentice, master and servant. The employee is treated with a deference for his dignity as a human being unknown in the West. That is the reason that Western employers have so much difficulty with servants or employees in the East. While the Chinese carry the idea of mutual respect to an extreme of aloofness and unconcern in one another's difficulties, unless there is some connecting link of blood or patronage relation, we tend to go to the other extreme in our doctrine of mutual concern, making ourselves advisers in all our neighbors' businesses. The doctrine of 'service,' gone to seed, threatens to make America, for instance, a nation of self-constituted censors. Yet, since the responsibility for breaking down the barriers between the peoples of the world is upon us of the West, it would seem to be our duty to find the spirit wherein we can approach and be approached in friendship. The Confucian doctrine is suggestive.

Possibly we feel ourselves to be in the position of children who have outgrown their elders. But the elders are not accommodating us by dying off and leaving us the field. They persist in apparently undiminished vitality and increasing numbers. The conservative, old-fogy East and the flapper West

must dwell together in the household of Earth, and in quarters robbed more and more of privacy by bettered communication — unless, indeed, one should exterminate the other. If the situation is annoying to us, we should remember that it is more difficult for the other side. In an intellectual — and consequently a military — peace between Asia and Euro-America lies the hope of the enrichment of both cultures and their ultimate amalgamation into one mature world-civilization. The eclectic spirit cannot operate where there is scorn or strife. Only a very important change of trend in our culture can assure this peace. If we are to win Asia's confidence, we must combine a greater spirituality with our material advance.

What my Chinese, Korean, Japanese, and Hindu friends have said applies more to Europe than America. America has a unique place in the minds of Orientals, although they feel it almost impossible for us to struggle out of the evil heritage bequeathed by our cultural ancestry. Some of them, like Rabindranath Tagore, who unfortunately visited us when the frenzy of intolerance was upon us, have already included us with the damned. But to America Asia still looks for the humanization and spiritualization of material production and organized strength, and a conscious, coördinated application of these to the fellowshiping of men and the feeding of their souls. If America fails, as has Europe, to get the contradictions out of her culture, Asia will never come into sympathy with the West, even though she fall into our own faults.

It would pay us of America to pause in our achievement, to attend to this matter. We can meet the situation only by a new national philosophy. That of the 'go-getter' will never suffice. We need a philosophy which will

civil-ize our inventions and political institutions according to the original flavor of the word — make them fit for people living together in peace and civility. For our increased command of natural power, when turned to destructive or unprofitable uses, makes us the real barbarians, the real pagans, the real Huns. To the East, whence once came what our forefathers called 'the scourge of God,' we appear, in our inability to control and benevolently apply our power, as the scourge of mankind.

MARKED

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

BELIEVE me, there is enough strength left in those
Dead syllables we buried so frantically
A year ago to make the thought of a rose
Or a river with lights press like an agony,
Go like a spear through my blood, come on me
Like a weight of frozen fire! — And yet we suppose
We can shut our teeth and forget! — And that bravery
Glitters an instant and then as instantly goes.

For he whom love has troubled can never quite
Lock out the proud insistence of the sound
Her feet give: something vigilantly white
Has marked his way and shadowed him and bound
His forehead with a cord of terrible light,
His throat with strings that cannot be unwound.

WANTED — A PINETUM

BY GEORGE P. BRETT

I

INNUMERABLE are the occupations pursued by the people of our country in addition to the business or profession from which their livelihood comes. Great in number as are the gainful occupations, the pleasurable pursuits of our citizens are perhaps even more numerous. Everyone must have his hobby, and many who rarely change a business once adopted may ride, in the course of a lifetime, many hobbies, turning from the breeding of hunting dogs to the rearing of pheasants, from shooting to fishing, from farming to gardening, from tennis to golf, as inclination or changing fashion may decide.

Golf in the last two or three decades has been the hobby par excellence and its devotees probably outnumber the followers of any other sport or occupation pursued for pleasurable, as apart from gainful, reasons. That I hold no brief for golf may be known to many of the constant readers of this magazine. While its pursuit certainly tends to improve the health of steady and regular players, it is of doubtful benefit to those who are able to find time only for week-end playing; and to play the game regularly, and thus attain proficiency, takes far more time than the man engaged in an absorbing business or profession can afford. So that for most of those who now follow the game it is of doubtful value as a means to health, and involves merely a waste of time and effort, the irregular player seldom attaining sufficient skill to make his

game interesting either to himself or to onlookers.

Some years ago I was an earnest advocate of farming as a pleasurable and healthful pursuit and as an alternative to golf. Farming is an outdoor occupation amid pleasant and interesting scenes; it provides its followers with excellent exercise, and as a means to health, interest, pleasurable emotion, and even in some instances to pecuniary profit, it distances golf as a hobby in every direction. While I received many letters from all parts of the country as a result of the publication of an article setting forth the advantages of farming over golf as a hobby, later inquiry induced me to believe that the number of amateur farmers was not increased by its publication and that, as a matter of fact, it is probable that the number of persons pursuing farming as a pleasurable occupation is on the decrease rather than otherwise, the fact of the matter being that amateur farming is a lonely pursuit, does not conduce to sociability or the forming of friendships; and to invite friends to play at farming with you would be difficult, even if they could be induced to do so. Furthermore, it is sometimes useful, and usefulness is not usually a characteristic of the really successful hobby.

When about to take up with my new hobby, the planting of trees as a pleasurable occupation, which I am now about to recommend to the readers of

this magazine in substitution for my former recommendation of farming, I talked over the matter with an old friend, the head of a great department at one of our best-known universities. He deplored my new pursuit, telling me that the study of dendrology and the planting of trees, except in the way of business, was a sure sign of advancing age (in my case he was good enough to say the first sign of oncoming years that he had noticed). The desire to plant trees he interprets as a part of man's eternal reaching out for a future existence, for an immortality, if not for himself yet for things of his own planning and creation; for according to the authorities the long-lived tree, while it may die of neglect or insect diseases or enemies, should never die of old age, renewing its youth as it does with each recurring year.

Time was when the forest was the greatest enemy of the new settler and the chief obstacle to home-making in many parts of the North American continent. The land had to be cleared before farming could begin or villages and towns could be laid out and built. If you would get some idea of the conflict waged by the pioneer against the forest, read the chapters on the clearing of the woods in the country around Lake St. John in the Province of Quebec, in Louis Hémon's *Maria Chapdelaine*. Thousands of our early settlers spent their lives in unceasing warfare with axe and fire against the ever-encroaching forest, which constantly threatened to engulf their small clearings; and this conflict is still going on in distant and thinly settled parts of the country. The memory of it remains in the minds of the older people and is one of the obstacles in the way of reforestation in some of our newer states. Almost everywhere the battle against the forests has long since been won, and the land cleared of trees over most

of the country formerly covered by dense and impenetrable woods.

In fact, so far has the forest receded and so great have been our inroads on this vast source of national wealth, that to-day we are using three or four times as much wood as the country is growing, and our Eastern States, which were, until a few years ago, self-sufficient in the matter of timber-production, now bring the lumber to build houses and the ties for the beds of railroads hundreds and even thousands of miles, from the only considerable forests, in the far Northwest or some of the Southern States, that still contain large supplies of merchantable timber. Unless we learn a lesson from the countries of the Old World and plant trees on a great scale; unless, in fact, as Colonel Greeley says, 'Forestry becomes a matter of common interest and everyday speech,' and everyone realizes that 'our forests are going the way of the buffalo,' a timber famine is not many years ahead of us.

By wasteful extravagance, by forest fires (mostly due to carelessness), by bad, not to say wicked and ignorant methods of lumbering, we have destroyed, and are still destroying, one of our greatest sources of national wealth, a source of wealth which is responsible for more large private fortunes perhaps than even the oil industry itself, with its innumerable millionaires; and the public sees this ever-increasing spoilage and diminution of our timber supply, or, as one writer puts it, 'withholds its attention from our great and vital forest problem,' with the same unconcern which is responsible for our failure to install proper methods of sewage utilization, pouring the richness of the prairies and the fatness of the farming lands into the sewers of our towns and cities, to choke up and poison our rivers and to pollute the ocean itself surrounding our shores.

The planting of trees, however, on a large scale is not exactly a hobby. It is the serious and necessary business of all our citizens, and it is even the solemn duty of those of us who are fortunate enough to own large tracts of land. Much of the so-called worthless land, all the abandoned farms, of which there are so many in the Eastern States, if properly planted to the right kind of trees, and given some attention afterward, with occasional thinning of overcrowded stocks, will produce good timber. Such lands, properly planted and with some regard to modern forestry methods in their care afterward, will probably give a larger money profit under timber cultivation than if regularly farmed. Indeed, experts have calculated that on such lands a timber crop, when matured and cut, will have earned a greater yearly interest than is given by our best securities, and with at least equal safety, provided always, however, that the public is educated in the matter of forest fires, making the camper who fails to extinguish his campfire, or the smoker who throws away lighted matches or cigarettes, amenable to the law and a respecter of the rights of others — a difficult matter, perhaps, now that the prohibition amendment has made lawbreaking the common habit of, in all probability, more than half of our entire population, and threatens to cause us to become what many Europeans have long thought us, 'the most lawless nation on earth.'

II

It is not, however, the planting of timber trees with which I am attempting to deal; the particular hobby which I have written this paper to advocate, and to which I have at last, after much circumlocution, arrived, is the planting and establishing of a pinetum — the planting of coniferous trees for the in-

terest and pleasure which growing them affords. This can be done on a large or a small scale. A large tract of land is not needed, and may even be detrimental; for even if you are the fortunate possessor of a large place, it is better to begin in a small way and thus avoid the many pitfalls which otherwise are sure to confront the beginner. You can have a small pinetum on two or three acres of ground, or even less, particularly if you grow the smaller evergreens; or you may have a glorious pinetum of thirty or forty acres, containing all or nearly all the conifers and other evergreens that can be grown in this climate, such as that at the Arnold Arboretum in Boston or the New York Botanical Garden, a visit to either place, which can be made entirely without cost, being one of the most interesting ways of spending a day out of doors at any season of the year that can be imagined.

A pinetum is beautiful at every season of the year. In the spring the new foliage, varying with the different species, fairly rivals in beauty the colorings of the most showy flowers; in the autumn the great variety in shape, size, and color of the cones makes a most interesting study. Most beautiful of all, perhaps, is the pinetum in the winter season. When all other trees are bare and dead in appearance, the conifers stand out, with their covering and carpet of snow, green as in summer, and living pictures in the surrounding desolation.

Most people, I think, recognize an evergreen when they see one; but so great is the indifference of the public to the fascinating science of dendrology, that even this modest claim may be an overstatement. When it comes to recognizing the very patent differences between such common conifers as the Scotch Red and Black Pines, or the Norway White and so-called Douglas

Spruces, the average person in my experience is hopelessly at sea. It is to this new and intriguing study that I invite my reader's attention.

The commoner conifers of your pinetum are easy to acquire (I am taking it for granted that each of my readers will at once adopt this fascinating pursuit). You may obtain from the nearest nursery some twenty or more different varieties in all stages of growth, out of the hundred or more that can easily be grown in the climate of the Northeastern States; or, if you are not yet arrived at mature age, you may grow them from seed. I do not advise this latter method unless you are willing to wait years for results which your friends will appreciate; but if you are a true lover of conifers, the growth of trees from seeds will prove of fascinating interest, from the first appearance of the small seedling breaking through the soil, through all the changes of appearance which are characteristic of these trees, the conifers changing much more in form and appearance at their different stages of growth than is the case with their deciduous neighbors.

Since the government regulations stopped the importation of trees from foreign growers because of the many and serious tree-pests, unseen and unsuspected, which come in with these shipments, the rarer kinds of conifers have become very difficult to secure otherwise than by growing from seed. Then begins the most interesting phase of your hobby, that of hunting rare specimens. You will travel hundreds of miles on the mere chance of finding one new tree, and feel greater joy when you have carried it home and safely planted it in your pinetum than is given even to the collector of old furniture, or a rare-book collector, when triumphing in a similar find.

Many and most interesting are the days that I have spent in these searches,

often through most beautiful stretches of country, because the native trees, which are seldom grown in the nurseries, have to be transplanted from the wild, and a shovel and damp bagging in which to wrap the roots of the trees you dig yourself should always accompany these expeditions. You may also find in quite small local nurseries, in out-of-the-way places, trees for which you have long searched in vain. On one happy day last year I came across, in a neglected corner of an old nursery, three Bhotan pines (now a comparatively rare tree), and because they were disease-laden and pest-infected, I was allowed to dig and carry them away for nothing. The joy of nursing them back to health and curing their diseases has been one of the very real satisfactions of the past trying summer, dry, in our part of the country, beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Motor-trips, if you do not drive too fast, are a very good way of seeing the countryside and its oft-times magnificent scenery; but motoring without an object, merely journeying from one expensive hotel to another of the same sort in another town, soon becomes monotonous and a weariness to the flesh. I had long ago largely abandoned the motor as a means of restoring tired nerves and of breathing the fresh country air; but when I mounted my new hobby, I found renewed interest in these journeyings, and now make trips in all directions to visit well-known nurseries specializing in conifers. Indeed, on my trips latterly I have never passed a nursery without going in to look over its collection of evergreens. Only the other day, in a small nursery in a neighboring State, I came across large well-grown specimens of *Pinus densiflora* and *Picea orientalis*, neither of which happened to be in my collection. After wandering over the back lots in this nursery for an hour or so, I finally

found the proprietor and secured the trees, going on my way rejoicing. Neither of these trees is, of course, rare, but it just so happened that I had never been able to secure good specimens previously for my pinetum.

On another day, in a similar manner, I came across two well-grown *cryptomeria*, not, of course, comparable with this tree in its native land, but well-grown specimens as far as this tree will flourish in our harsh Northern climate; and I secured these readily and at a moderate price, as they were the last two in the nursery and consequently no longer worth cataloguing or advertising. Similar surprises meet the ardent collector who will steadily pursue his course.

III

The Garden Clubs of America held a convention at Newport this past summer, and the various local clubs throughout the country sent delegates to this meeting, to the number of about six hundred. The visitors had an opportunity of seeing the many beautiful gardens and choice collections of flowers for which this exclusive summer resort is chiefly noted. The Garden Clubs serve a very useful purpose. Started in many localities with grave doubts as to the interest that could be fostered in them, most of them now have long waiting-lists for membership, and they are well established in most places. Not only do these local clubs furnish their members with information about gardens and flowers, but in at least one instance they publish in their proceedings important papers on various rare and interesting shrubs and flowers, and they cultivate the spirit of sociability and love of country life, any member being free to visit and inspect the gardens of members of other clubs, which are to be found in all parts of the country.

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Some young and enterprising owner of a pinetum should get up a similar movement for the establishment throughout the country of clubs of evergreen-lovers, which would, I think, in course of time be similarly successful, as the love of evergreens is growing fast throughout our suburban communities and one finds everywhere throughout the country that the planting of evergreens is assuming large proportions in the laying out of country places both large and small.

Unfortunately, at present many of these plantings seem to begin with the Norway spruce and Colorado blue spruce, two of the most undesirable evergreens with which to make a start, in my opinion: the Norway spruce because it soon becomes ragged and unsightly, and the Colorado blue spruce because its color and shape make it inharmonious with its surroundings — an unfamiliar note, which becomes less congenial and even distasteful as the tree grows to maturity. If, instead of the Colorado blue spruce, planters would choose another variety of the same tree, *Picea pungens viridis*, the form with green needles, much more satisfactory results would in the end be attained; and the Norway spruce should be supplanted by some of the pines, such as *Pinus nigra*, *Pinus sylvestris* or *Pinus resinosa*, much more beautiful and durable trees, and entirely free from insect pests or other enemies in the Eastern States.

I cannot better conclude this plea for the establishment of a pinetum than by quoting from the Preface of Professor Bailey's book on *The Cultivated Evergreens*: —

The interest in evergreens, particularly the more durable conifers, is a subject particularly suited to the substantial amateur. The slowness and regularity of growth, the abiding quality in the round of the twelve months, the element of stability in these

plants, appeal strongly to the person who has arrived at a settled purpose in life, who has an estate to develop and whose sentiments are established. We easily reflect our human qualities into them. There is no haste in their nature, no radical change of purpose in their character. They have a strong juvenile habit and quality, and then they age gradually into a picturesque maturity, each one with outstanding individuality. They are not unduly elated over the advent of spring; they are patient in the adversity of midsummer; they withstand the buffet of winter. They cover the margins of the landscape and inclose the property securely, giving it a serene atmosphere. They typify the strength of strong men and women as they grow old with advancing years.

The love of the conifers is no passing fancy. It is not subject to change in fashions. What a man plants to-day will give him joy as long as he lives, and the trees will carry his memory to his children's children; 'he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.'

Although to the unpractised eye most evergreens look alike, yet there are clear distinctions in leaves, and the identification of them cultivates the discriminating faculties. The cones and berries are a never-failing source of interest.

Specially so are the seed-bearing cones of pines and spruces and the other true conifers, unlike the fruits of other kinds of plants.

The pinetum-owner's interest in evergreens is of two kinds — to grow a collection of different genera and species, and to incorporate them as parts in a landscape picture. These two purposes are often in conflict, although either one is legitimate.

The happiest result is no doubt a thoughtful combination of the two efforts, unless one desires to make only an arboretum; and yet the arboretum may itself have an artistic quality.

DESTROYING OUR 'INDESTRUCTIBLE STATES'

BY BENTLEY W. WARREN

I

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE of the Supreme Court described our system of government, established by the Federal Constitution, as an 'indestructible union, composed of indestructible States.' In an article like this, even an impressionist sketch of the history of that Constitution is impossible. Perhaps, however, it may not be out of place to recall a few circumstances surrounding its inception.

Following the Revolution, America — as we have appropriated the desig-

nation — consisted of thirteen independent, fully sovereign states, bound together, it is true, in a loosely organized confederation for the prosecution of the war with Great Britain, but proving every day its impotence as a nation. Its relation was only with the states in their sovereign capacity, and the states had repeatedly evidenced their indifference to the policies and decrees of the Confederate Congress. Each of the states was jealous of its prerogatives, proud of its individual

history, and desirous of maintaining its identity. The Confederacy was powerless in America, distrusted, even despised, abroad.

The people of the several states, nevertheless, recognized the need of some sort of union. They knew history, they were familiar with the repeated failures of other confederacies, they realized that thirteen separate nations could not exist on this continent without becoming the prey of foreign governments, even if they did not reenact among themselves the story of the Kilkenny cats. The aptness of Franklin's earlier witticism about the individual patriots, that if they did not hang together they would all hang separately, they fully appreciated.

The result of this situation was the Federal Constitution. That remarkable document, so often and so universally praised by all students of government the world over, was admirably designed to meet the peculiar requirements of America.

Recognizing the futility of a confederacy acting only upon its sovereign constituent members, — taught not only by their own experience but as well by the failure of every similar combination, — the founders cut that Gordian knot by an innovation as bold as it has proved successful. They made every citizen of each and every sovereign state also a citizen of the nation itself — of the United States. They fortified the purpose of this innovation by requiring the ratification of the Constitution, not by the states in their sovereign capacity, but by the people of each state acting in entire independence of the state governments. This is the first and great characteristic of our nation. Those of us who are citizens of any one of our forty-eight states are each, not only a citizen of that state, but equally a citizen of the United States. We owe allegiance to

each — exclusive allegiance within the field of the powers and activities of each government.

The United States, thus formed, was not a nation in the previously understood connotation of that term. It was not formed because the people of the several states were dissatisfied with their governments. It was the result of their knowledge that thirteen separate nations in America would be, if not stillborn, at least early victims of infant mortality. It was their admission that in union is strength. They desired that union only to the extent that they felt the need of its strength. Consequently, the federal nation, set in being by the ratification of the Constitution, was one of limited powers, albeit powers deemed — and in the experience of a hundred and fifty years proved — to be adequate to its purpose. To it each state transferred, irrevocably and exclusively, certain of its own attributes of sovereignty — to be thereafter exercised only by the Federal government. All its other powers and attributes each state retained to itself.

The subjects of sovereignty thus transferred were exactly those commensurate with the purposes for which the new government was adopted. Those purposes are thus described by Hamilton in Number 23 of the *Federalist*: —

The common defense of the members; the preservation of the public peace, as well against internal convulsions as external attacks; the regulation of commerce with other nations and between the States; the superintendence of our intercourse, political and commercial, with foreign countries.

Corresponding to this delegation of powers may be cited Madison's description, also in the *Federalist* (Numbers 45 and 46), of the general character of what was retained in the jurisdiction of the states: —

The powers reserved to the several States will extend to all the objects which, in the ordinary course of affairs, concern the lives, liberties, and properties of the people, and the internal order, improvement, and prosperity of the State. . . .

By the superintending care of these [the States], all the more domestic and personal interests of the people will be regulated and provided for. With the affairs of these, the people will be more familiarly and minutely conversant.

So well had the authors of the Constitution performed their task, and so satisfactorily did the new government fulfill its object, that, from the inauguration of Washington in 1789 until the end of the Civil War, only two amendments were adopted after the addition by the First Congress of the ten Bill-of-Rights amendments virtually agreed upon as a condition to the ratification of the instrument itself. Of the eleventh and twelfth, both adopted before 1804, the former reduced the power of United States courts to entertain suits against the several states, and the other made changes in the election of the President and Vice-President.

During this period, however, that phase of States' Rights — embodied in the claim that a state could secede from the Union — persisted, until the Civil War finally negated its existence and confirmed the correctness of Hamilton's designation of the new government as 'an indissoluble union.'

States' Rights, in their broader sense, are still nevertheless a subject of vital interest to all of us. The subject no longer is connected with the exploded theory of secession; but it involves the proper separation of governmental activities between the Federal and the State governments. Until the Civil War, the respective governments substantially exercised their powers as defined by Hamilton and Madison. Notwithstanding fre-

quent minor controversies, there was little encroachment by either upon the understood field and jurisdiction of the other. The founders, indeed, argued that the chief danger to the new Federal government, with its powers restricted to matters of national import, would be the aggrandizement of the states to the prejudice of the nation. They said that the latter would have few employees, and consequently slight patronage, limited sources of influence, and only negligible points of contact with the people. This apprehension proved happily groundless. The two jurisdictions marched together. Differences of opinion were ironed out. The unique experiment of a dual allegiance was, with an intelligent electorate as its main support, a demonstrated success. The distinct fields for the operation of the two governments were generally recognized and respected.

II

Since the Civil War all this has changed. There has been increasingly manifested an inclination greatly to enlarge the jurisdiction of the Federal government, and to extend its authority to concerns directly affecting the individual citizen — sometimes through a decision of the Supreme Court, sometimes by a bold assumption of powers by the Congress, which were either consciously, or, as was oftener the case, through ignorance or indifference, tolerated by the states and the people; and more recently by express amendments to the Constitution itself. The net result of this tendency is so far-reaching, one might say revolutionary, as to demand the attention of every citizen. If it is desirable and for the general benefit, we should wish it Godspeed and help it along; if it is otherwise, every lover of this country should exert himself to check it before

our system of government is destroyed.

The enormous expansion of the everyday, ordinary Federal operations significantly appears in the increase of the per capita cost of those operations and the number of civilian office-holders engaged in their conduct. In 1871, notwithstanding the inevitable expansion due to the four years' war between the states, there was only one civil employee of the Federal government to each 733 of the population. Fifty years later, in 1921, every 192 people in the country were burdened with the support of one such employee. War expenses, past and present, and preparation for possible future wars, are legitimate subjects for Federal expenditure. They should, therefore, be deducted from the total costs of the Federal government, for the purpose of determining the cost of conducting its ordinary peace activities.

The cost of the Federal government, exclusive of the amount paid out for the army, navy, pensions, and interest on the public debt, in 1871, was \$62,777,666, averaging only \$1.58 per capita. The cost of the Federal government in 1921, *excluding* every item which might even remotely be claimed to be a war expense, — not only, as before, the military establishment, pensions, interest on public debt, but also the disbursements for Federal railroad-control, vocational education, and the Emergency Shipping Fund, — reached the discouraging total of \$825,968,057, or \$7.64 per capita — almost five times the per capita cost fifty years before. The population of the country had increased about two and a half times. The number of civil-service employees had increased over ten times, from 53,900 to 560,863. The total cost of the peace activities of the government had increased more than fourteen times!

To what is this staggering increase

in Federal expenditures due? Space permits only a few illustrations. Hamilton placed the supervision of agriculture among the things 'proper to be provided for by local legislation' and which could 'never be desirable cares of a general jurisdiction.' Nevertheless, in 1862, a modest Bureau of Agriculture was set up in Washington. For its use for one year \$80,000 was appropriated. In 1889, this bureau was erected into a Department and the Commissioner of Agriculture was made a member of the Cabinet. Its appropriation for that year was \$1,134,480. The appropriation for this single department in the current fiscal year (1923-24) is \$85,061,453 — more than the entire ordinary annual cost of the government, exclusive of so-called war expenses, in any year from the inauguration of Washington to and including the year 1890.

In this same Department has been recently created a Bureau of Public Roads. The first apportionment of Federal aid in the construction of highways began in 1917, with \$4,850,000, or \$16,160 for each of the 300 working-days in a year. The apportionment for 1922, six years later, was \$73,125,000, or \$243,750 per working-day. The total apportionment for the six years, 1917-1922, was \$339,875,000.

The Federal Trade Commission was established in 1914, with an appropriation of \$75,000. Eight years later its appropriation was \$995,000, or thirteen times the initial and expected annual expense.

In April, 1912, the Children's Bureau was deposited like a foundling on the doorstep of the Department of Labor. It asked and obtained only \$25,640, and its staff consisted of six persons. At the end of its second year it had 76 people on its pay roll, its appropriation was \$164,000; and in 1923 it is costing \$1,240,000.

In 1898 the Civil War pensions called for \$144,651,879. Last year (1922) they required \$236,151,244. Had it not been for President Harding's courage in vetoing the so-called Bursum bill, there would have been added, according to his veto message, a further \$108,000,000 to the annual pension-expense. In the meantime, between 1898 and 1922, the number of Civil War pensioners had fallen from 745,822 in the earlier year to only 193,881 last year. This expenditure is among the so-called war expenses of the Federal government. It is not included in the \$825,968,057 of annual *ordinary* costs of that government. It illustrates, however, the reckless extravagance of the Congress, and its disregard of the results of such prodigality, even when in some cases it was taking three fourths, and in more cases one half, of the income of its citizens under the confiscatory taxation made possible by the Sixteenth — the income-tax — Amendment to the Constitution.

Appalling as is the cost of this enlarged Federal jurisdiction, it is far outweighed by the effect upon our system of government. With the exception of prohibition, which was the result of a constitutional amendment, it has been accomplished through Congressional action, urged on by cliques and blocs, in stretching and distorting certain powers expressly delegated in the Constitution itself. The powers to regulate commerce between the states and to levy excise taxes have been the favorite ones for this purpose. There has been recently a striking attempt to utilize these two powers to accomplish an object entirely foreign to their real purpose.

The Child Labor Committee, an organization highly commendable for the work it originally undertook, was formed about twenty years ago to ameliorate and improve the conditions

affecting the labor of children. It worked, as it should, to secure better laws in the various states and to see that such laws were enforced, both against grasping employers and against greedy parents. Its record has been one of extraordinary success, as it frankly admits itself, except when urging the constitutional amendment which I shall presently mention. In a great majority of the states it secured the enactment of enlightened and progressive laws. In a few states, however, chiefly in the South, its efforts were comparatively unsuccessful. Its management became impatient, appealed to Congress, set in motion the usual agitation, and secured the enactment of a Federal statute prohibiting transportation in interstate commerce of goods made at any factory where children had been employed under certain objectionable conditions of labor. The Supreme Court, by a vote of five to four, held the Act unconstitutional.

In less than a year Congress again attempted to regulate the labor of children, this time by incorporating in the Federal Revenue Act of 1918 an additional tax of ten per centum on the profits of any establishment in which children had worked under conditions prohibited in the Act previously invalidated by the Supreme Court's decision. This statute also has been held invalid by the Supreme Court.

Now the Child Labor Committee is conducting a campaign to amend the Constitution and to give to Congress absolute power to regulate, and even to prohibit, the labor of all minors under eighteen years of age. This proposed amendment, if adopted, would produce a legal situation similar to that respecting prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment. The authority of Congress, so far as exercised, will be absolute and exclusive. By the terms

of the amendment the states are permitted to pass child-labor laws, but only such as are consistent with and go as far as the Federal law. A Volstead child-labor law, prohibiting the labor of all minors under eighteen years of age, which is entirely possible under the terms of the amendment as drafted, would leave no jurisdiction in any state over this subject. The New England farmer's boy could not pick blueberries on the hills; the city school-boy could not sell papers after school; the country boy, white or black, could not work in the cotton, wheat, or hay fields of the South or West; the college student even, if under eighteen, could not work to pay his way through college.

It may be answered that Congress would not pass such a drastic law. Perhaps it would not. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Sixteenth — the income-tax — Amendment was hardly ratified before Congress levied an income tax, and at a time when the country was at peace with the whole world. Yet that Amendment was adopted upon the unanswerable ground that without it the nation in case of war or other public emergency would be without adequate means of raising revenue. Even before the Eighteenth Amendment took effect the extreme Volstead law was enacted, so extreme that, in the opinion of many thoughtful citizens, its provisions are more responsible for the unsatisfactory enforcement of prohibition than is objection to the principle of prohibition itself.

A campaign for another amendment, the regulation of marriage and divorce, has recently been launched and is gathering headway. Like the proposed child-labor amendment, this will be a distinct invasion of the domestic concerns of our citizens. We have forty-eight states, each with its own treat-

ment of divorce, presumably in each case that best adapted to the experience and wishes of its citizens. Who can draw a divorce law at once satisfactory in South Carolina, which wants and permits no divorce, in Massachusetts, with its seven grounds of divorce, carefully administered and developed in the light of three centuries of experience, and in Nevada, with a code so flexible as almost to satisfy the free-love principles of the Russian Bolsheviki? Necessarily the uniform measure must be a compromise. Doubtless it would be an improvement upon some of the forty-eight codes, and, with equal certainty, it would be inferior to some of the others. The people in the former states, however, would not be grateful for having foisted upon them an improvement they did not desire; while the citizens of the latter states would complain, with justice, against this letting down by Federal fiat of their own regulation of the domestic relations of their citizens.

The last Congress, under pressure from certain organizations, passed the Sheppard-Towner Maternity Act. This Act set up in the Federal government a commission of three designated officials to supervise the distribution among the states of \$1,240,000 each year. Only such states are to receive the Federal largess as appropriate an equal amount for the same purpose, and as *conform to the standards and regulations prescribed by this Federal Commission*. While the provisions of the Act are far from clear, they leave no doubt that, in the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy, three officials in Washington are to be the final arbiters. Any state which chooses to disregard the directions laid down by these three officials forfeits its right to share in the Federal dole.

There was pending before that same Congress the Sterling-Towner bill to create a Department of Education. The bill carried as a starter an appropriation of \$100,000,000, half of which was to be used to raise the pay of teachers throughout the country. Its effect, if enacted, must be ultimately to transfer to the Federal government the entire control of the educational system in every state. It naturally has behind it, urging its passage, the teachers' bloc. If enacted and if, as should be the case, the Act should be declared invalid by the Supreme Court, this same bloc will appear with still another proposed amendment to the Constitution.

III

Nearly all the changes which I have mentioned, and many others which might be pointed out, did space permit, have for their object some form of social welfare. Indeed, one of the propositions before the last Congress was to establish a Department of Social Welfare, with a Secretary and Cabinet Minister at its head. No class is more impatient for results, more intolerant of the slow and orderly processes necessary to bring about the ends they desire, than social reformers. No class is so ready and eager to substitute governmental dictation for personal persuasion in the difficult task of improving individual conduct, morals, and true happiness. No reformers are so energetic in striving to substitute national for state agencies to accomplish their ends. Often their purposes are praiseworthy. Certainly temperance is desirable. I should not personally have contributed for many years to the Child Labor Committee had I not felt that the exploitation of children should be prevented. The proper regulation of marriage and divorce is fundamental in our civilization. We and our

ancestors have insisted from the earliest times upon the education of our children. No one will dispute the desirability of intelligent and, where necessary, of financial aid to mothers and infants.

These questions, however, are not in issue as respects the Federal Constitution. The sole question is, by whom shall the reforms be undertaken and administered — by the central government in Washington or by the several states?

This country has an area of 3,000,000 square miles and a population of 108,000,000 people. Some sections and some states are highly industrialized; some are almost exclusively agricultural. In some the population is largely of recent foreign origin; in others of so-called native stock. In many Southern states nearly half of it is of a distinct and different race from the governing portion. For a vast majority of our citizens the seat of our Federal government is prohibitively remote. The ordinary citizen is prevented both by lack of time and lack of means from personally seeking either information or redress from Washington.

The central government has not, nor is it humanly possible for it to develop, the machinery to administer satisfactorily the functions of government it has already undertaken; still less those with which it is proposed to load it. The ordinary method pursued is to pass an Act of Congress and then delegate to some commissioner or bureau its administration, with authority and power to make regulations binding upon the citizens unless and until reversed by the courts. Such regulations already promulgated, for example, under the Revenue Act of 1921 are 2326. Under the Volstead Act a government publication of 64 pages of regulations, additional to the many provisions in the Act itself, was issued in February 1920, when the Act took

effect. Many additional regulations have since been adopted under that Act, but they can be found only by delving through some thousands of Treasury decisions, although a new codification of the prohibition regulations is promised sometime in the future.

Only a specialist can hope to be reasonably posted on this mass of bureaucratic orders and decrees. The ordinary citizen neither knows them, nor knows where or how to find out what they are. They represent merely the opinion of bureaucrats, not responsible to the people, and are adopted and issued by those bureaucrats, without public consideration or legislative investigation or debate. They are issued with none of the safeguards required in the enactment of laws; and yet, so far as the individual citizen is concerned, they have practically the same binding effect as if they were laws regularly and constitutionally enacted.

With the actual and proposed transfer of powers from the states to the Federal government, what is left of the distinction drawn by Hamilton and Madison between the jurisdiction of the central government and that of the states? Even before the citizen of a state can now be born, he and his prospective mother are subject to rules and regulations established by a Federal bureau. After birth, the extent and method of his education will, under the Sterling-Towner bill, be fixed by a Federal Department of Education. However needy may be the condition of his parents, or however great his own ambition to earn something, the child-labor Amendment will enable Congress entirely to prohibit his labor until he is eighteen years old. On reaching manhood, his right to marry and, in the event of an unfortunate marriage, his resort to divorce, may be dictated by the Federal government. If he is

divorced, the legitimacy of his children will be determined, not by the state within which he lives, but by that same Federal authority. That bureaucratic, and to him remote, government already decides which of his beverages constitute intoxicating liquors and shall be denied him. By the income-tax Amendment a blank check upon his entire earnings during life has been given to the Federal Congress, which also does not hesitate, after his death and burial, even to reach out, through the estate tax, to deprive his widow and offspring of a substantial portion of what, by his thrift and self-denial, he may have intended to leave them for their support. Would it not be difficult to imagine a more complete invasion of those 'more domestic and personal interests of the people' which the authors of the Constitution intended should be 'provided for and regulated' by the states?

The successful maintenance of a self-governing democracy depends upon the intelligent interest and participation of individual citizens. Our governmental system has been peculiarly favorable to creating and preserving such a condition. The principle of local self-government, to the greatest practical extent and applying to the widest possible range of subjects, administered by the smallest governmental unit reasonably adequate for the purpose, has been the corner stone of our institutions. It existed before the Constitution was adopted, and its preservation was an important object in the provisions which that instrument contained.

The tendency to centralization represents the antipodal principle. The individual citizen is unable to follow, feels himself powerless to influence, what a government far removed from his locality, operating through unknown and inaccessible bureaus and

commissions, may be doing. Consultation with his fellow citizens is useless and for the most part impossible. They represent 25,000,000 voters scattered over 3,000,000 square miles. The cost of postage alone on a single circular is a quarter of a million dollars. The increasing sense of powerlessness among these individual voters dulls their interest, lessens their participation, and produces a general atrophy in the electorate. The central government becomes subject to the influence only of organized minorities and blocs, each actuated by some one dominating purpose, all maintaining national headquarters at Washington and raising and using large amounts of money to carry their several purposes into effect. A vast lobby-system develops at the capital, and controls legislation and government.

IV

There remains one other proposed amendment which should be mentioned — one surer than all the others thus far brought forward to break down and destroy the states and, therefore, the Union. Because the unscientific and ridiculously high surtax provisions of the income-tax laws have driven the wealthy to invest in tax-exempt state and municipal bonds, it is seriously urged that the Federal government should be permitted to tax those bonds! The advocates of this change believe that it will bring about lower surtaxes, that thus the withdrawal of capital from productive uses will be lessened, and that the economic evils already resulting from unscientific

taxation will be cured. My own belief is that the only result will be to add another subject of taxation — at the same high rates; to invite further raids by interested blocs upon the Federal Treasury; and to prolong the orgy of Congressional extravagance which the income tax has already encouraged.

Be that as it may, one result is certain. The Federal government will be placed in control of the financial and credit activities of the states. A Federal bureau, under a graduated system of taxes, — lower or higher according to the purposes for which bonds are to be issued, — will ultimately decide when and for what objects a state may borrow money. The states will be at the mercy of the Federal government, their independent action will be at an end, they will be for all practical purposes as much mere bureaus of the Federal government as its own departmental bureaus and commissions in Washington.

When the states shall have been thus destroyed, — as they surely will be unless present tendencies are checked, — who believes that our present Union can continue? Said Madison (in the *Federalist*, Number 14): —

Were it proposed by the plan of the convention to abolish the governments of the particular States, its adversaries would have some ground for their objection; though it would not be difficult to show that if they were abolished the general government would be compelled, by the principle of self-preservation, to reinstate them in their proper jurisdiction.

Who has ever seen the keystone of an arch remain in position when its supporting members have been removed?

THE GREAT RELIGIOUS REVIVAL

BY CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

THE mass of the American people have always been Protestants; for they came out of north European peoples on whom the Protestant Reformation took early and strong effect. Now Protestants have long been divided into numerous denominations or sects, some large, some small, but all very tenacious of their characteristic religious tenets and practices and eager to defend and advance them. Hence discord and divisions, not peace and unity. Indeed, the whole history of the Christian churches, Greek, Roman, and Protestant, down to the moment now passing, illustrates the accuracy of Jesus' saying: 'I came not to send peace but a sword.' They have promoted not peace and good will, but dissensions, conflict, and war, and are still doing so.

To this discordant mass, now spread across the continent, have been gradually added during the past hundred years a small proportion of Jews, and a larger but still moderate proportion of Catholics, both additions coming from peoples scattered widely over northern, eastern, and southern Europe. In the freedom of American political, industrial, and commercial life both the Jew and the Catholic have developed their inherited or acquired diversities or dissimilarities. The American Jews are now deeply divided among themselves into Synagogue and Temple, Zionists and Anti-Zionists, those who are content to see the young Jewry become absorbed into the Christian population and those who mean to hold their children and their children's children to the

Faith of their forbears. The Roman Catholic Church in the American atmosphere has adopted new policies and entered on new ventures. It has consented to the novel activities of the Church Unions, strong organizations of laymen who manifest a very independent spirit in their good works. It has created and supports the parochial schools with money drawn from Catholic parishes and families — truly a praiseworthy but a perilous adventure into the field of popular education. Its clergy are hotly divided on Prohibition.

This heterogeneous and divided American people, which lives in many different climates and on many different soils, now finds itself divided in quite a new way into three parties or sections in regard to religion, the number of persons in each party being unknown, but variously estimated or guessed at with the utmost assurance by different guessers.

The Fundamentalists and their like insist that the Old and New Testaments contain infallible or inerrant revelations about God, Christ, and the nature of Man; and that the doctrines so revealed were correctly formulated for Christians, in the native tongue, at the time of the Protestant Reformation. They are the doctrines since known as Calvinistic. The Fundamentalists reject the results of the Biblical Criticism which has grown up during the nineteenth century and since, believing it to be unsound as learning or scholarship, and the direct source of impious or blasphemous beliefs. The Fundamen-

talist movement is at bottom a strong effort to revive and spread the kind of religion which inspires and governs its devotees; and in this effort the movement has been strikingly successful. All its phases are amply reported in the secular Press, where they secure the attention of millions of readers. It is a quickening revival and also a propaganda.

The Modernists, on the other hand, respect modern Biblical Criticism, and accept its conclusions. They no longer believe that Jesus was the only begotten Son of God, conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, or that the fleshly body rises from the dead. They do not believe that the Old Testament is an inerrant record of the experience through centuries of the Jewish people. They do not believe that God Himself led the Jews out of Egypt, inspired their leaders, commanded their armies, and finally established them in a land flowing with milk and honey by taking a strong hand Himself in killing off and enslaving its former inhabitants. They do not believe that Abraham was instructed by God to carry his young son Isaac three days' journey from home, and then kill him, and burn his body as an acceptable offering to Him. They realize that David was not a praiseworthy saint and sweet religious poet, but the dastardly betrayer of his best soldier to death in battle, because he wanted to possess that soldier's faithful wife. While they find many sayings and writings in the Old Testament — some of them tales, some poems, and some exhortations — which are just, beautiful, and helpful towards human goodness and virtue, they find also many passages which are wrong, and even abominable, so bad indeed that they cannot properly be put before children, youth, or ignorant adults. They therefore use the Old Testament only in a selective way — as

indeed almost all twentieth-century Christians, especially Protestants, do in practice if not in theory. Jesus Himself used the Old Testament in just that way. See his citation Luke iv: 17-20 from Isaiah LXI: 2, when he stopped at a comma in order to avoid reading 'and the day of vengeance of our God.' The general use of the inductive method of reasoning with its conquests over human and animal woes and for happiness has led many persons — both Catholics and Protestants — to modify their former views about the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament.

Modernists also take a very different view of the New Testament from that which Luther and Calvin held. Far from regarding the Gospels as inerrant records of the sayings and doings of Jesus of Nazareth, they look on them as imperfectly remembered accounts by unlettered companions of words and acts uttered or done years before. They accept the views of Biblical scholars as to the right interpretation of the Gospel narratives. Thus, when they read in Matthew, Mark, and Luke that Jesus, when baptized by John the Baptist in Jordan, 'saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him; and lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,' they infer only that Jesus, like every other Jewish prophet, believed that he had then received a special illumination from Almighty Wisdom and Love, which was to guide his whole life; but they do not take the vision as literal truth or fact, any more than they do the very next sentence in Matthew: 'Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.' These Modernists are inevitably bringing about a revival of interest in religious subjects on the part of both sympathizers and opponents.

The third party or section of the American people in respect to religion contains tens of millions of men and women of scanty education who are not connected with any church and, apparently, take no interest in any religious doctrine or practice. Their children are not baptized or christened; if dangerous illness invade the family, no priest or minister is requested or even allowed to visit the sick one; when a death occurs in the family the funeral is conducted from an undertaker's 'Funeral Parlor' or 'Funeral Home,' with such singing and reading as the undertaker chooses to provide. Marriage is a civil process only. The great events in any human life — birth, puberty, marriage, mortal sickness, and death — receive no religious notice. Children get no religious instruction whatever at home or abroad and grow to maturity without knowledge of Christianity or any other religion, and densely ignorant of the fundamental moralities and of good manners. No such experiment on so vast a scale has ever been tried since time began, as this considerable fraction of the American people is now trying — namely, bringing up children without any religious instruction, or any transmission to rising generations of the moral traditions handed down through primitive, barbarous, and civilized peoples in succession.

It should be said, however, that, acting for the most part, so far as influence on public opinion goes, with this mass of the ignorant Unchurched, and ranking themselves as Unchurched, are a few thousands of well-educated persons who themselves give religious instruction to their children in the way they received it during their own childhood, and teach them good manners or gentle behavior by both precept and example. These more favored children, therefore, do not necessarily grow up in ignorance of the moralities and courtesies of life,

although they never go to church; but their number is relatively very small. Moreover, they tend to go beyond their parents in indifference to all religious interests. These educated Unchurched adults will sometimes contribute to a church's receipts, because they think that particular church to be a judicious agent in giving charitable relief; but the governing motive for such acts is not religious but social.

Explanations of this remarkable state of mind — that of the Unchurched — in a large portion of the American people are to be found in the clauses of the Constitution which declare that no religious test shall ever be required as qualification for office, and that Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. The several States, bent on maintaining and supporting toleration in religion, have enacted statutes which prevent or greatly restrict the reading of the Bible in the public schools supported by taxation, and the giving of religious instruction in State universities and technical schools supported in like manner. In short, the devotion of the whole people to the principle of toleration in religion has led to legislation which has produced the millions of the Unchurched and the millions of children who grow up without knowledge of either religion or gentle conduct. The influence of the Unchurched is reinforced by the increasing number of men, nominally connected with churches, who as a matter of fact never or very seldom attend church services. This practice has appeared in all the American Protestant churches, and in the Roman Catholic Church in many European countries.

Of these three parties the first and the third — that is, the Fundamentalists and the Unchurched — have no problems to solve about sincerity or unity in religion, or about the promo-

tion of peace among the nations. The first say in worship or prayer just what they all mean; and the third do not worship or pray in public at all. Indeed, the Fundamentalists are prophesying the speedy coming of Christ at the head of an invincible army to drown civilization and society in blood, as necessary preliminary to setting up on earth a better Church and a better State. The Unchurched, however, have roused all over the United States an unexpected opposition to their theories and practices, an opposition which is gathering great strength but is not yet organized for effective work. This opposition proceeds from teachers, principals, school superintendents, and committee-men who see plainly in their own school-rooms the effects of depriving children of religious instruction. From the observations and discussions of this opposition is springing a strong popular revival of interest in religion, its origins, its historical development, and its rightful influence on mankind.

It is, then, only the Modernists, the second party in the mass of the American people, who are liable to the suspicion that their laxity as regards creeds, dogmas, and rituals may render them less than sincere or candid in speech and practice before God, and even when speaking to God, and quite irrational in their eagerness for unity. The Modernists inevitably incur this danger to their intellectual integrity and perspicacity in their intense desire to create and maintain one inclusive Church in which millions of persons who no longer believe the ancient creeds, dogmas, and rituals can nevertheless unite in the use of forms and ceremonies with which they all have sacred associations, and about which linger very precious memories. They see in liberty to use old phrases with new interpretations the only chance to build up a great Church to which all religious-

minded, liberal, and progressive people can happily resort, a Church which may in some decades overcome and absorb most of the other churches, and become the chief support of all democracies, republics, and constitutional governments. Truly a noble vision!

This proposed wide-open and all-comprehending Church ought to recall to men's minds the sources and the steps of religious progress for mankind since Jesus was born. That progress has been immense; and the roots of it Jesus saw in the best traits of good men, women, and children, and in family loves and devotions. For him God was the Father Almighty, and all men were his children. Primitive man's religion was one of propitiatory rites, and of cries for defense against imminent dangers and crushing natural evils. The pagan world deified sensuality, lust, and the low vices as well as the virtues; and its gods and goddesses were worshiped and feared quite as much in their vices as in their virtues. The One God of the Hebrew dispensation was pictured as cruel, revengeful, capricious, and unjust, a being to be feared but not loved. Before Christianity children were not habitually treated with tenderness and reverence by either fathers or the State. Mothers doubtless did better.

In contrast, consider how the God figured to mankind by Jesus is only the multiplication to infinity of the finest graces and virtues which the best men and women have manifested since history began; and consider, too, the effects produced by Jesus, as a peculiarly gifted child, on his parents and the 'doctors in the temple':—

'And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom . . . and when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast. And when they had fulfilled the days . . . the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph

and his mother knew not of it. . . . After three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. . . . And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? . . . And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. LUKE II: 40-52.

Let us remember, also, how Jesus in his teachings used children's natural loveliness as guide to higher love of fellow men, and to knowledge of God's ways with men: —

'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and . . . said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me.' MARK IX: 36, 37.

'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' MATTHEW XIX: 14.

In short, the religion of Jesus is a religion of and for family life; and the whole earth is to become the happy home of men, women, and children who live together in peace, good will, and mutual helpfulness.

But what have these facts to do with a Revival of Religion? Let us see.

The Gospel record is unsatisfying in one respect. It gives scant account of Jesus' relations to his parents, to his brothers and sisters, and to his neighbors and friends in Nazareth. It reports from the teachings of Jesus sayings which imply injuries to family life and its dearest intimacies: —

'I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother . . . and a man's foes shall be they of his own household.' MATTHEW X: 35, 36.

'And when he was come into his own country, he taught them in their synagogue, insomuch that they were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things? And they were offended in him. But Jesus said unto them, A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, and in his own house. And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.' MATTHEW XIII: 54-58.

When the modern religionist is framing an answer to the question why Jesus did few mighty works in his own country, he will find himself in need of the spirit which animates the modern scientist, a spirit of sincerity, open-mindedness, and truth-seeking, combined with an intense desire to be serviceable to fellow men. Did Jesus resent the attitude of his family and neighbors in Nazareth? Or did he merely feel alienated from them? Or was belief in him an indispensable prerequisite for success in the cures he wrought on the sick, the lame, and the paralyzed? Compelled to make an open choice among the contradictory Gospel statements concerning both the sayings and the acts of Jesus, the modern religionist will adopt those principles of selection which conduce to religious liberty and the practice of toleration in religion; from these principles adopted he will expect new triumphs by mankind over materialism, sensuality and hardness of heart. In short, he will feel and look for a Revival of true Religion.

During his active mission Jesus was inevitably a homeless wanderer, parted from father and mother, brothers and sisters, and former neighbors, and finding his associates and friends among the men and women who were strongly affected by his teachings and his personality. In the Gospel record of this part of the life of Jesus are many passages which support or advocate the practice of celibacy; and therefore the loss of all the good influences which come from family life. The Roman Catholic Church early adopted celibacy as the best practice for ecclesiastics and for self-sacrificing men and women who chose, or were induced, to give their lives to the service of humanity through the Church; but Protestants for more than three centuries have refused to accept those passages as mandatory. Here is another instance, and a striking one, of the use of the Bible in a selective way.

It is obviously impossible for Protestants to accept the Gospel narratives literally. They must apply to them the receptive imagination, now so eagerly exercised on the multifarious fruits of the literary and scientific imagination. Every Christian—Greek, Roman Catholic, or Protestant—should remember that the two sentiments which most inspire men to good deeds are love and hope; and that the best interpretation of the sayings and acts of Jesus is that which feels most the love and hope which dwell in human hearts.

Moreover, every religious-minded human being should observe how religious practice is more and more imitating the medical practice of giving the preference to prevention of epidemic or contagious diseases over treatment of such diseases arrived and at work. Engineering practice is also eagerly embracing the preventive side of the calling. It is designing and building the great constructions which prevent

floods and droughts and the resulting famines. In Japan engineers are already studying the means of preventing in large measure such terrible disasters as Tokyo and Yokohama have just experienced from earthquakes.

In the present Revival of popular interest in religious controversies, more attention seems to be given to the differing theologies than to the various practices concerning the prevention and cure of sin and vice; yet Americans generally pay more attention to practice than to theory. They also often find pleasure in watching a fight. It is therefore difficult to interpret surely the present disposition of the secular newspapers to give large space to the religious controversies of the day. Is it a revival of religion, or only an expression of contempt for all churches?

The Modernists are following Christ when they want to make their Church a family Church with God as Father, Jesus as brother, and motherhood and childhood as exponents of the heavenly life on earth. They are inspired by the best teachings of Jesus when they long to include in one all-embracing Church parents and children, friends and neighbors, and all people who enjoy religious rites performed in common, without questioning about the ancient phrases therein which imply beliefs no longer held. In all churches everybody joins in singing or chanting such phrases, when they have been set to music. Why may not—Modernists ask—everybody join in repeating similar phrases in familiar and beloved litanies and prayers? Let us all get together at stated times to worship and pray. True religion springs from common and positive loves and devotions luminously sincere, not from cold negations, or merely mental convictions.

This state of mind in millions of modern Christians testifies to the immense progress in religious liberty which has

taken place since the Dark Ages and the Protestant Reformation. The Roman Catholic Church has had some part in this progress, ever since it accepted the leadership of Saint Thomas Aquinas. The progress of the world toward religious freedom, since Columbus sailed from Spain to find a shorter route to the East Indies, seems to the people of to-day almost as great as the progress in political liberty during the same period; and it is even more welcome.

The Church of the Future will be free alike to men and women who cling to ancient creeds and to those who believe that they have no creed. It will have no creedal or racial terms of admission. It will be active in palliative works of charity and mercy, and in all efforts to prevent suffering, disease, and sin. The most characteristic attitude and purpose of its members will be that they all fight persistently the awful evils which actually exist in human society, barbarous and civilized alike, no matter what theories they may individually hold as to the origins of those evils.

Especially they will accept the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth about children, family loves, and friendship, and will try to develop all the good tendencies in their own children, other people's children, and the community, and to suppress the evil. The spiritual leaders in that Church will be the ministers, the poets, and the singers; but the laymen, young and old, will have a large share in all the Church's fightings with existing wrongs. This is the Church which through its hopeful visions will in time bring about a great Revival of Religion.

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The Church of the Future will undoubtedly employ rituals or forms in services which often recur; because the great majority of civilized mankind rather like repetitions, and prefer carefully considered forms of worship and prayer to any utterances casual and more or less extemporaneous at the moment; but there will never be the slightest doubt as to the sincerity or mental clarity with which these forms are used. It will use the best existing expressions of religious aspiration and emotion until future generations produce better — but no longer. It will hold the warm allegiance of men and women who recognize the difference between fact and fable, between constructive thinking and the play of a fantastic imagination over such vast themes as the infinite universe and the infinite God Almighty. And it will regard the Christian religion not as a body of doctrines, new or old, but as a way of life.

In all probability a free people will always be divisible into three sorts, recognizable by their different faces, attitudes, and mental habits, all equally sincere, and all living side by side in peace and good will — those who prefer to live under a sacerdotal authority; those who prefer to take their opinions and beliefs from other minds, stronger, clearer, and more authoritative than their own; and those who habitually think for themselves, select their leaders on grounds of sympathy and intellectual fellowship, 'look out and not in,' welcome new thoughts and prospects, and live in the present and the future rather than in the past.

For these last the Church of the Future is to rise.

OUR UN-MERCANTILE MARINE

BY CHARLES W. BROWN

I

MANY Americans have a commendable patriotic pride in our futile endeavor to build up a mercantile marine, but their enthusiasm is much greater than their knowledge of the practical difficulties. Our orators delight to refer to Old Glory in tremulous tones, to insist vigorously and vocipotently that we must have the largest fleet on the ocean, that our flag must fly in every harbor—ignoring entirely the question of cost and natural conditions. The poor taxpayers foot the bills, and, indirectly, that means that all of us contribute.

It is a common error to assume that 'commerce follows the flag.' The relative increase in our foreign commerce was greater for a few years before the war than it has been since. Prior to 1914, Russia was a great exporting nation—her shipping interest was comparatively insignificant. Argentina has large and increasing exports, all carried in foreign bottoms. Italy's merchant fleet is much larger relatively than her exports. We find American automobiles in all parts of the civilized world. Ninety per cent of these were delivered by foreign vessels. Would a Japanese automobile buyer think it a privilege to have his automobile carried by American ships? All things being equal the foreign buyers naturally prefer to transport any merchandise that they buy in vessels of their own country. The most ardent advocates of an

American mercantile marine have never claimed that we could operate vessels more economically than foreigners can. On an equal basis an English buyer will ship in English vessels his purchases made in the United States. We have cut, and in the future shall be obliged to cut again, freight and passenger rates. Our Government must make up the deficit in our marine operations. Other nations must meet our absorption of deficit, or have their ships driven from the seas.

It is difficult for anyone to determine exactly what our attempt to rehabilitate our mercantile marine has cost us, and it is very difficult to separate the legitimate expenses incurred during the war, when money was not an object, from the subsequent losses. Our gross expenditures were nearer two billion dollars than one billion, and we have lost many millions of dollars. Our annual loss this year, including depreciation, will be from \$35,000,000 to \$70,000,000, depending to quite an extent upon how depreciation is figured, when taken, and the number of vessels sold.

During the war, when it was proposed that the Government should take over and operate some of the large steel companies, the officers and stockholders of these companies remonstrated vigorously, and spent thousands of dollars in circulating printed statements—from which it was a fair inference that the operation of these

companies was profitable to the stockholders. It is very seldom that any profitable private enterprise is recommended to the Government. If it were true that an American mercantile marine would yield a good return to the investor, there are many capitalists who could readily raise millions of dollars to buy and operate ships under our flag; but it is better to 'let the Government do it.'

Thousands of patriotic Americans would be glad to invest in shipping companies if this investment were recommended by prominent bankers and those competent to manage, who would further evince their good faith by liberal subscriptions to the stock.

Any general restoration of our mercantile marine on a paying basis is impossible, and for the following reasons: American vessels cost more to build than do foreign vessels; wages of American officers and sailors are higher than are those paid by their competitors; American investors would expect a larger return on capital invested in shipping than the foreign companies are able to make, and the standard of living on American vessels is higher, and hence more expensive.

The oceans are naturally free, and heretofore the great maritime nations have attained importance, not through the aid of Government assistance, but because their sailors in years gone by were more hardy, more brave, or more adventurous than their competitors. At present supremacy is attained when vessels of any nation can be operated more ably and economically than those of their competitors, and hence serve the world more advantageously as common carriers.

The United States is handicapped more than any other nation in attempting to reestablish a mercantile marine by the aid of assistance from the Government. Because of the

superior opportunities offered its citizens on shore, there is to-day no incentive for capable, ambitious young Americans to go to sea, and few who are competently advised take the chance.

It has been suggested frequently that we attempt to compete for the carrying trade of the Pacific. The Japanese sailors are content to work for much less than our so-called American sailors are. The Japanese sailor is paid as well, proportionately, as the Japanese a-shore. On the other hand, few native-born Americans can be found among our Pacific sailors, because they find better opportunities on land. Are we ready to pay each American sailor on the Pacific a monthly bonus in a vain endeavor to resurrect our mercantile marine?

It may be a wise business policy for the Japanese to encourage the establishment of steamship companies, and to aid them by comparatively small subsidies, since it is evident that Japan is in a position to compete successfully for the carrying trade of the world with temporary assistance. We are not. The Japanese have no handicap in wages, no additional cost of ships, and no extra cost of operations, as we should have.

II

Our subsidy advocates are prone to refer to our former maritime supremacy, but during that period of supremacy America had the following distinct advantages: first, the cheapest and best lumber and spars in the world; second, the ablest and best ship-designers, builders, carpenters, sailmakers and riggers; third, an overseas carrying trade, which was usually profitable and yielded a large return on the capital invested. Fifty years ago it was not at all uncommon for an American clipper ship to pay for herself in one

voyage. To-day, with the exception of iron considered as raw material, which is not relatively as important in the cost of a modern ship as wood was fifty years ago, we have no advantage over the foreigners. Besides this, there is — perhaps the most important factor of all — the fact that the Suez and Panama canals, the submarine cables, and the systematizing of freighting by modern methods have reduced the overseas carrying trade to a well-established and well-regulated business, which is keenly competed for, and which yields only what would be regarded in this country as a very small return on the capital invested.

It would be impossible to interest any successful and well-informed capitalist in an American steamship line for the transatlantic trade, because an American company could not pay a fair return on the capital invested.

Other qualities were demanded from sailors fifty years ago than those which are required to-day. The opportunity for exhibition of superiority to any appreciable degree is gone, because the qualities necessary now rest in mechanism and not in personnel. Captains cannot 'carry on steam' as they carried on sail. The speed of a modern steamship is largely beyond the control of the captain and crew; it is dependent upon mechanical appliances. Activity, adaptability, and all-around skill are not needed by seamen as they were in the days of the supremacy of the American sailing ship.

The Americans were not only more capable but they did more and better work, and the foreigners who sailed in American ships easily became Americanized in this respect. Robert Louis Stevenson, in *The Wrecker*, has very cleverly sketched Nares, the typical Yankee sailor; yet Nares would die of ennui on board a modern freighter. The glories of the American sailor are

in the past, and can never be revived.

A story of a forgotten American clipper may be of interest. The little chronicled and almost forgotten achievement of the clipper ship *Tradewind*, in sailing from San Francisco to New York, in 1853, in seventy-five days, was a remarkable feat of American seamanship.

Think of the ceaseless vigilance for seventy-five days of the forgotten captain of the *Tradewind*. It is substantially true that not a mile of distance was lost during this famous passage. Few in this generation are capable of appreciating the alertness, the watchfulness, and the seamanship required to make this passage by sail. By day or by night, if the leech of a topgallant sail was a few inches slack, up went the halyards. If the foot of the sail did not set like a board, out went the sheets. The braces were watched and tended with every varying wind. It behooved the helmsman to steer straight, or take the consequences. Every yard of canvas that she could carry was pressed on the ship, and if forced to take in sail the moderating wind was anticipated, and sails were again set at the first opportunity offered. A sailor alone can fully understand how sail was carried on in squalls and gales. Someone knew and trusted each spar, backstay, lanyard and sheet, halyard and brace. Constant and capable care and supervision were the price of speed. How the *Tradewind* hugged the dark and dismal rocks of Diego Ramires, as she went around the Horn in a southerly gale, may never be known. The chances the captain took, as the wind veered to the eastward in skirting the barren shores of the extreme of the South American continent, will never be recorded. It is fair to assume that he pressed his ship and trusted to his spars and canvas. Not twenty per cent of the

steamers afloat to-day could make this passage around Cape Horn in seventy-five days.

But there is now no use for the sailors of the old school; nor is there anything in the present sea life to attract the same class of men. It should be remembered that the seafarers were well paid in proportion to other vocations at that period. The wealthy and prominent men in many of the old New England seaboard towns were merchants and master mariners, and a love of the sea did not debar a young man from making a financial success.

To-day the competitive ocean trade offers no such allurements. Young Americans who have brains, dash, and ability can find much better opportunities to exercise these qualities upon land, and this is not true of citizens of other countries.

III

We can never achieve commercial importance as a maritime nation until we can build ships as cheaply, operate them at as low a cost, and be content with the same return on the capital invested as our foreign competitors receive. And this cannot come about while we have such prosperity and opportunities as at present exist in our fortunate country. Our home industries are supposed to be protected sufficiently to enable them to earn profits in our own country — never to such an extent as to place them in a position to compete in the open markets of the world. And that would be necessary with a subsidized mercantile marine.

It would be much cheaper than our present policy to transfer existing foreign steamships to some European nation and pay it a small bonus to sail under our flag, if we have an irresistible desire to see Old Glory again on the

ocean. In political speeches, 'Trade follows the flag'; but this is true in actual business experience only if we have cheaper and better commodities to sell.

The large amount of money that we pay foreigners for carrying our products is a matter of common comment; but the truth is not generally appreciated. These products really belong to the foreigners, and are practically sold f.o.b., point of shipment. If, for example, a merchant in Bremen buys ten thousand bales of cotton in Charleston, he will get his cotton to Bremen by what he regards as the cheapest and most acceptable route. If we concede that American vessels cannot carry freight across the Atlantic cheaper than their foreign competitors can, it is obvious that the Bremen buyer would prefer to ship his purchases by any vessel carrying the flag of his own country — unless we should grant a lower rate. It is beyond the province of any American seller to dictate in any way what company the foreign buyer shall employ to transport his own property. Even on an equal basis, if the former buyer happens to be interested in German steamers, naturally it will be for his own interest to favor his own company. When an Englishman buys grain on the Atlantic seaboard it is surely his privilege to have it transported in his own vessels. The foreign buyer is under no obligation whatever to ship his merchandise in American vessels.

Every State that is washed by lake or ocean ought to give liberal support to marine reserve vessels, which should be further assisted and supervised by the United States Government. There are thousands of active, well-educated, adventurous young Americans who have a natural love for the sea, and who would be glad to enlist in the naval marine if their services were properly

recognized, and if they were as honorably regarded as they deserve.

We have still remaining some fine sailors in command of our coastwise and foreign steamships, who are as competent and eligible for the Naval Reserve as the members of the Royal Naval Reserve of England. We should encourage our young men to enlist in our navy, and we should pay sufficient wages to compensate them for the services rendered.

We should not attempt to delude the American people into the idea that they are really reviving American shipping. I am not attempting to urge the advantages or disadvantages of subsidizing a few steamers for naval purposes, but I wish to state, in the most positive manner, that we cannot rehabilitate by Government assistance an American mercantile marine worthy of the name.

There are many factors that militate against the profitable operations of an American mercantile marine. The carrying of passengers from many ports of Europe to South America and Australia is very remunerative. Thousands of laborers leave Europe each year for the Argentine. Many of them return regularly after the harvest season. They naturally patronize European in preference to American steamers. Latin South-Americans almost without exception prefer to travel on foreign steamers — particularly the wealthy classes, who seek Paris as a Mecca for artistic, educational, or pleasure purposes. Our people do not emigrate — they have no temptation to leave their great and prosperous country. This fact tends to reduce materially our revenue from steamers.

Our Eighteenth Amendment is not attractive to South Americans, who, like their ancestors for many centuries, have been accustomed to using light wines with their meals. The horrible

depravity of having a glass of wine with dinner is well recognized by the virtuous Americans, but many of the foreigners are unregenerate. Comparatively few business men in South America have any business in the United States — many have in Europe.

Chile and Argentina sell large quantities of copper, nitrates, wheat, mutton, wool, hides, and flax to Great Britain and the Continent. This large quantity of heavy freight would, naturally, be carried in foreign bottoms. The English, German, French, and Italians would not be likely to patronize American steamers in preference to the vessels of their own country. It is usual to buy where you sell. A merchant in Buenos Aires, selling his produce in London, is likely to go there to see his customers. It is easy and reciprocal for him to buy whatever he needs in England — incidentally increasing the freight carried by English vessels. Our imports from important buying countries are relatively small, and foreigners are not likely to buy much where they can sell so little. Fortunately we are so favorably situated that we are not compelled to import our wheat, meat, food products, nor much of our raw materials.

Our present tariff is framed on the theory that duties are levied to equalize the cost of an article produced in the United States with the cost of the same article produced in Europe. Now assuming that our duties are equitably levied, please read one of our complete tariff-schedules and see how few articles we can hope to export profitably. It can hardly be expected that the generous foreign buyer will pay for an American article five to one hundred per cent more than the price for which he can purchase the same article in Europe — and sell some of his own products practically as part of the trade. Here again the natural

business conditions favor the foreign steamers by increasing the quantity of the freight carried.

We should be grateful that our country is so independent of exports and imports. In order to reduce cost of goods for exports we must reduce wages and decrease the standard of living of our American workmen. Surely it is not desirable to increase export tonnage merely to pay for an unprofitable adventure in shipping.

We are greatly interested in the rehabilitation of Europe. We are sympathetic and our material assistance is frequently asked for and advocated; but our efforts to build up a mercantile marine at an annual sacrifice of many millions of dollars have injured the foreign steamship companies, and in some cases our competition has made their shipping operations unprofitable. Our futile efforts to compete for the open carrying trade of the world, in view of our great material resources, remind me of the covetous rich man in the Scriptures who wanted the widow's one ewe lamb.

The Germans are popular in South America. Their economy and efficiency are generally recognized. When Germany has been restored to normality, it is evident that her people will build and operate steamships, and make a handsome profit, while we are showing serious losses.

IV

My observations and illustrations shall not be all theoretical. I am the president of a company owning a factory in Belgium. We were shipping plate glass by foreign steamers in November 1923, from Antwerp to San Francisco, for eight dollars per ton. The present rate from Baltimore to San Francisco, by American steamers, is nineteen dollars per ton, after we

have shipped from our Eastern factory to Baltimore by rail. Is this a practical manifestation of our competitive ability?

Shortly after the World War the largest window-glass importer on our Pacific Coast, influenced by the enthusiasm rife at that time, with commendable patriotism ordered that all the window-glass his company bought in Belgium should be shipped in American bottoms. After several shipments he was compelled to countermand these instructions, and all glass was shipped by foreign vessels. This was not due so much to lower freight rates as to the excessive breakage on glass. The crews of the Danish steamers were much more careful in loading and unloading, and, when the glass was discharged, it was found that there was a minimum breakage. The Danes valued their job. The Danish sailor was obliged by force of necessity to be careful, or his record suffered — possibly he was discharged, and he was well paid compared with the same class of employees in Denmark. Necessity is a great stimulator. The Danish sailor feels its urge; the American sailor does not. American sailors can usually find a job, due to a legitimate demand for their services, or the influence of the Seamen's Union. If they cannot, and are able-bodied and ready to work, they can readily find on shore as remunerative a position as that of a sailor on an American vessel. Our sailors care little if half a cargo of glass is broken. It means nothing to them; and if the Government deficit is increased a few thousand dollars why should they worry! The Danish sailor realizes what a loss of profit means to his owners, and may mean to him. One reason why our so-called American seamen cannot compete with many foreign seamen is because they do not have to.

Now I am not unpatriotic, not pessimistic, not hopeless. I consider our mercantile marine from the point of view of a practical business man, who has traveled much, and had command of an American vessel in foreign waters for several years, and as one who has always been interested in our maritime affairs; and I have clear and decided views on this subject, which I present for what they may be worth.

V

Our Navy Department should be consulted, and we should own and operate whatever amount of tonnage it advises would be required to serve as a necessary adjunct to the navy in any emergency that could reasonably be contemplated, having in mind the sentiment and treaties that tend to limit the size of navies, and remembering that only once in one hundred and fifty years have we found it necessary to interfere in European affairs to the extent of sending our troops to Europe.

We need a strong, modern navy for our own protection, and every American has good reason to feel proud of the naval history of our country. I would not be adverse to a more intimate relationship between our navy and our mercantile marine. One of the most successful steamship managers that I know of is an ex-naval officer and an Annapolis graduate. We have lost the services of many competent officers who were in our navy during the late war, who should have been recognized and rewarded by good positions in our merchant steamers.

After providing for all steamers that are essential to our naval operations, I would employ them, and some of our remaining vessels, on a few of the great traveled routes between the United States and the more important foreign

countries, where we are best able to compete and most likely to develop future trade. If the four fine steamers that we now have on the North Atlantic become popular and self-supporting, it would seem to be advisable to increase the number of steamers on that route. It would be futile to attempt to operate regularly steamers to Spain, Italy, and Mediterranean ports. We should give up routes that have been proved very unprofitable. It may be desirable to operate a few steamers for what I might term advertising purposes.

I wish to emphasize that while I consider it desirable — nay, essential — to have a fine limited mercantile navy, gradually increased on lines that may prove profitable, it is foolish and futile to believe that we can compete successfully in the open carrying trade of the world. We have been carried away by sentiment, oratory, and desire, and have built many more vessels than were needed and wasted many millions of dollars. Let us recognize the situation.

Any large important business that is successful has grown gradually, aided by experience and competent management. Business does not spring, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, full-armed and equipped. The shipping business has been closely competitive, and the foreign shipowners have great advantages over American lines by reason of their competency, their experience, and their established connections and clientele of many years' standing. Can we not ultimately compete? Try it, and report progress when made; but do not rush in without capable, experienced men, and some knowledge of competitive conditions; and do not build two ships where only one is needed. Could the United States compete with the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel

Company, or any other well-managed corporation by making an initial expenditure of two or three billion dollars and attempting to operate as our Shipping Board has been operated? The successful foreign steamship companies have keener competition than the Standard Oil Company has. Their development has been gradual, and their profits the result of hard work, energy, economy, efficiency, and enterprise — aided by the alertness that can be had only by the severe strain of close competition.

Such vessels as we do not need, and those which show us the greatest losses in operation, should be sold for what they are worth, or chartered to some Chinese steamship company on easy terms. Until final payment had been made the contracts for sale could provide that in time of war these vessels should be restored to us on short notice, by the payment of a small premium if we so desired.

Under our present consular regulations these vessels would be permitted to fly our flag and to retain our protection.¹ We could even insist on having American officers and engineers on these vessels until they were paid for, as was the case in many of the vessels of the Chinese Merchant Steamship Company fifty years ago.

In years gone by we had many native craft on the coast of China under the Stars and Stripes. The Chinese are good sailors — quiet, and amenable to discipline. These vessels could be operated as economically as any in the world, and far more cheaply than any European steamers. A Chinese-American Company, organized to oper-

ate our salable surplus stock of steamers, would pay good dividends. They could meet any competition, and be a safe, sound investment. To be sure they could not trade to an American port, unless we enacted special legislation, which would probably be opposed by the labor unions, but the seven seas would offer the field for their operations, and they should secure a large share of the business on the coast of China and in the Far East. Indeed we could advantageously open our own ports to these steamers for the life of the vessels we sell. I do not refer to the coast trade, which we have always protected, and I think wisely, as there are many advantages in this policy; but there is no good object in protecting our shipping to such an extent as to enable our vessels to carry rice from India to Cuba, or grain from Argentina to Liverpool.

The Chinese merchants are capable business men. Give them our flag for these steamers, and assist them in part with our capital, which would be a good investment. In addition it would be desirable, and I think feasible, to organize a Chinese-American Company that would save the United States from further losses. Thus we should assist a friendly nation, and have these vessels for a reserve supply of shipping for several years.

My suggestion to sell to the Chinese is because they are the most likely buyers; their mercantile marine is small; China has quite a large commerce, and the Chinese have decided advantages in operating. I believe that we could have sold many ships to a Chinese or an American-Chinese Company three years ago and saved many millions of dollars.

¹ See Section 347 of the United States Consular Regulations, 1896.

WHAT ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES?

BY RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

I

TRUST-BUSTING has been a favorite sport in America. And at the beginning of the twentieth century, we attempted to break up Europe's monopoly of 'imperialism.' Under the ægis of the Monroe Doctrine we gradually extended our control over the republics of Central America, and under the pressure of strategic necessity, we established an American sphere of influence over the Caribbean. But neither a Monroe Doctrine nor strategic necessity led us into the Philippines in 1898. This, the most troublesome of our possessions, was acquired in a 'fit of absence of mind.' Nobody thought of annexing the Philippines when the war with Spain broke out. But when they fell into our hands, we were afraid to get rid of them. We could not return them to Spain because she was too weak and too incompetent to govern them, as the Filipino revolts of 1814, 1896, and 1898 had proved. We were afraid to grant the Philippines immediate independence, believing that they would certainly fall into the greedy hands of the Powers who at that time were scrambling for a foothold in China. Add to this Senator Lodge's insistence on the 'vast commercial and trade interests, which I believe we have a right to guard and a duty to foster,' made in a speech to the Fifty-fifth Congress, and you have an explanation why we have stayed in the Philippines until the present day.

History perhaps will justify this

annexation. The people of these islands have been given an orderly government, in a part of the world where, with the exception of an oligarchic Japan, disorder is the rule. Under the guidance of the United States, the Filipinos have developed a national life and demonstrated that the Oriental is really able to govern himself. Unlike the old style imperialism, American policy in the Philippines, to quote the instructions of President McKinley to the American Commission in 1900, has not been designed 'for our satisfaction, or for the expression of our theoretical views, but for the happiness, peace, and prosperity' of the Filipinos themselves.

This idea that the government of backward peoples is a 'sacred trust' is not new. It was enunciated by the European Powers in regard to their African possessions, in the General Acts of Berlin and of Brussels in 1885 and 1890. But the United States has gone further perhaps than any other power in the world to carry this principle of 'trusteeship' or 'guardianship' into effect. About fifteen per cent of the annual revenues of the Philippines are expended on education, compared with similar expenditures ranging from only two to four per cent in the most enlightened French and British colonies in Africa. In building up this system, the United States has placed increasing reliance upon Philippine teachers, the number of which has increased from 1914 in 1898 to 20,601 in 1920.

Whether in the matter of health, public works, or roads, the United States has conscientiously cared for the natives' needs. From the political standpoint, we have also recognized our obligation to the Filipinos, by establishing a legislature in 1907, the lower house of which was elected by the Philippine people, and by passing the Jones Act of 1916, which placed both houses in native hands, with the exception of two senators and nine representatives, appointed by the American Governor-General to represent the non-Christian tribes.

Ordinarily, the relation of guardian to ward is a temporary one — the child grows up. And our policy in the Philippines has always kept in view the ultimate termination of American control. In 1898 General Aguinaldo interpreted the statements of the American Consul-General at Singapore to mean that if the Filipinos supported the American troops in their campaign against Manila, immediate independence would be their reward. But our promises to the Philippines rest upon a much more tangible basis than the shadowy remarks of Mr. Pratt, which the State Department later disavowed. At the Republican Convention of 1904, Elihu Root said that the Philippines might eventually be given the same status as Cuba. Dr. J. G. Schurman, president of the first Philippine Commission, said that American policy in the Philippines would 'issue in independence.' In 1908 President Roosevelt expressed the hope that within a generation the Philippines could 'decide for themselves whether it is well for them to become independent.' When secretary of war, Mr. Taft said that the American policy 'must logically reduce and finally end the sovereignty of the United States' in the Islands. In a message to the Philippine people in October 1913, President Wil-

son said, 'Every step we take will be taken with a view to the ultimate independence of the Islands, and as a preparation for that independence.' The most solemn promise of all, embodied in the preamble of the Jones Act of 1916, declared that 'it was never the intention of the people of the United States in the incipency of the War with Spain to make it a war of conquest or for territorial aggrandizement,' and that 'it is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established.' Although the late President Harding did not believe in immediate independence, he declared to the Philippines Independence Mission in June 1922 that 'whether wisely or not, our disavowal of permanent retention was made in the very beginning, and a reversal of that attitude will come, if ever, only at your request.'

These promises have not been empty words. The Filipinos have been given almost complete control over local and provincial government. The governors of the provinces and the presidents of municipalities are elected by the people. The representative Legislature, established by the Jones Act of 1916, has 'general legislative power,' except that it cannot pass laws violating the Bill of Rights, regulating the trade relations with the United States, or creating a bonded indebtedness beyond ten per cent of the aggregate tax-valuation of real property, and so forth. But the United States still retains direct control of the executive branch of the central government through a Governor-General appointed for an indefinite term by the President of the United States. This official has 'supreme executive power' and 'general supervision and control of all the departments and

bureaus of the government in the Philippine Islands.' He may veto any act of the Legislature, including individual items in appropriation bills. If the Legislature passes the bill over his head, it is referred to the President of the United States, whose decision is final. Congress may likewise annul laws passed by the Philippine Legislature, and the United States Supreme Court may set them aside for constitutional reasons. If the Philippine Legislature refuses to vote the budget recommended by the Governor-General, the previous year's appropriations automatically continue in force. But no such way is provided to break deadlocks over appointments, which must be confirmed by the Philippine Senate before they can become effective. In short, the Jones Act established a government which is representative of, but not responsible to, the people of the Philippines.

II

Under the administration of Governor-General F. B. Harrison, the gulf created by the Jones Act between the Governor-General and the Legislature was bridged by an institution called the Council of State. This body, established by an executive order in November 1918, so as 'to aid and advise the Governor-General on matters of public importance,' was composed of the presiding officers of the House of Representatives and the Senate and the heads of the executive departments. Since most of the members of the Council of State were also members of the Legislature, this body worked out a system of coöperation between the Governor-General and the Legislature, which avoided deadlocks and established a semi-responsible government in which native leaders gained some control over administration.

For the first time in the history of

our relations with the Philippines, we have now adopted a policy of curtailing the autonomy which they have been allowed to exercise in the past. The reason for this change was forecast by the Wood-Forbes Commission, sent out by President Harding to study the Philippine question in 1921. According to this commission, the period of 'Filipinization,' extending from 1916 to 1921, had been marked by a 'deterioration in the quality of public service, by the creation of a top-heavy personnel, the too frequent placing of influence above efficiency, by the beginning of a political bureaucracy' — a description applicable to almost any American city! Because of this tendency, the Commission recommended that the American Congress declare null and void legislation enacted by the Philippine Legislature diminishing, limiting, or dividing the authority granted the Governor-General under the Jones Act. This idea of absolute executive independence has also been proclaimed by General Wood in his messages to the Philippine Legislature. Literally interpreting the Jones Act, he is exercising the powers of his office in entire disregard of the wishes of the Legislature, subject only to the War Department at Washington, which, of course, will give him whole-hearted support.

While he did not abolish the Council of State because so many administrative duties had been imposed upon it by law, General Wood vigorously used his veto power to kill twenty-one bills passed in the first two sessions of the Legislature, compared with the veto of five bills during the whole administration of Governor-General Harrison. Six of these bills, General Wood vetoed on the ground that they infringed upon his power. The remainder concerned purely domestic affairs. It was the contention of Philippine leaders that the application of the veto power to

matters of local concern was an exercise of legislative power vested in the Philippine Legislature alone. But this attempt to restrict General Wood was summarily set aside by the communication of Secretary-of-War Weeks, in October 1923, which declared that the 'veto power is applicable to all legislation, whether it be local or otherwise.'

This summer the Conley affair threw into bold relief General Wood's conception of his office. Conley was a member of the Manila secret service who was suspended from office by the Mayor of Manila, because he was charged with bribery. Although he was tried and acquitted three times in the courts for this charge, the Mayor of Manila, supported by the Secretary of the Interior, José P. Laurel, refused to reinstate Conley because, during the trial, he had refused to answer certain questions on the ground that they might incriminate him. Believing that an injustice had been done, Governor-General Wood ordered that Conley be reinstated, — an act which led to the resignation of the Mayor of Manila and the members of the Council of State. Whether or not Conley was a victim of a political frame-up, General Wood's action violated the Philippines Administrative Code, which invested final power of removal of such officers in the Secretary of the Interior. He justified the violation of this provision in the code on the ground that it was unconstitutional because it curtailed the 'supreme executive power' granted the Governor-General by the Jones Act. Curiously enough, there is no provision in the Jones Act for amendments. Since the Philippine Legislature is given 'general legislative power,' it might be argued that the Legislature may amend the Jones Act, subject to the veto of the Governor-General and to repeal by Congress. But the administrative code had been duly

approved, and the present Governor-General was therefore obliged to obey it. The strongest argument of all against General Wood's position was that the determination of constitutional questions was in the hands of the courts, and not of the Governor-General. Yet how can a court declare a law unconstitutional unless it is violated? And who else can violate such a law except the executive? Such was the dilemma in which Andrew Johnson was placed when he decided to violate the Tenure of Office Act of 1867. Both Presidents Wilson and Harding refused similarly to obey provisions in the Merchant Marine Act of 1920, directing the abrogation of about thirty commercial treaties, on the ground that the act infringed upon their constitutional power over foreign relations. While these precedents may support General Wood in the Conley affair, the executive interpretation of constitutional questions anywhere is a very dangerous principle, violating the very doctrine of 'separation of powers' upon which General Wood so strongly insists. In the Philippines this principle is more dangerous than in the United States, because the Governor-General is subject to none of the political checks which control the President, and because nothing is said about the power to amend the Organic Act.

With the possible exception of the Conley incident, none of the actions of General Wood has been illegal. He is simply construing the Jones Act literally, while his predecessor construed it liberally. In the legal sense, he stands on firmer ground than Mr. Harrison, because the strict construction of grants of sovereign power is a well-established principle of American public law. The Philippine assertion that it was the 'intention' of the framers of the Jones Act to give the Philippines local self-government, in which the

Governor-General would be a figure-head, has no foundation in fact. When Canada was given responsible government, it was only after express instructions to that effect had been issued by the Colonial Office at London. When Southern Rhodesia was granted responsible government in 1923, it was done by Letters Patent and express instructions to the British Governor there. When the provinces of India were granted semi-responsible government in 1919, an Act of the British Parliament was necessary. But the Jones Act of 1916 contains no similar provisions for responsible government in the Philippines. On the contrary, 'supreme executive power' is reserved for an American Governor-General. The final defeat of the Clarke amendment to the Jones Act, providing for independence within four years, is another indication that the framers of the present system of government in the Philippines contemplated neither full self-government nor immediate independence.

III

While General Wood has acted 'legally,' and while the Jones Act has been desirable as a transitory measure, the permanent retention of the present system of government in the Philippines is bound to be thoroughly unsatisfactory, because it is based on the doctrine of 'separation of powers.' Good patriots will shout 'heresy' when this typically American principle is attacked. But whatever advantages it may have at home, — and they are precious few, — it works very badly when tried abroad. In the United States, Congress and the President are both responsible to the people at election time, although they are presumably independent of each other while in office. But in the Philippines, the Governor-General and the Legislature

are responsible to two different authorities — the first to the United States, and the second to the Philippines. A representative legislature, such as established by the Jones Act, gives the Filipinos a forum for criticism which becomes the more violent because they are not obliged, and in fact are unable, to carry into effect the policies which they advocate. As long as this type of separation of powers exists, a successful government in the Philippines will be impossible. The Legislature may refuse to pass legislation or to confirm appointments requested by the Governor-General, while he may refuse to carry out the laws passed by the Legislature.

Many years ago, the British Empire learned the dangers of a representative but an irresponsible government in its colonies. In 1866 it abolished the representative constitution of Jamaica because that constitution had produced so many deadlocks between the local Legislature and the British Governor. In most of its Crown colonies, the British Empire has now established legislatures with 'official majorities,' controlled, when necessary, by the British governor. More advanced colonies such as India and Malta have been given representative legislatures with control over a few ministerial departments, a system called 'diarchy.' Colonies fully able to govern themselves have been given responsible government — a local ministry responsible to a local parliament, the Crown being represented by a Governor or Governor-General who is now a figurehead as far as domestic affairs are concerned. This policy is followed in the five Dominions, the Irish Free State, and Southern Rhodesia. Wherever possible, British colonial policy has avoided the type of government set up by the United States in the Jones Act. This is likewise true of French colonial policy, for in only

two French colonies — Cochinchina and Senegal — is a representative legislature to be found.

IV

In view of the defective principle upon which the present government of the Philippines is based, it must sooner or later be changed. The United States must either cripple the present powers of the Philippine Legislature or give it control over the administration of domestic affairs. This fact was recognized by the Wood-Forbes Commission which recommended that in case of deadlock between the Governor-General and the Philippine Senate over appointments, final decision should rest with the President of the United States — which in effect would mean the Governor-General. This fact has also been recognized by the *Manila Times*, an American newspaper, which has adopted the slogan, 'Govern or Go,' and by the Philippines Chamber of Commerce which, in resolutions of August 1920, and November 1923, advocated the repeal of the Jones Act and the placing of the Philippines under a territorial form of government.

Great pressure is being exercised by business interests in the United States and the Philippines to abolish the autonomy granted in 1916. This pressure will increase with the deadlocks which are bound to arise in the future. But in determining whether the United States should reverse its Philippine policy, the promises which we have made to these islands cannot be ignored. We cannot afford to add the sin of hypocrisy to that of imperialism. Before 1914 England had made some seven promises to get out of Egypt — promises which she failed to keep. She finally recognized the independence of Egypt in February 1922, but only after a revolution which made her position there intolerable. As

President Roosevelt said in 1915, we cannot taint our work in the Philippines with bad faith. In June 1922 President Harding promised the Philippines that 'no backward step is contemplated, no diminution of your domestic control is to be sought.'

Neither can we postpone the fulfillment of our obligations by saying that the Filipinos do not want self-government and that their leaders do not represent the wishes of the people. Aguinaldo's three-year resistance to American troops in a war where 11,000 Filipinos lost their lives, showed their original attitude toward our rule. One of the first acts of the Philippine Assembly, created in 1907, was to express a desire for independence. All of the Philippine commissioners sent to the United States have advocated independence. Since the war, three independence missions have been sent to America. So strong did independence sentiment become that the Federal party gave up its demand for eventual statehood in 1907, while the party itself disappeared in 1914. Although the Democrata party opposes bitterly the present coalition of Nacionalistas and Colectivistas, all three parties are pledged to immediate independence. The sentiment of the people was shown in the senatorial election this October in Manila, where a Nacionalista candidate won a 15,000 majority over a Democrata candidate on a pro-Wood platform, although Manila is ordinarily a Democrata city. This sentiment was also shown by the unanimous adoption of a resolution of the House of Representatives, supporting the action of the Philippine leaders in the Conley affair. Perhaps the most effective answer to those who believe that the *politicos* do not represent the wishes of the people was given by the Wood-Forbes Commission, itself unfavorable to independence, when it declared,

'We find everywhere among the Christian Filipinos the desire for independence, generally under the protection of the United States.'

As stated in the Jones Act, the United States is under no obligation to grant the Philippines independence until a 'stable' government is established there. But there is a great danger that in determining this question, we exact a test in the Philippines which we do not apply to ourselves. Some people regard the failure of the Philippine National Bank, with losses of \$37,000,000 during six years, as proof that a stable government does not exist in the Philippines. While undoubtedly the bank was mismanaged, mismanaged banks have been known to exist in the most 'stable' governments in Europe and America. In the case of the Philippine bank, some money was embezzled, but the guilty officials have been punished, three members of the Concepcion family now being in jail. It is only fair to say that Americans were as responsible for the management of the bank as Filipinos and that the loans were made to Americans as well as to Philippine business men. The great losses of the bank were due to the rapid economic readjustments following the World War, which adversely affected banks the world over. This October General-Manager Fullington, of the bank, declared that it had made a profit of a million dollars in the last three months and that it was in better condition than it had been for many years.

In addition to entering the banking business, the Philippine Legislature has also purchased the Manila Railway, chartered the National Coal Company, the National Iron Company, the National Cement Company and organized the National Development Company, for the purpose of engaging in any commercial or agricultural enterprise necessary for the public welfare.

Aroused by these activities, Governor-General Wood and Secretary-of-War Weeks have demanded that the Philippine Government 'get out of business.' While as a general rule government management may be less efficient than private management, the Philippine people are confronted with an entirely different situation than the people of the United States. Foreign capitalists and entrepreneurs may have developed the resources of China, Persia, and Turkey more 'efficiently' than the domestic governments. But this type of exploitation has inevitably led to foreign political and economic control, the rewards of which have gone to foreign bondholders. If Governor-General Wood should succeed in getting the Philippine Government 'out of business,' and if he should succeed in securing the repeal of the Public Lands Act of 1919, which limits agricultural leases by Americans to 1024 hectares of land, Americans would inevitably gain control of the great resources of the islands, because individual Filipinos do not now possess the capital necessary to develop these resources. Once American capital becomes entrenched, the prospects for Philippine independence will become more remote than ever.

In interpreting too rigidly the term 'stable government,' a great injustice may be done to the Philippine people. Upon a number of occasions, General Wood has frankly defined such a government as 'one under which capital seeks investments at normal rates of interest.' In a capitalistic age, this definition may be reluctantly accepted. But when he goes further and implies, as he did in an address before the Philippine Columbian Association in June 1921, that a stable government must be capable of defending the Philippines against attack, he is exacting a standard which few governments in the world could meet. That such a

standard should be exacted was implied also by the Wood-Forbes Commission when it stated, 'We find that the people are not organized economically or from the standpoint of national defense to maintain an independent government,' and 'that the experience under the Jones Act did not justify withdrawing the Army and Navy of the United States' and 'leaving the Islands a prey to any powerful nation coveting their rich soil and potential commercial advantages.' According to such a test, the existence of Belgium, Greece, or Switzerland would not be justified. If the Philippines are required to meet this typically military standard, it is safe to say that they will always remain an appanage of the United States.

At the Washington Conference, the United States expressly repudiated this standard when it agreed, in the naval treaty, not to increase its fortifications in its Pacific possessions. This promise leaves the Philippines without adequate bases and fortifications — defenseless from attack. But in place of these military guaranties, the United States accepted a moral guaranty that neither Japan, Great Britain, nor France would attack these islands. In the Four Power treaty these governments agreed to 'respect their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean.' Of course, this treaty would not protect the Philippines should they become independent. But there is no reason why the four Powers should not renew their promise in the case of an independent Philippines, by means of a joint neutralization agreement, such as the Democratic platform of 1912 proposed, or such as Senator LaFollette suggested as an amendment to the Four Power treaty. Failing such a treaty, a declaration by the United States that it 'will consider any ag-

gression against the territory' of the Philippines as an act to be repelled with all the means at its command, would safeguard the independence of the Philippines more effectively than an oceanful of battleships.

In the face of the promises made by the United States to the Philippine people and in the face of the wishes of these people, there is only one important reason why so many Americans are now demanding that we cling to these islands: that is, in order to advance the interests of a limited number of American business men. The American people as a whole have derived no material advantage from our occupation of these islands. The Philippines have not contributed a cent to the treasury of the United States. We have sunk at least \$700,000,000 in military and naval expenditures arising out of the occupation. And we even turned back to the Philippine treasury the duties collected before 1913 on rice, sugar, and tobacco, imported into the United States from the Philippines. In 1920 the United States returned to the Philippines internal-revenue taxes amounting to more than one and a half million dollars, collected on Philippine products. Whatever profit has arisen out of this colonial venture has gone to a few business interests.

Under free competition, the American consumer would be benefited by the activities of American business abroad. But in case this business is a monopoly, the consumer loses more than he gains. The worst feature of our Philippine policy is that it has tended to establish an American trade monopoly, by following the policy of the 'closed door.' The treaty of 1898 guaranteed to Spain the 'open door' in these islands for a period of ten years. And in his instructions to the American commissioners, President McKinley said, 'We will seek no advan-

tages in the Orient which are not common to all. Asking only the open door for ourselves, we are ready to accord the open door to others.' Unfortunately this promise was violated at the end of the ten-year period, and by the tariff acts of 1909 and 1913 free trade was gradually established between the United States and the Philippines, but a tariff was rigorously applied to all outsiders. An American business man ships his goods into the Philippines without the payment of the duty to which a Japanese merchant is subjected. Between 1902 and 1913 certain export duties were also levied on Philippine products, but these were remitted in case the products were to be consumed in the United States. The Merchant Marine Act of 1920 empowered the President of the United States to bar foreign ships from the trade between the United States and the Philippines, a power which no President has yet exercised because of the opposition of the Philippines to this extension of the closed door.

As a result of this policy, America's share in the Philippine trade has increased from thirteen per cent in 1894 to sixty-one per cent in 1921, while the share of the trade carried by American ships has increased from less than four per cent in 1909 to thirty-two per cent in 1919. If the Philippine export industries were owned by Filipinos, the Filipinos would benefit from the closed door as much as American merchants. But as a matter of fact the export trade of the Philippines is very largely in the hands of American capital, which consequently profits in two ways from the closed door. As a result of our economic policy, American business has been given a political advantage, which it is naturally afraid lest independence, bringing with it 'most-favored nation' treaties, may remove. If this trade were of any

immediate advantage to the American people as a whole, there might be a materialistic reason why they should support the opposition of business interests to Philippine independence. But any trade carried on under the closed door tends to be a monopolistic trade, which means higher prices both to the American and to the Philippine people, for the gain of a few men. If Japan and other neighboring countries could freely trade with the Philippines, there would be no economic reason why these countries should want to annex these islands. But as long as the United States maintains the closed door, these countries are confronted with a political obstruction to very rich markets, which in the future may lead to international complications of a very serious nature. The United States cannot afford, whether from the standpoint of Mr. Man-in-the-Street, of the Filipinos, or of world peace, to have its Philippine policy dictated by the Manila Chamber of Commerce, or even by the Americans in the Philippines who constitute one tenth of one per cent of the population.

V

The present system of government in the Philippines must be changed one way or another. Business conditions in the Islands will always be uncertain and investments will always be deterred, until the political status is definitely fixed. If this country follows the advice of the military men — who are now handling our Philippine policy — or of a few capitalists, it will deprive the Philippine Legislature of some of its powers, if not of its existence. But we cannot take this backward step without violating the solemn promises made by every President since McKinley and without violating the preamble of the Jones Act.

During the last four years, the British Empire has terminated its protectorate over Afghanistan; recognized the independence of Egypt and Mesopotamia, subject to certain restrictions on finance and foreign affairs; granted full self-government to Ireland and a less extensive responsible government to Southern Rhodesia; bestowed semi-responsible government upon India and Malta; and promulgated new constitutions in Ceylon, Burma, and Nigeria. The same development has taken place in French Tunis and in Senegal, which was given a parliament in 1920. In 1919 Italy established parliaments in Tripoli and in Cyrenaica, while in the Dutch East Indies a *Volksraad* has been formed, more than a third of the members of which are natives. In the face of this trend in the government of colored peoples, the United States would assume a heavy responsibility if it curtailed the rights granted the Philippines in 1916. But if it does not curtail these rights, it must extend them.

It is neither necessary nor desirable to grant the Philippines complete independence at this time. It is possible to follow the British policy of Home Rule which would encourage the formation of a Philippine ministry responsible to a Philippine parliament, the American Governor-General exercising only advisory power — except in foreign affairs. It is possible to grant a qualified independence to the Philippines, subject to American protection or to an international neutralization agreement, which the entrance of the Philippines into the League of Nations would secure, if no more definite agreement is possible. But no power will guarantee the independence of the Philippines without some assurance that it will live up to its international obligations, particularly in regard to the payment of foreign debts and to the protection of the lives and property of foreigners.

No power will accept a position toward the Philippines of 'responsibility without authority.'

If its independence is guaranteed by international agreement, the Philippines could give this assurance by consenting, in case of default, to some type of international financial supervision, such as the League of Nations has established over Austria, and also to the employment of financial and other experts in order to prevent such defaults from occurring. If the United States undertakes to protect the Philippines alone, the most practicable way to defend our interests and to satisfy Philippine aspirations is by an agreement similar to our treaty of 1903 with Cuba. An agreement could be entered into between the United States and the Philippines in which we recognize their independence, subject to the following restrictions: the Philippines shall never make a treaty which might impair their independence; they shall not contract any debt which cannot be met by ordinary revenues; the United States may intervene for the preservation of the independence of the Philippines and the maintenance of a government capable of protecting life, liberty, and property.

Such was the solution of the Cuban problem, which we adopted in 1903. Yet we have delayed twenty years in applying the same solution to the Philippines. Of course, it would be more difficult to intervene in the Philippines 7000 miles away than in Cuba only a few hours away from our shores. Yet the physical objection to this solution is many times outweighed by the necessity of clearing up a situation which will steadily grow worse — clearing it up through a means which will maintain the honor of the American people, satisfy the wishes of the Filipinos, and at the same time protect the legitimate interests of the outside world.

THE BRITISH MUDDLE

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

THE cyclone that swept over British politics in December has changed the landscape of public life more completely and more startlingly than any election in living memory. Mr. Gladstone, referring to a furious attack on him which was being made by an ordinarily mild follower, once observed 'there is no animal so dangerous as a mad sheep.' It is certainly true that the most gentle and unadventurous of prime ministers has produced a convulsion without precedent in our political record. In a moment of astounding aberration, Mr. Baldwin led his triumphant party over a steep place in a wild stampede, and left inextricable confusion at the bottom. No political leader ever ran through such a handsome fortune in so short a time, disinherited his party so recklessly, or shattered his own reputation with such frivolous levity. He had a comfortable majority, three or four years before him, and the good wishes of all parties. His capacity for Government was untried, but his amiable character made him popular with the House, and his opponents were disposed to put the most friendly constructions on his first faltering steps in the office. There was a general desire that he should 'make good' — not merely because of gravity of public affairs, but because there was no visible alternative in sight.

The Liberal party was still the hopeless wreck that Mr. Lloyd George's

disruptive activities had made of it during and after the war. It was broken into two factions which glowered at each other with mutual distrust. The main body, who remained loyal to Mr. Asquith, regarded Mr. Lloyd George as a deserter who had betrayed the party for his own personal ambitions and entered into a base bargain with the enemy, and who was now anxious to return to his ancient allegiance only because the Conservatives, having used him for their own purposes, had turned him out into the street. The feeling in regard to him was illustrated by the action of the National Liberal Club in solemnly thrusting his portrait, which had adorned its walls, into a cellar of its palatial building.

As for the Labor party, it had neither the expectation nor the desire for office. It had made great strides in the election of 1922, owing largely to the chaos in the Liberal party which was sending the younger element in politics into its ranks in great numbers. But it was still in the adolescent stage, doubtful of itself and indisposed to face the stern realities of Government. Its main preoccupation was the annihilation of the Liberal party. That party was apparently in the last stages of dissolution, with its more reactionary element drifting into the Conservative ranks, and its radical element tending to take refuge with Labor. In time the situation would clear, the two-party

system would be substantially restored on a new basis, Capital and Labor would be mobilized against each other, and Labor would be in a position to govern without the danger of entanglement with a third party.

In a word, the strength of Mr. Baldwin's position lay less in his own ranks than in the indisposition of his adversaries to do anything to disturb him. He had nothing to do but to sit tight and enjoy unchallenged power. Perhaps it was the unusual security of his position which led him to his doom. He was so prosperous that he could afford to gamble. The shining goal, to attain which Joseph Chamberlain had vainly spent the last effective years of his life, could be won by him in a sudden sally. For three quarters of a century the ghost of Protection had haunted the slumbers and the daydreams of his Party. Again and again it had seemed about to assume corporeal presence, but it had always vanished—as ghosts are understood to vanish—at the cock-crow which announced that the Free Trade camp was awake.

But now there seemed an unprecedented chance of capturing the Free Trade position by surprise. The guardians of that position, if not asleep, were weakened by discussion and broken by factions; there was an unexampled prevalence of unemployment which could be easily attributed to the fiscal policy of the country, and the electorate, new and uninformed, was separated from pre-war traditions by a sort of geological 'fault' that had no parallel in history. Moreover, Free Traders had been lulled to security by the definite undertaking given by Mr. Bonar Law at the election in December 1922, and by the fact that when Mr. Baldwin had succeeded Bonar Law, last summer, he had sought to make Mr. R. McKenna, one of the most con-

spicuous Free Traders in the country, his Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nothing seemed more remote from the political horizon than the ancient spectre of Protection.

And because it seemed so remote it suddenly burst upon the scene. It is commonly supposed that Mr. Baldwin was the innocent victim of his own Die-Hards, who, having found by the success of their opposition to Mr. McKenna's appointment that they could browbeat him, decided to press their advantage home and shove him 'over the top.' In the language of one of his wiser colleagues, who, like most of the more instructed members of the party, was opposed to the adventure, 'Baldwin turned on the tap and then found he could not turn it off.'

There is no need to dwell at much length on the astonishing flood that followed. I do not think anyone in any party anticipated the dimensions of the catastrophe. It was nearly twenty years since the issue had been fought out and, in the conditions that prevailed, the utmost that the Free Traders expected was that the country would give an indeterminate decision which would prevent Mr. Baldwin making a grave breach in Free Trade traditions of the country. The first effect of the challenge was one which might have been anticipated, which nevertheless Mr. Baldwin had apparently not foreseen. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George fell into each other's arms forthwith. Seven years had passed since they had been colleagues and they could say, —

We twa hae paidl'd in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine,
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

It had been commonly supposed that nothing could bridge these angry seas. Mr. George had, after the fall of his Coalition, made desperate efforts to

recover his place in the Liberal tabernacle, but the disgust for him was so deep that the attempts had been fruitless. His portrait still lay in the cellar of the National Liberal Club and, when he went to America in October, he seemed to have shot his bolt in English politics and to have no visible future. Before he reached home at the end of November, Mr. Baldwin had reunited the Liberal party and paved the way for his dramatic reëntrance upon the Liberal stage, all his sins forgiven, though not forgotten, all his strange political philanderings studiously ignored.

There had been widespread speculation as to what would be his opinion on the Protectionist 'stunt' so suddenly unmasked by the Government. No one knew and there is a suspicion that Mr. Lloyd George did not himself know until he saw how the land lay. It is no injustice to him to say that he is not a very stalwart Free Trader. The Free Trade position rests upon a theory, and Mr. Lloyd George prefers a case which rests upon an emotion and which can be stated in a resounding headline like 'Make the Foreigner Pay.' In the struggle with Chamberlain twenty years ago he was little more than a sharpshooter of the Free Trade cause, and I do not think his attachment to it ever went beyond the limits of opportunism. Much play was made during the election with a circumstantial story that Mr. Lloyd George had intended to return from America with a great Imperial Preference 'stunt' of his own, and that Mr. Baldwin's move only anticipated that intention and, in anticipating it, blew it out of the water, leaving Mr. George with no alternative but to declare for Free Trade. This allegation, which occupied a large place in the Conservative press, was fortified with assertions the truth of which it is unnecessary

to examine or accept, although it is not denied that Mr. George's first week-end on his return was spent at Lord Beaverbrook's country house in company with such stalwart Protectionists as Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead.

Whatever his perplexities may have been, they were resolved by the situation that confronted him in England and he promptly declared for Free Trade and was as promptly received into the Liberal communion again by Mr. Asquith. There was a deep undercurrent of opposition in the Liberal party to this sudden reconciliation, but the general feeling was that the extraordinary circumstances made it impossible to refuse to recognize so powerful a recruit in so great an emergency.

There was another important consideration which no doubt played a part in the matter. The official Liberal party was notoriously impoverished, while Mr. Lloyd George still had a well-filled war chest which had been enriched during the prosperous days of the Coalition. Once in the field, Mr. Lloyd George exhibited all his astonishing electioneering gifts and became easily the most picturesque figure in the fight, touring the country in a whirlwind campaign, speaking at wayside stations on his journeys, and through megaphones reaching audiences of quite unprecedented dimensions. How far he influenced the result is a matter of doubt. It is admitted that he sent many Liberal votes to Labor; but my own impression (and I am not prejudiced in his favor) is that he added substantially to the volume of the Free Trade tide. He is the master showman of politics and the public is attracted by the picturesqueness of his speech and appeal. But, apart from him, the current of argument went against the Protectionists.

It was evident that it became swollen in the last two days and that, if the election had been delayed until after Christmas, the Protectionists would have sustained an even more crushing overthrow than that which actually befell them.

II

With the result of the election, the whole political prospect changed as if by magic. Protection, which had suddenly occupied the centre of the stage, now as suddenly vanished into its ancient disrepute. Instead a new problem occupied all minds. For the first time a House of Commons had been elected in which no Party had a majority of the votes and in which, therefore, no Party could govern without the consent of another Party to which it was more or less hostile. The two-party system had given place to the three-party system and, in doing so, had created difficulties which seemed to bring Government to a state of stalemate.

Both the Liberal and the Labor party in the election had supported Free Trade and together their sheer strength in the new House represented a majority over the Protectionists of nearly a hundred seats. But, though agreed on the specific issue of the election, the Liberals and Laborites were by no means a harmonious combination. They had fought against each other in the constituencies almost as fiercely as they had fought against the Conservatives, and many seats had been lost in consequence and had gone to the Protectionists by a minority vote. Labor is 'the new boy' in the political school. He has grown with astonishing rapidity during and since the war, has drawn enormously from the resources of the Liberal party, and by the election of 1918 had won from the Liberals the position of second

Party in the House. The latter were sterilized during the war, lost their prestige and fighting-appeal, and are now in danger of being crushed between the upper and nether millstones of Capital and Labor.

The main object of Labor throughout has been to promote this development, to get rid of the Party which occupies much of its own ground, and to restore the two-party system by the elimination of the *tertium quid* of Liberalism. For this reason Labor is, on merely party grounds, more hostile to the Liberals than it is to the Conservatives and has refused to have any electoral accommodation with them for their common advantage against the Conservatives. This attitude naturally arouses a spirit of retaliation on the part of the Liberals. The result is that the two Free Trade parties returned to the House with the undisguised sentiments of antagonists who have won a common battle, it is true, but who do not love each other any the more on that account. This put anything like a formal coalition between the two parties out of the question. Equally impossible was the idea of coöperation between either of them and the defeated Conservatives.

The latter, still numerically the most considerable Party in the House, would have been glad to enter into an unofficial alliance with the Liberals. Such an arrangement would have broken the disastrous fall they had sustained and would have allayed the panic which the prospect of a Labor Government had aroused in the minds of the propertied classes. Mr. Asquith, after years of opprobrium and slander, suddenly found himself regarded as the savior of society; the man to whom the comfortable classes looked as their defender against the threatened inrush of the red tide of Socialism. The Harmsworth Press, which had driven

him out of office years before by an unparalleled campaign of calumny, now insulted him with flatulent praises and lectured him on his duty to save the nation from imminent peril. More responsible newspapers were no less eager to see him in office, backed by the support of two hundred and fifty stalwart Tory votes.

It was an amazing turn of the wheel of fortune which had thus suddenly placed the control of the Parliamentary situation in the hands of the man whom his opponents had so long affected to regard as an extinct volcano. The temptation was promptly and brusquely put aside. Mr. Asquith had no intention of closing his career by becoming the tied servant of the ancient enemy who had just suffered defeat at the polls. Such a course he knew would be not only dishonoring to himself, but fatal to the Party with the fortunes of which his whole political career had been associated. If the Liberals accepted office as the nominees of the Carlton Club they would never recover from the blow. The immediate result would have been a landslide from the Liberal ranks to Labor. Everything that was vital in the Party would have turned with disgust from the spectacle of a nominal Liberal Government kept in office by Conservative votes, and the experiment would have left the Liberal party little more than a discredited faction kept alive by the crumbs that fell from the Tory table. The extinction of the Liberal party as an effective political instrument would leave politics a crude warfare between Capital and Labor.

The achievement of this result, as I have said, has been and is the undisguised aim of the Labor party, and, had Mr. Asquith chosen to take office with the tacit approval of the Conservatives, he would have pursued the

course most agreeable to Labor. They would have said with a good deal of obvious truth that the fact proved their contention that the Liberal party was as much a Capitalist party as the Conservatives; that there was now no fundamental difference between them, and that the real issue of politics henceforth was between the possessing class and the working class. Mr. Asquith's decision to enter into no bargain with the Conservatives has undoubtedly preserved his Party from dissolution, whether permanently or only temporarily depends upon the course of future events. It may be that, before many months are out, he will be back in Downing Street, with, possibly, Mr. Lloyd George once more his next-door neighbor. But in that case he will take office without bargain with or subjection to any other Party, having preserved the integrity and independence of his own organization unimpaired.

Assuming — as seems literally certain at time of writing — that, as the result of Mr. Asquith's decision, the Labor party succeeds to power, a momentous landmark will have been reached in English political life. The accession of Labor to office had for some time been recognized as a possibility, even a certainty of the future; but no one anticipated that it was so imminent, and only the rash folly of Mr. Baldwin could have brought it about. The Labor party itself was content to wait and would, indeed, have preferred to wait until it could assume office with the reality of power which comes from the possession of a majority vote in the House of Commons. It is less than twenty years since it became a Parliamentary party at all, and it was only as a result of the elections subsequent to the war that it had assumed proportions of serious magnitude. It was much more concerned with consolidat-

ing its position at the expense of the Liberals than with undertaking the responsibilities of Government, and there was a strong movement within the Party against accepting office in circumstances which would limit its freedom of action and make its exercise of power entirely dependent upon the sanction of the Liberals. But to have declined power would have been a confession of weakness that would have greatly discredited the Party in the country, and Mr. MacDonald is wanting neither in courage nor astuteness. He has served a long apprenticeship to politics and has been one of the half dozen outstanding figures in the House of Commons for nearly twenty years past, distinguished alike for his powers of speech, his vast industry, and his wide range of political activity. He is essentially middle-class, handsome of feature, vigorous in body, and of unstained character. He is often truculent in utterance and his public bearing has a certain Highland gloom and aloofness; but in private life he is a likable and interesting companion and his opinions are generally more moderate than his manner of expressing them. His relations with Mr. Lloyd George in pre-war days were notorious and much too close for the approval of the more vigorous element of the Party. Indeed it is common opinion that the speech in opposition to the war, which he delivered on August 3, 1914, in the House of Commons, — a speech which made him almost a political pariah for years, — was believed by him to express the views which Mr. Lloyd George had held up to the previous day and which Mr. MacDonald supposed that he still held.

In accepting office, two courses are before Mr. MacDonald. He may use the opportunity for the purpose of propaganda in introducing proposals which the House may reject but which

will serve as a bid for support in the country. This course would be tempting if he could command the dissolution of the House on defeat; but it is doubtful whether this right would be conceded, and whether the King would not exercise his prerogative of calling upon another party leader, presumably Mr. Asquith, to form a Government. In these circumstances it may be assumed that Mr. MacDonald will adopt the alternative course of pursuing a moderate policy which the Liberals will be able to support, of maintaining his Party in office as long as possible, and demonstrating to the country that Labor is an efficient instrument of government. In the field of foreign affairs, which must be the governing concern for a long time to come, he should occupy secure ground, for there is no visible difference of opinion between Labor and the Liberals on the main question of the restoration of peace, hostility to the Poincaré policy, the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, the political and economic independence of Germany, the resumption of the relations with Russia, and the conversion of the League of Nations from the shadow it is to-day into the reality it was intended to be.

If Mr. MacDonald falls, it will probably be on his internal policy. Mr. Baldwin leaves behind him the prospect of an enormous budget-deficiency, and between the task of providing for this deficiency and the need of fulfilling in some measure the promises of social alleviation which have been the chief stock-in-trade of the Labor party, Mr. MacDonald can hardly escape the formulation of proposals which may drive a sufficient number of Liberals into the Tory lobby to bring about his overthrow. The situation indeed is more incalculable than any in previous experience, with the possible exception of that

produced by the election of 1885, when Gladstone made his historic Home Rule plunge.

III

The emergence of the three-party system creates a problem which can be solved only by new expedients. Left to the operation of past practice, there is before the country an endless vista of ministerial crises, followed by a swift succession of elections which do nothing to correct the mischief. Already the public is tired of elections, and a continuance of the present impasse would end in complete discredit of the Parliamentary institution as a vehicle of Government. It is idle to assume, as the Labor party assumes, that the elimination of the Liberals in a series of electoral battles is the way to a simplification of the position by the restoration of the two-party system on a new basis. That would mean political chaos for years to come, possibly eventuating in some form of Fascismo on one side, or of 'direct action' on the other. Nor will any scheme of electoral reconstruction touch the problem. The anomalies of representation, or rather misrepresentation, under the existing system of election, are many and flagrant. A very large proportion of the seats in the present House of Commons is held by members returned by a minority vote, and there is nothing like the disparity between the total number of votes cast for the candidates of the several parties in the country as there is between the elected members of those parties. There is urgent need for the introduction of measures which will correct these anomalies and make the House of Commons more truly representative of the country. That this will be done by means of the adoption of the alternative vote, or Proportional Representation, — the Second

Ballot has no friends, — may be taken for granted.

But these changes of electoral method do not touch the fundamental problem of a House of Commons composed of three parties, none of which commands a majority of the House. This situation, if left uncontrolled, can only leave Parliament in chaos and Government impotent.

Certain remedies seem obvious. It is clear, for example, that whatever the weight of precedent may be in such matters, no Government representing only a minority of the House can henceforth claim to dissolve Parliament on sustaining defeat. It is not less clear that the theory of Cabinet solidarity — a relatively recent and pernicious growth — must be modified. The folly or incompetence of one minister, or perhaps an insignificant issue, can no longer be held sufficient grounds for the resignation of the Government. Opinion, indeed, is strongly tending to the view that a ministry should resign only after defeat on a formal and direct vote of want of confidence. If these expedients are not adequate, it will become necessary for Parliament to be elected, as it is in the United States, France, and elsewhere, for a fixed term of years and compelled to carry on without the temptation to snatch a new verdict at the polls at what may seem to the ministry in power a convenient opportunity.

The psychological effects of these remedies would be important. It is not probable that, in the present temper of parties, there would be a tendency to formal coalition, for the word and the thing alike have been too deeply discredited by recent experience to invite experiment; but a new technique of Parliamentary relationship and a new atmosphere of party conflict would be evolved. Governments assuming office without a majority of votes and

without power of gambling with an election would tend to pursue a policy which commanded a reasonable measure of support from one or another of the groups opposed to them. They would work under conditions which would modify the disposition of their opponents to unseat them on frivolous grounds, for the Governments that succeeded them would be subject to the same measures of retaliation, and the Party which became credited in the country with merely disruptive and incendiary tactics, or with the policy of making the Parliamentary machine unworkable, simply in pursuit of party ends, would incur a disrepute that

would be reflected in the subsequent election.

British politics are in solution; but it is not impossible that the new mould into which events will shape them will be found to be a more efficient medium than that of the past. The genius of the British people for government, for adapting means to ends, and for preserving their ideas of liberty in the midst of changing circumstances, has been their most conspicuous merit in history. There is no reason to fear that it will fail in the presence of the new challenge with which they have been confronted by recent events.

SPAIN — WHENCE AND WHITHER?

BY HENRY W. BUNN

I

DURING the forty years prior to the Bourbon Restoration in 1874 the larger part of Spanish energies was expended in the Carlist wars. Had the Carlists succeeded, — and they failed by only a hair, — they would have brought in a régime of reaction, an ineffable union of absolutism and clericalism. It is common to speak of the Carlist struggle as a cruel misfortune to Spain. Belike it was a blessing, rather.

Had Don Carlos, the Pretender, acquiesced in Isabella's accession to the throne in 1833, Maria Cristina, the regent mother, would have trained with the reactionary crew, and the purging of the Reaction would have been a longer affair, the outcome more dubious. As it turned out, the throne was

saved for Isabella for thirty-five years and the Carlists were debellated by a strangely assorted union of Liberals and so-called Moderates, the right wing of the latter being scarcely less reactionary than the Carlists themselves. Thus inscrutably Providence arranged that Reaction should be defeated by the division of its adherents.

Apart from the Carlist wars, the Spanish political scene during Isabella's reign (1833-68) was a dissolving view of military mutinies, civil *émeutes*, pronunciamientos and dictators.

A study of Isabella's reign is perhaps of not less value toward an understanding of the present situation than is a study of Spanish history since the Restoration. It was a wretched period,

an awful mess, but not devoid of a certain genuineness; whereas Spanish politics since the Restoration has been a sham—no less a sham than the Chinese Republic.

And some of the results of Isabella's reign were happy. Carlism may be regarded in two senses: as the assertion of the dynastic claims of a branch of the Spanish Bourbons, and as the cause of Reaction in its extreme form of Absolutism and Sacerdotalism in holy wedlock joined. By their conduct of the war the Carlists in the field made their cause to stink intolerably. But, in the larger sense of the word, Queen Isabella herself and many of her supporters were Carlists. The Queen was always as reactionary as she dared to be, and she dared more and more. Ultimately she dropped all pretense of tolerance for Liberal views and alternated between the most preposterous ecclesiastical mummery and harlotry of the most vulgar. At long last her conduct was too much for even the Spanish olfactories, and the Royal Croshabell was sent flying across the Bidassoa (1868).

So Carlism was discredited of its adherents. If permanently discredited, as I am inclined to think it is, — though it were foolish to speak with assurance concerning *Homo Hispanicus*, — the result was worth forty years of civil war, misgovernment in every conceivable form, camarillas, royal debauchery, treasons, massacres, pronunciamentos, and dictatorships. But the Queen and that pretty fellow, Bravo Murillo, managed to transmit a Carlist legacy which has had disastrous effects and may yet have others; namely, the Concordat of 1851 with the Vatican.

I think we may say, too, that the experience of Isabella's reign thoroughly sickened the Spanish people of military pronunciamentos; the disgust whereof lasted for fifty years, until dis-

placed by the moral nausea caused by the scandal of constitutional government à l'*Espagne*. But no doubt the disgust could easily be revived; and no doubt a sufficient recognition of that fact has duly influenced the plans of Primo de Rivera.

Of the period between the eviction of Isabella and the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in the person of Isabella's son, Alfonso XII, in January 1875, the most important observation to make is that the two-year experiment of a republic thoroughly discredited the idea of the suitability of republican government for Spain. At least for the present and apparently for a great many years to come: so the Republican chiefs, among whom were included some of the finest personalities of Spain, ruefully admitted. Another idea — a very plausible one — was even more emphatically discredited; the idea, namely, of Federalism. It was proposed in the Constituent Cortes, assembled to frame a constitution for the Republic, that the Republic should be a federation of thirteen States corresponding to the ancient kingdoms and principalities. The rumor of that proposal had a curious effect throughout Spain.

It aroused long-suppressed desires to a positive fury of assertion. Catalonia declared her independence; but of course separatism is an old story in Catalonia. Barcelona has been in a chronic state of revolt ever since the fifteenth century. The situation is peculiar there. The people are Roussillonnais, whereas the rest of the Spaniards are predominantly Iberian or Berber (which is the same thing to the ethnologist). Even the Basques are Iberians, the purest Iberians of them all. Valencia followed Catalonia's lead (pursuant to historical precedent), but at a little distance. She declared autonomy and proceeded to effect it. But the Catalans

and Valencians cherished traditions of the local self-government of which they had been deprived in the previous century. They proceeded with a certain sanity and deliberation. It was the Andalusians and Murcians who went quite mad; mad as Malays amok, mad as Hatters or March Hares. The measure of autonomy proposed in the Cortes was not enough for them. Not Federalism but *Cantonalismo* was the ticket. In other words, sheer anarchy with its cruelest additaments. Much against the grain of the Republican chiefs,—Pi y Margall, Salmeron, Castelar, the most humane, the most antimilitarist, the least practical of men,—the mad ‘Volunteers of Liberty’ had to be restored to their senses by the persuasion of the bullet.

Ford, in his incomparable *Gatherings from Spain*, has a charming passage on Spanish ‘localism’—what others are apt to call ‘separatism’—and quotes Strabo’s saying about the Iberians of his day, that ‘they never would put their shields together.’ This ‘localism’ or ‘particularismus’ was, of course, in full flourish throughout the period of Reconquest, and accounts for the length of that period. It was again whoopingly in evidence in the Napoleonic period and once more in the episode of 1820–23; but its extreme manifestation was in the brief days of the Republic, 1873–4, and there are disturbing indications that it may flame forth again with no less violence under encouraging conditions.

It is of great significance that the Andalusian peasants, the miserable wretches of the latifundia, participated in the outrages of 1873 with an enthusiasm equal to that of the town mobs. No doubt Primo de Rivera, Dictator of Spain, has a memory for Cartagena, Malaga, the affair of Alcoy (as nasty as our own Herrin massacre); no doubt he reflects that little has been

done since 1873 to satisfy the grievances of the Andalusian peasants, which indeed scream to Heaven; doubtless the indications, north, south, east, west, have not escaped his eye, of degeneration of the ‘localism’ of Strabo’s day into anarchism. Beyond doubt, consideration of these things has deeply influenced his plans for the restoration of Spain.

In January 1875, young Alfonso landed at Barcelona, coming from England and a course at Sandhurst. He mounted the throne of his fathers to universal acclamation and satisfaction. Carlism, militarism, republicanism, federalism, anarchism, and royal debauchery, had all been discredited. The type of government desired by the majority of Spaniards was thus sufficiently ‘indicated.’

II

Quite obviously the form of government most suitable for the Spain of 1875 was a moderate constitutional monarchy, and no less obviously, it seems to me, that is the form of government most suitable for the Spain of to-day: a monarchy that should be liberalized gradually, conformably to the tendencies of the age. The government established by Canovas del Castillo, the great Conservative minister who dominated the Spanish political scene from 1875 to 1897, was in form just that—a moderate constitutional monarchy; and in form it has been greatly liberalized since its institution. How comes it, then, that after fifty years of this ‘constitutional’ monarchy, so greatly liberalized withal, we now behold a successful military pronunciamiento, and a military dictator laying about him with a big stick as Narvaez himself never dared to lay about; and—more amazing still—the business apparently approved by the great majority of the Spanish people and the

best part of informed world opinion?

The explanation is that the so-called constitutional government was no such thing; that it was the most egregious sham ever foisted on a gullible world; more of a sham even than the American concept of Liberty; the most mendacious political bam ever perpetrated, more mendacious by far than an American party platform. Now the Spanish are a humorous people. They are aware of the necessary part Mendacity plays in the affairs of this world; especially in the sphere of politics. Spain has produced disinterested and high-minded statesmen; such as Castelar, for only one example. But the Spaniards know well enough that such are not for the necessary rough work of State. The world is what it is; a humorous devising. Let the politicians lie and juggle, for such is their nature, provided they 'produce the goods' in the forms of full bellies, a little Valdepeñas for the *bota*, and the price, now and then, of a seat at the bullfight. These things not forthcoming, explanations are in order.

These things have not been forthcoming from the civilian politicians under the constitutional system, so-called, and so the Spanish people are content that the army officers, who have their own particular grievances, should proceed by extra-legal means to the satisfaction of those grievances, provided that at the same time they take effective order, as they have promised, to satisfy the people's grievances. No doubt the people are vaguely aware how in the days before the Restoration military dictators flouted and betrayed their interests as egregiously as have the 'constitutional' civilian Governments since. But the offense of the latter is more recent. Perhaps, think the people, the officers have had a change of heart. At any rate, they cannot do worse than the civilian crew. Let them have a trial.

So the people — feeling rather than thinking, or perhaps indifferent as yet.

But suppose that the military chiefs should fail to make good on their promises, whether through weakness or willfulness?

Going back to first causes, the grievances of army and people are referable to the utterly false theory of government evolved by Canovas del Castillo, head of the Conservatives, acquiesced in and in due time accepted by Sagasta, chief of the Liberals, and transmitted by them to their political heirs and assigns; and to the execrable machinery by which practical effect was given to the theory. The 'big idea' of Canovas was that the two great dynastic parties, Conservative and Liberal, should alternate in possession of the Government, the times and ostensible causes of transfer to be arranged by the party chiefs. When the time arrived for a transfer, a straw measure would be set up by the Government and its cohorts would rally to it ferociously. Then the Opposition, joined by a sufficient number of traitors, would attack with the fury of Alva's infantry. Down would go the straw bill, the Cabinet would resign, and there you were. The Ins were Outs, and the Outs were Ins, and so on forever and forever. 'Rotativist' is the pretty name applied to this pretty system.

The new Cabinet would, of course, require a Chamber of like flavor and bouquet. Here was where the infamous machinery, above alluded to, for controlling elections, came in. The name of this institution is *El Caciquismo* — as who should say: the Perfect Flower of Bossism. There was a hierarchy of *caciques* from the Home Secretary down. The local *caciques* controlled the municipal councils (so degraded now from their mediæval pride) which managed the local elections. Enough said: when Boss Tweed found it con-

venient to go overseas, he naturally betook himself to Spain.

It is obvious how from so grand a Sham nought but shammish could proceed; how a *Mendacium* so stupendous would breed an infinity of *Mendaciuncula*. Such a system, of course, would be especially obnoxious to criticism. To silence that, bribery was 'indicated'; or legislation damaging to the common weal but favorable to particular interests — for example, high tariffs to placate Barcelona; or the tempestive wink. The generous youth entering politics must be corrupted. Places must be found, the civil and pension lists swelled. What more natural than that the Ins should line their pockets against the lean days of Out-ness? A little rake-off, say, on a contract for supply of the army; or a little stock-jobbing; or another sinecure. It would not do, of course, to discover to the lieges the application of the public funds; therefore the Budget must lie — which it always did. When Gamazo, in 1892, brought in an honest budget for once, he almost caused a revolution. Inevitably it became the custom to consolidate the yearly deficit with the Interior Debt.

Still, the public debt, though far too large, is not now of a size to justify alarm. It is about the equivalent of \$2,400,000,000, having increased by only about \$600,000,000 since 1898.

The chief grievances in the matter of public finance have been the high expenditure, the consequent heavy taxation, the almost mediæval method of assessment whereby the burden has been made to fall mostly on the poor, and the dishonesty and inefficiency in the methods of collection, whence it was that less than two thirds of the amounts assessed reached the Treasury. From time to time able and honest finance ministers, like Camacho and Villaverde, emerged, with proposals

of reform and retrenchment, but only a minor part of these proposals were enacted against the opposition of the placemen, the grafters, the vested interests, the pensioners, all the servants of the Grand Sham.

It is since 1914 that the infamy of the fiscal system has come out into boldest relief. Spain profited tremendously by the war; to the tune, it is said, of \$1,600,000,000. That is, the Spanish capitalists profited; not the producers, whose wages were not raised nor living conditions improved; not the fisc, which did not tax the monstrous profits. To the contrary, public expenditure immensely increased, and the consequent taxes were paid by the old crowd, the humble *pecheros*; for pechero (taxpayer) is the significant name applied of old to folk of low degree. But, thanks to increasing Socialist and Communist propaganda, the people, the *pecheros*, have become increasingly aware of the vast inequality in the distribution of wealth, of the unjust discrimination of the fisc in favor of the old privileged classes and the 'new rich,' and suspicious of relations of graft between the latter and the official class. This is perhaps the most outstanding grievance of the Spanish masses — the economic, fiscal, and financial grievance.

It is undoubtedly true that with elimination of graft and with 'indicated' fiscal reforms (I have omitted to speak of the absurd tariffs due to cowardly yielding to Catalan pressure), public expenditure could be reduced to a tolerable level, the budget balanced, and the public debt put in course of liquidation. These things Primo de Rivera, Spanish Dictator, has promised.

III

We are now come to the occasion (though not the 'first cause,' which was

the Grand Sham) of the Spanish coup of September 13, 1923: namely, the indignation of the army over the Government's manner of dealing with the Moroccan Question.

It is with difficulty that I resist the temptation briefly to outline here the romantic story of the relations between Spain and Morocco from early historical times to the consummation of the Christian Reconquest of Spain, in 1492. Immediately on the fall of Granada the idea presented itself to the great Cardinal Ximenes, of continuing the crusade by an invasion of Africa, and of consolidating the African conquests and extending Spain to the Atlas range. A beginning was made toward a realization of that idea by the capture of sundry towns and strategic points and islands along the Mediterranean coast of Africa, but attention was soon diverted from that quarter to the Americas.

The African conquests of the great Ferdinand fell away one by one until in 1791 only Melilla, some neighbor islands, and an insignificant littoral, were left. Ceuta, however, fell in with the annexation of Portugal, and its possession by Spain was confirmed by the Treaty of Lisbon in 1688. It was on these possessions, and her immemorial 'interests,' however shadowy grown, in those parts, that Spain, in proposing to resume the project of the great Cardinal, based her Moroccan claims.

That Spain never forgot Morocco, but cherished a very lively sense of her claims there, was seen in the African plans of Charles III and Floridablanca, and more emphatically in the business of 1859. In 1859 detachments of the garrison of Melilla were sent out into the neighboring country to gather firewood. The Berbers resented such trespassing, as they called it, and retaliated by harassments and destruc-

tion of some of the Spanish outworks. O'Donnell, then in power in Madrid, was much in need of popularity. He decided that a punitive expedition against the Sultan of Morocco would do the trick. He was right. The crusading spirit was aroused to a pitch that recalled the blessed time of Isabella. The expedition was stupidly mismanaged, but was successful because of the heroism of the troops fired by crusading zeal. The Sultan was in a mood to make heavy territorial concessions, but England intervened to forbid such terms. The episode, however, demonstrated that, given a cause which could arouse and focus the latent passion of loyalty of the Spaniard to Church or King ('t is all one), Spanish troops would fight as bravely as in the days of Garcilaso de la Vega.

No doubt Primo de Rivera has well perpended this episode, and not impossibly he has laid his Moroccan plans accordingly. We have no precise information as to the reasons for the recent visit of their Catholic Majesties and Primo de Rivera to the Vatican. Can it be that the main object was to enlist the coöperation of the Vatican with a view to giving to a fresh push in Morocco the character of a crusade? The reaction of a successful crusade would immensely enhance the prestige of the Church. The concessions glanced at would be compensated many-fold. The Vatican can make or mar.

It seems to me that the Revolution opens out a magnificent opportunity for a satisfactory adjustment of the relations of Church and State in Spain, an adjustment which should immensely enhance the legitimate opportunities of the Church, which should cordially recognize that Spain is in fact a Catholic country, and yet should end the tradition of Clerical obstruction to a liberal evolution of Government and to a sufficiently generous educational

system. An ultramontane Government, as we have seen, will not be tolerated in Spain; but ultramontane opposition will defeat any other sort of Government, short of bloody revolution, years of revolution, Old Spain turned upside down. One should like to have overheard the conversations between the Spanish Dictator, their Catholic Majesties, and His Holiness.

But to return to our muttons, or the Morocco Question.

It was natural that, the chapter of the Americas closed in 1898, Spain should turn her eyes to Morocco. But she was weary and impoverished. A terrible lassitude fell upon her; pessimism, disillusionment. She was fain to postpone that project for a while. But that was not permitted.

In 1909, workmen engaged in building a railway from Melilla to mines in the hills held by Spanish *concessionaires*, were attacked by Rif tribesmen. A punitive expedition of 50,000 was therefore sent to Melilla, and after a terrible campaign the Rifeños submitted. But this time there was no slightest sign of a crusading spirit. To the contrary, the proposal to call out the Catalan reserves led to a general strike in Barcelona; bloody riots; martial law throughout Spain; a three months' military reign of terror; the first awesome demonstration of the new Syndicalism, an allotropic and incredibly hideous form of the Anarchism hitherto noted.

Here then is another of those considerations which must have lent an impulse to Primo de Rivera's coup, and must have strongly colored his plans; the consideration of the menace of Syndicalism, which has its headquarters at Barcelona but has spread to other industrial centres and since 1909 has thriven mightily. One hears it said that, failing a revolution from the Right, one would have seen by this a

revolution from the Left. It may be so. Primo de Rivera has gone about sturdily to scotch that serpent. Can he kill it?

The Rifeños given a stomachful for the nonce, a treaty was patched up with the Sultan of Morocco, and all signs pointed to an indefinite postponement of aggressive action in Morocco. But it was not permitted. The French push in Morocco compelled aggressive assertion of the Spanish claims if they were not to be abandoned. A very limited recognition of the Spanish claims was conceded by the Convention of the Powers in 1912 which defined the French Protectorate of Morocco, the Spanish Zone of Morocco, and, very vaguely, the international status of Tangier. But already, in 1911, the Spanish Government had begun, in face of disapproving popular demonstrations, to push forward in Morocco. The project of the Great Cardinal was to be resumed, though on a greatly reduced scale. The tract of country it was proposed to conquer and Hispanicize is a rough rectangle extending east and west about two hundred miles from Larache to the mouth of the Muluya, and about seventy miles inward from the Mediterranean; enclosing within it the little internationalized 'zone' of Tangier.

The Spanish Zone is divided into three districts: the eastern, with headquarters at Melilla; the central, with headquarters at Tetuan; the western, with headquarters at Larache. There has never been much difficulty in the Larache district; the Tetuan district, now that El Raisuli has ceased from troubling, may be accounted fairly pacified; the grand difficulties have been and are in the Rif district. Perhaps the most important military problem has been to effect communication by land between the Tetuan and Rif districts. Such communication

achieved, the general military problem in the Rif would be greatly simplified. It has not been achieved.

But in the ten years from 1911 to 1921 progress, important though slow, was being compassed in the Rif; apparently satisfactory enough to the Spanish authorities. A line of blockhouses had been established some fifty miles westward from Melilla. A light railway had been pushed out about half this distance. Thence to the blockhouses communication was by rough roads with difficulty negotiated by motor vehicles. Along these roads were chains of posts. Direct communication between the blockhouses was meagre and precarious, owing to the mountainous character of the country. The service of the rear was wretchedly organized, there were no supplementary lines of defense, coördination in retreat would be impossible. But apparently very few entertained apprehensions of disaster.

IV

In July 1921, there were about 15,000 Spanish troops in the Rif district; practically all at the front. On July 18 hordes of wild tribesmen issued from the recesses of the hills and swooped on the Spanish positions. It would seem that in few instances did the Spaniards make a stand; rather, they turned and fled, abandoning artillery, transport, stores, everything. Within four days the entire Spanish forces had practically been wiped out and the Rifis were bombarding Melilla with captured Spanish guns. It was one of the most horrible episodes in military history, and an unspeakable disgrace to Spanish arms. One hesitates to impute cravenness, but must impute incapacity, with few exceptions, to the officers. A notable exception was General Navarro, who assembled some 3000 fugitives, organized and heartened

them, and with them fell back on Monte Arruit and there dug in; in vain, for, fighting desperately, they were overwhelmed. Their retreat was covered by a small body of cavalry under Colonel Primo de Rivera, presumably a relative of the Dictator, whose conduct was worthy of the knights of the Paso Honroso or even of Hernando del Pulgar himself.

To what, then, is the disaster to be attributed? To sheer cowardice? No, the individual Spaniard, to-day as of old, is one of the bravest of men. The little remnant with Navarro defended themselves desperately and died heroically. Evidently a sufficient number of officers with this remnant were efficient as well as brave. The wild stampede from the positions is attributable in chief to utter lack of collective morale, the latter being chargeable to lack of discipline, lack of training, general lack of confidence of the men in their officers. Somehow one fails to conceive confidence in a Government conducted by Spanish officers: but perhaps Primo de Rivera has been careful to assign to the tasks of government only the Navarros and the (Colonel) Primo de Riveras.

It behoves to probe deep for the causes of the Rif disaster; for, unless those causes are ascertained and discovered to be remediable, there is no hope of vindication of Spanish arms, no hope, indeed, at all for Spain.

I said that the disaster was not due to cowardice. That statement must be qualified. Starvation will abate the bravest spirits; and accounts agree that the Spanish soldiers were wretchedly underfed. It is not fair to pass judgment on the native quality of underfed troops.

The blockhouse system was the right one, but, as I have remarked, the communications, lateral and to the rear, were wretchedly inadequate. Con-

sidering that the front line had been advanced only fifty miles in ten years, there had been ample time to perfect communications. But for this labor battalions were needed rather than soldiers; and very considerable apparatus and supplies for constructing railroads, military highways, trails, and so forth. The military people say that they made the proper requisitions, but that the appropriations for these purposes, sufficiently skimpy, were mostly dissipated in graft; they add that large part of the moneys appropriated for food, hospitals, equipment, and supplies of every sort, lodged in the pockets of contractors, civil servants, members of the Government itself. Therefore, assert the military, the Rif disaster is attributable quite as much to the Government as to themselves. Moreover, they cry out, it is an old story; merely the Rif episode is its culminating and most disgraceful chapter. The army in Cuba was, by their account, the victim of similar treatment; 100,000 lives uselessly sacrificed there through inadequacy of transport, of food, of necessities in general — all chargeable to Government inefficiency and to graft.

As to the grievances of the rank and file of the army and those of the people in re/Morocco, they are readily inferable from the above. The Cuban wars had been hateful; the flower of Spanish youth vainly sacrificed. But the Rif disaster was a crowning horror. Too true is still the ancient saying: 'Here is Castile. She makes men and wastes them.'

Naturally, all Spain was stirred to the depths. The army of course could not object to investigation, and did not, but demanded that the civilian share of responsibility be determined. A committee headed by General Picasso was appointed to investigate, and is understood to have made a thorough

and impartial job of it. But its report never got beyond committee in the Cortes; one suspects because its publication would have compromised too many important persons. Significantly, debate on the Rif question in the Cortes became languid. Civilian responsibility, so it seemed, was not to be fixed.

Meantime, what was being done toward rectification of the situation in the Rif district, recovery of the ground lost, vindication of Spanish arms? Not a great deal, apparently. Troops were poured into Melilla in numbers more than sufficient — had they been of the right quality — to put the Rifeños quite out of business. But they were mere lads, undernourished, almost devoid of military training. Precise authentic information is lacking, but it is probably correct to say that no very great progress was being made toward recovery of the positions held in July 1921, when of a sudden, if you please, an entirely new policy was announced. The Rifeños were to be conciliated, not conquered. A civilian commissioner replaced the military commissioner of the Spanish Zone; and a 'Spanish Protectorate of Morocco' was proclaimed, a pacific millennial affair. And this at the very time when Abdul Krim, chief of the Berbers, was proclaiming a Rif Republic, sending missions to London, Paris, Rome, to ask recognition thereof, telling the world that the Spaniards must clear out of his country, that he would admit no compromise. Indignation over the failure of the Government to bring to book the civilians in part responsible for the Rif disaster, and over the failure of the Government to vindicate Spanish military honor, was the immediate cause of the coup of September 13, 1923.

It should have been the aim of a genuine constitutional monarchy with a liberal objective: to subordinate the military and religious powers to the

civil power; to promote the education of the electorate; to do away the mediæval injustices of the latifundia; to adjust the absurdly conflicting industrial and agricultural interests; to expunge the unfair remnants of ancient privilege; within discreet limits (remembering the lesson of 1873) to restore the municipal councils after the pattern of the mediæval *concejos*; to revive agriculture, profiting by Roman and Moorish lessons; to deal boldly with the Catalan question, if necessary destroying the Catalan monopoly, which has not always existed, witness the now extinct but once greatly flourishing woollen industry of Toledo, the silk and leather industries of Andalusia; to give to the judiciary a prestige and independence recalling the Aragonian tradition of the Justicia; to create, out of the splendid material available, a truly national army such as Gonsalvo de Cordova himself might be proud to command; to deal with the problems of economics and finance in the enlightened spirit of a Campomanes or a Villaverde; to open the spiritual passes closed by Philip II. For all that is needed to the restoration of Spain there is abundant ensample and tradition in Spanish history.

But all these needed reforms have been negatived by the Grand Sham; to the effect that after fifty years of the form without the substance of constitutional monarchy, a military dictatorship more rigid than any hitherto known in Spain has established itself to the general approval.

V

What, precisely, is the programme of Primo de Rivera?

That part of it which has been disclosed may be summarized as follows:—

1. Deracination of Communism, Anarchism and the like, and of Separatism.

2. Purification of administration in all grades, with drastic retrenchments and financial reforms.

3. 'Placing the problem of Morocco on a firm basis, in such a manner that it cannot be ruinous to Spain.' [The Dictator's own words.]

4. Bringing to trial of the civilians held by the military to be largely responsible for the Moroccan disasters.

5. Independence of the judiciary.

What has been done pursuant to the above programme?

1. A National Directorate has been established consisting of nine generals (representing the nine military *regiones* of Spain) and the Admiral of the Navy. This Directorate governs by decree. The King sits in at the Directorate meetings and signs the decrees.

2. The Cortes have been dissolved.

3. Certain constitution rights have been suspended, including trial by jury, and the rights of free assembly, free speech, and a free press.

4. A decree directs organization of a national militia, to be on the model of the Italian Fascista organization and to consist of 450,000 men (50,000 for each of the nine military *regiones*). It does not appear what has been accomplished pursuant to this important decree. The Spanish national militia of bygone days has bequeathed an unsavory memory.

5. The ministries have been suppressed, except those of War and the Navy, the departments thus decapitated being administered by their senior permanent officials.

6. The provincial civil administrations have been abolished (governors and provincial deputations sent packing), and in lieu

of them a committee has been set up for each of the nine *regiones*, consisting of a general of artillery, a general of infantry, and one of cavalry.

7. The old municipal councils have been dissolved and new councils elected, under supervision of military officers to prevent interference by the local *caciques*.

8. A perfect horde of unnecessary placemen have been dismissed.

9. Drastic action, including many arrests, has been taken looking to suppression of Communism, Syndicalism and allied *isms*.

10. Promise has been given of free election of a new Cortes, and restitution of the Constitutional machinery. In due course, that is; when the process of purification is complete; when the Grand Sham, Rotativism, and El Caciquismo have been done to death.

11. The pacifist arrangements for Morocco have been cancelled and General Aizpuru has been sent to Melilla as generalissimo.

But the Dictator's intentions with respect to Morocco are not at all clear. This at least, however, is certain: that he intends completely to vindicate the honor of Spanish arms by pushing beyond the most advanced positions hitherto attained in the Rif. Some say that he proposes thereupon to chuck the Moroccan adventure completely; others think that he would withdraw in the Rif sector to the coast, retaining only a shallow littoral. Yet others believe he would retain and consolidate his conquest.

It may be remarked that the hare must be caught before it can be skinned, that the very able youth, Abdul Krim, may produce a Roland for Primo de Rivera's Oliver. Be that as it may, for reasons I cannot spread out

here (including the supremely important considerations of national pride and self-confidence), I believe the last-named course to be the statesmanlike one. Permanent conquest of the Rif country should be achievable without very great difficulty, by a determined and ably directed effort of 100,000 men following careful preparation. Of course I presuppose thorough reform of the army; to which (though the dispatches are silent thereanent) it seems proper to assume that Primo de Rivera has vigorously addressed himself. A further presupposition is necessary: namely, that Primo de Rivera should find a way to commend further prosecution of the Moroccan adventure to a people sickened thereof. One presupposes, that is, that Primo de Rivera is a very big man and that there are other big men competent to take up his task should he die or break down. For he is seventy years old.

No doubt the Rif business is the most important of the Dictator's problems. Disaster in that quarter would ruin him. But I take it that he will not court disaster by an immediate push. Meantime, there are the home problems. The Dictator has disclosed his programme only in part. He has been silent on some of the more important items of an adequate programme: as education, the relations with the Church, agrarian policy. A certain dispatch is 'indicated.' Convocation of a new Cortes, restoration of the constitutional machinery, must not be delayed overlong.

I lack the boldness to hazard a forecast as to the final outcome of Primo de Rivera's superb emprise. I recall how John Hay's estimate of the situation in Spain in 1870 was very largely falsified by the event. Oh yes! Primo de Rivera has a fighting chance; I would not say more. And should he fail?

Ay! de mi España!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THINGS THAT EVERY OWNER AND OPERATOR OF MOTOR VEHICLES SHOULD KNOW

I HAVE been motoring with a friend. The invitation came by telephone just before lunch, and took me, as such invitations do, at a disadvantage.

He said, 'Hello! Got anything important to do this afternoon?'

I said, 'Hello! Nothing very.'

He said, 'Take you out in the car.'

I said, 'What car?'

He said, 'My car.'

I said, 'Who's running it?'

He said, 'I am. Got my license this morning.'

I had forgotten, when he spoke, that he had a car, — a 'little Ford,' as they are lovingly called, — though I had recently seen him learning how to run it. But I had told him the truth. That is the direct result of the infernal informality of these invitations by telephone. More than that, as I could not help realizing, this invitation carried a responsibility. He was my friend. He had his license. It was even more important now that nothing should shake his confidence in himself. My attitude would affect his confidence. I aped his enthusiasm as I accepted.

It is an apt example of the effect of habit on the normal instinct for self-preservation that we who have no motor-cars trust ourselves so fearlessly with those who have. It is like our attitude toward the railway train, although in that case we are not personally acquainted with the engineer. We simply trust him. I should have had the same confidence in my friend except for the accident of seeing him

being taught. I should have rolled away as contentedly as Mr. Hazlitt starting out on his winding road for his three hours' march to dinner. 'It is hard,' he wrote, 'if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.' There are no lone heaths left in any part of the world that Mr. Hazlitt would be likely to inhabit; nowadays he would probably have a little Ford car of his own (or perhaps a motor-cycle, for he liked to go by himself), and take his pleasure in a three hours' run to dinner. The game he started would do the running and leaping if not the laughing and singing for joy. But I digress in these thoughts of Mr. Hazlitt.

'Don't touch my arm!' said my friend sharply. 'It-makes-me-nervous-to-have-anybody-touch-my-arm-when-I'm-driving.' A truck-load of groceries was coming, and he aimed his little Ford car at it. The mountain of groceries recoiled before him. My friend and the truck-driver blew their horns at each other. They advanced, retreated, and finally (as Shakespeare would have said) avoided. My friend shouted an apology to the truck-driver. The truck-driver (I regret to say) shouted a curse at my friend.

I was sorry to have touched my friend's arm. I had put on my ulster, with the moth-balls still in the pockets, and the garment widened my natural proportions. It did not make me indestructible, though no doubt it protected me from moths, but it at least added to my person its reassuring thickness.

'Thank you,' said my friend, noticing how I had shrunk away from him.

'That's *much* better. Now don't forget to keep your eye skinned for right-hand roads.'

There is an interesting little book I have since looked over — *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know* — which contains a bird's-eye view of two automobiles of equal size, power, and general destructiveness, approaching each other along intersecting roads. 'When two operators,' says the book, 'reach an intersection of ways at approximately the same time, the operator approaching from the other's right shall have the right of way. *The best way to prepare to observe this rule is to slow down as you approach every intersection, then keep your eye on the right. It is a good idea also to keep your eye on the left.*'

My friend had improved upon these instructions: he had made me his right eye. Firemen on their way to fires, policemen pursuing criminals, and hospital ambulances speeding to the sick or disabled, have always the right of way. But these approach unmistakably. There is time and to spare for the cautious motorist to leave his car and climb a telegraph pole, not forgetting, however, to lock the car or effectively set the brakes and stop the motor. The real difficulty in looking out for right-hand roads is their normal secretiveness. Often the road ahead unrolls, as novelists say in describing scenery, like a broad ribbon; but every now and then it unrolls round a corner. Sometimes there is a sign stating that this is a DANGEROUS CURVE; or, perhaps, that immediately beyond are many children, heedless and happy (as one quickly imagines) at their play. Almost anywhere there may be a right-hand road. Sometimes, to be sure, there is a sign, so that persons curious in such matters may learn the name of the road; but the convention is to place these signs where they will be least

conspicuous and not compete seriously with the billboards. Once in a while, as if by accident, a right-hand road is quite plainly visible across open country.

'There's a big car coming along this next road,' I remarked presently. 'It is still quite a long way off, and looks to me like a Chesterfield — or perhaps a Camel —'

'You don't have to *describe* the car,' interrupted my friend. 'Say "Stop" or "Go." That's quick and to the point, and tells me just what to do.'

'All right,' I said. 'Go!'

He blew his horn and went, forgetting for the instant something that every owner and operator of motor-vehicles should know about slowing down. The larger car — I was still uncertain whether it was a Chesterfield or a Camel — seemed to be coming a good deal faster than I had estimated. I decided that I should have said, 'Stop'; but I had said, 'Go,' and it was too late now to change my advice. Instinctively I wrapped myself closer in my ulster and breathed deeply of moth-ball. But the operator of the Camel — or Chesterfield — remembered his book. He slowed down with astonishing rapidity. He knew that he had the right of way, but he graciously conceded it.

It was a beautiful afternoon for motoring. Autumn had come, but summer lingered. I was too warm in my ulster. Now and then, watching out for right-hand roads, I saw something of the scenery and pictures — a pond, a hillside, a maiden preserving her schoolgirl complexion, cows in a meadow, a gentleman in a bath-robe lathering his face with a perfect shaving-soap. Once in a while I involuntarily and stealthily glanced at my friend operating his car. It was unquestionably a major operation.

Yet it sometimes happened that the road not only unrolled like a broad

ribbon, but was equally empty of human beings, live stock, and poultry. Then I unbuttoned my ulster, and my friend his face. If we had been Mr. Hazlitt, we should have laughed, we should have sung for joy.

These periods were too good to last. The ribbon was seldom empty. There might be, for example, just ahead of us:

- a boy on a bicycle;
- a touring car;
- two or three hens;
- a woman wheeling an infant in a perambulator;
- a cat crossing the road;
- an old man driving a load of hay.

Or there might be:

- a child on a kiddy car;
- lovers walking hand in hand;
- a truck loaded with granite;
- two beings of opposite sex on a motor-cycle;
- a horse and buggy;
- a farmer leading two or more cows.

These combinations are merely illustrative. They represent men, women, and children of all ages, any kind of vehicle in use during the past half-century, and all native animals and poultry. Wild animals are negligible unless you happen to meet a circus procession. 'Most of the accidents,' says the careful author of *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know*, 'happen in thickly settled districts. Slow down! You may lose a little time but may save a life.' At such moments my friend slows down. He may lose a little time, but he may save not only one life but several. And I button my ulster. I may be too warm but I may save a life.

Human movement is dependent on instinctive mathematics. When I walk I am constantly solving a series of problems. So is everybody else within

sight. We determine where we all are, and where we all shall be at successive moments; and thus we navigate, steering ourselves so shrewdly that we rarely bump into each other. So my friend, operating his car, must estimate the respective speed of the boy on the bicycle, the touring car, the woman wheeling the infant, and the old man driving the load of hay.

Here, it seems to me, is a timely suggestion for the writer of a school arithmetic: If a little Ford car is traveling at a speed of 10 miles an hour; and a boy on a bicycle, 26 yards in front of the little Ford car, is traveling at a speed of 6 miles an hour; and a woman, 12 yards in front of the boy on the bicycle, is wheeling an infant in a perambulator at a speed of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour; and an old man, 147 yards in front of the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator, is driving a load of hay toward the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator at a speed of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour; and a touring car, 57 yards behind the load of hay, is overtaking the old man driving the load of hay at a speed of 57 miles an hour — what is the correct speed for the little Ford car to pass the boy on the bicycle and the woman wheeling the infant in the perambulator without colliding with the old man driving the load of hay? or the touring car? or both? or everybody?

A careful operator must consider also the probable behavior and speed of the hens. 'The highways,' says *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should Know*, 'are made for all the people and should be safe for all. Slow down. You may reach your destination a minute later, but you are more likely to get there, and you may save a life.' At such moments my friend was in no hurry. Anybody could have seen that his first thought was to save a life.

The sun was setting. My friend had

turned his little chariot round. To do this, you select a wealthy private estate with a wide driveway, blow your horn in case the owner should happen to be coming out, make the appropriate gesture with your left hand, and drive in. Just as if you were coming to dinner. Then you stop short, blow your horn in case the owner should happen to be coming in, make the appropriate gesture with your left hand, and back out. Just as if you had made a mistake. *But you back out at a different angle*, which ingeniously turns you round, and provides, I think, an unanswerable argument for the preservation of wealthy private estates in a democracy.

Twilight deepened; and all the familiar things of day — trees, houses, men, women, children, vehicles, animals, and poultry — became by degrees vague and spectral. I turned up the collar of my ulster. Now and then a car, operated by a true believer in the doctrine of Safety First, came glaring at us with goblin eyes. Here and there, a farmer's wife switched on the electricity in her quaint old-fashioned kitchen. My friend pressed a button and his little Ford car projected two beams of light.

Acarpassedus—'Hell!' said my friend in a hardly audible whisper. It was now almost dark.

'I wonder if you would mind,' said my friend presently, 'if I drop you at the next corner. It's only a mile or so to your house. If I take the other turn, I'll be home sooner. It's getting a bit later than I said I'd be out, and I don't like to make the family nervous.'

He laughed and I laughed. 'Not a bit,' said I heartily.

He blew his horn, made the appropriate gesture with his left hand, and stopped his car on the corner. I took off my ulster. I should be late for supper, but (as *Things That Every Owner and Operator of Motor Vehicles Should*

Know would put it) I was more likely to get there, and I might save a life.

TWILIGHT ON THE ULTAVA

THE young Spring sun gilds the upper windows of the houses on the Quay, and throws into startling relief the seven Muses and the plunging black horses high on the foursquare roof of the National Theatre; and as I turn into the Masaryk Quay, I stop, enchanted at the view across the river; for a year of changing seasons has failed to dull the first sudden rapture of the scene, the imperishable beauty sinking, day by day, into my soul like the odor of some rare, precious perfume.

And as the sun disappears, dropping quietly out of sight behind the two tiny towers of the Strahov Monastery, my thoughts travel back to the romantic impulse that brought me here — a chance phrase thrown into a conversation, that a certain person was in Prague, and the comparative security of London life was left behind to follow a strange, unsuccessful quest; for the certain person had gone on to Italy, and to more distant countries still, and my journey half across Europe has brought me nothing more beautiful than this mediæval scene.

'Golden Prague, the City of a Hundred Towers,' is, according to my Czech friend, the 'fourth most beautiful city in Europe'; and I can well believe his proud boast, for surely there are few cities with green-wooded hills rising from their very hearts.

Opposite is the Petrin, its green slopes sweeping steep and superb to the cloudless evening sky; its trees, white with May blossom, flooded and suffused with the pink afterglow of the sun, which also throws a soft wash of light over the Castle of Hradchany on the other slope, its long low roofs

broken by the half-concealed Cathedral; and below, red roof on red roof, clusters the old Mala Strana, some of its houses sheer to the water's edge, others climbing the hillside like the old houses in some half-forgotten Italian painting.

I rarely like statues, perhaps because in England they are generally so ugly and hideous; but this statue of Charles the Fourth pleases me: a fine, upright figure of a man, bearded, and smiling benevolently, one hand resting negligently on his hip, the other clasping the seal of the University he founded here; for he was a patron of the arts and sciences, and was called 'the father of his people.' But I find it difficult to reconcile this graceful monarch with the old Charles Bridge close by, adorned some time later than his reign with foolish, posturing, gesticulating stone saints, and a crucified Christ, golden from crowned head to pierced feet, a hateful, parvenu Christ, straight from the golden streets of Heaven; although I can well imagine Charles as a great friend of the priests and monks, enjoying equally their food, their wine, and their witty stories; and many an evening such as this must have found him in their company.

The last pink glow fades from a sky tinged with green; the solitary evening star appears in the west; and at last dusk descends, slowly blurring the long level lines of windows in the Castle; smudging the indistinct colors of the old houses into soft ash-gray shadows; and casting over all, the infinite sadness of a romantic twilight.

The mysterious, shapeless shadows cast by the tall trees on the Strelecky Island hide the last few boats slipping to the shore; two naked boys rapidly paddle their canoe; a slight girl, rowing with strong, steady, rhythmical strokes, trails a silver shadow along the water; and when she disappears beneath the

overhanging trees, the wide river is green and calm and beautiful as a silent lake hidden in a mountain fastness.

But the sad, twilight mood of the river, enclosing within itself the romantic, picturesque glamour of a faded past, is no fit companion to the melancholy gloom of my own unquiet heart, unable to indulge in that lofty, serene contemplation, which belongs to age that looks back upon its wasted days with calm eyes and deep content; for the impulse of our age is toward strife and conflict, and all our joy and happiness is found in the struggle to live our dreams.

Silhouetted against the faint, lingering light in the western sky, the Castle of Hradchany and the Cathedral become a poetical pile of romance sunk in soft, deep, pencil-black shadows; and under the darkness of the approaching night they appear as enchanted places, sleeping, virgin and untouched by the modern craving that would so readily destroy them; and upon looking down, the impression is deepened, for the whole mass is shadowed in the water like the fairy city of one's childhood imagination, the diagonal line of the weir, silver beneath a newly risen moon, cutting sharply across the reflection with a strange air of reality.

Across the river tiny dots of lights glimmer into being; and half-way up the dark mass of the Petrin slope the outdoor restaurant flashes its row of clear lights like signals; and I can imagine the lovers who will be sitting there, absorbed in each other, blind to the stained tablecloths, the bad tea, and the crumpled cakes.

Close by, the bright, glaring arc-lamps of the modern bridge, the Bridge of the Soldiers, swing high and dominant in curious contrast to the low, mediæval lamps of the old Charles Bridge at the other end of the Quay.

A chill breeze blows across the river, sending me across the road to our favorite coffeehouse, the Karvana Slavia, where I sit at a window facing the National Theatre so I can watch the audience as it streams forth; and stirring the thick white cream of my *bilo karva*, I wonder how Alvina will like Sasha Leontiev and Lydia Salomonova in Strauss's *Legend of Joseph*; but I know well what she will say about the music, her shrill London voice clattering the air of the coffeehouse with shameless 'Wonderfuls,' our laughter disturbing the chess-players.

The short, fat headwaiter, who speaks English because he has been in America, is approaching, and I look up and see Hyde, his pink, chinless face an intellectual challenge to the fat, well-fed habitués of the coffeehouse, making his way from the door; and as he gains our table, the headwaiter thrusts a week-old *Daily Telegraph* into my hands, and says, 'Good-evening, gents' — a salutation that never fails to amuse us.

GERTRUDE STEIN AND A ROBIN

It was Whistler, was n't it, who reported Nature as creeping up; and Wilde who, borrowing the idea, broached the suggestion, so disconcerting to the ever-abused bourgeoisie, that Nature is a trifle behind the times? So she is, though for aught we know her plagiarism may have in it something cocky and amused, like an adult consciously turned child for the moment, and cutting up and laughing at himself all the time he is performing.

This idea, if it deserves such a dignified nomenclature, came one morning while I was putting the finishing touches to a commutational, and perforce hurried, meal. Between gulps of coffee and attacks on a piece of toast that seemed, in its crisp mellowness, to

beg for a more leisurely process of mastication, there came to me from the front lawn the voice of a robin, chattering away like an old dotard, and imitating — I remember this with the clearness of a miracle — the moderns. Yes, that is what this silly robin was doing, though why, I don't for the life of me know, for she had no hopes of being reincarnated into a drawing-room poseur. It seemed to me that this particular robin was attempting to do for bird language what Gertrude Stein was doing for the English language. There was the desire — if not the capacity — to tell a story, and to do it, not simply, but with nuances of unintelligibility, symphonies of monotonous notes, *bravuras* of aimless repetition. I grew a little tired, after a few minutes, of that bird.

If you should happen to read a sentence of Gertrude Stein and hear a robin jabbering close on its heels, I am sure you too would be stirred by the curious resemblance. Heaven forbid that I should compare the supremely civilized and bravely experimental Gertrude Stein, matronly and superior among her Picassos, Matisses, Marie Laurencins, and cubistic paintings, to the silly hopping of a robin. It is more appropriate to make the robin take the onus, the flying start and ingratiating introduction of the simile. Now, Miss Stein, in the story, 'Miss Furr and Miss Skeene,' says: —

They did then learn many ways to be gay and they were then being gay being quite regular in being gay, being gay and they were learning little things, little things in ways of being gay, they were very regular then, they were learning very many little things in ways of being gay, they were being gay and using these little things they were learning to have to be gay with regularly gay with then and they were gay the same amount they had been gay. They were quite gay, they were quite regular, they

were learning little things, gay little things, they were gay inside them the same amount they had been gay, they were gay the same length of time they had been gay every day.

They were regular in being gay, they learned little things that are things in being gay, they learned many little things that are things in being gay, they were gay every day, they were regular, they were gay, they were gay the same length of time every day, they were gay, they were quite regularly gay —

and seems to imply shades of statement which to the sacrilegious uninitiate are hardly deserving of such labor.

And the bird, in its simple way, *seemed* to be saying something, which I translated as follows:

The day is beginning in a sort of beginning that is a day beginning daily; but to-day the day wants to begin in a morning daze that has been beginning every morning; chirpy, chirp chirp, chirpy-chirp, chirpy chirpy-chirp. When to-day was a day beginning its beginning day, the beginning day was a morning day beginning its beginning day.

Of course, I may possibly be wrong. It may have been talking — certainly it was n't singing — of food, or of its mate. But whatever it was discoursing upon so patiently and abstractedly, it had adopted the technique — to my ignorant way of thinking, the style — of Gertrude Stein.

At this point, the logical question to put to *my* cocksureness is, 'How do you know?' My answer is, 'It must be so.' With the axiom to begin with, that nature is gracefully laggard and shabbily unoriginal, always wearing last year's coat or waiting for the relics of somebody's contemporaneous habit, it is inevitable to presume that the bird in question was echoing something a year old. For if it (pardon me, O bird, for relegating you to fugaceous neutrality!) was not imitating Miss Stein, then whom — and I ask the question challengingly — could it have been imitating? Not Tennyson, surely, for he is *passé*; and not George Moore, for only the suavely mannered G. M. himself can do that.

Of course, there is the alternative supposition. But as this is an argumentative exposition, and I scorn all pretense to the open mind, I willfully disregard it, knowing only too well that it has already cropped up in the reader's mind.

The point of the whole matter is that, having immersed myself for several hours (oh, never to be forgiven purgatory, leading to no heaven of reward!) in some of the writings of Gertrude Stein, I cannot for the moment refrain from considering even the chirp of an innocent redbreast but as another version of Miss Stein's peculiarly repetitious prose.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THE *Atlantic* rises to a question of privilege. We are informed that a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Reverend M. E. Goodrich, speaking on January twenty-first at Tiffin, Ohio, before a meeting in behalf of the Near East Relief made the following statement: —

'Turkish money has bought out the *Atlantic Monthly* for the purpose of spreading propaganda against the Armenians.'

It is hard to associate so reckless and false a statement with the honesty and gravity of the profession of a clergyman. It is unpardonable that an untruth should be permitted to besmirch an appeal in a great cause.

Le Baron Russell Briggs is a professor of English at Harvard who, during many college generations, has metamorphosed the title *Dean* from a byword of reproach to an expression of natural affection. George W. Alger, a well-known member of the New York bar, is an *Atlantic* author of twenty years' standing. At this moment, A. Edward Newton is revisiting, amid the chill realities of the nineteen-twenties, the romantic scenes of forty years ago. Charles D. Stewart, author of many books, best known among them, perhaps, *The Fugitive Blacksmith*, descants with the detachment of a disinterested observer upon matters infinite and intimate in their importance to himself. George Villiers, a young English poet, has already contributed delightful verse to the *Atlantic*.

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Arthur Mason is a sailor home from the sea who has not forgotten all that he has seen and loved. Robert Macdonald collects in the tranquillity of Pitlochry the long chances he took as a prospector for gold and jewels in Australia. Florence J. Clark, in the Henry Street Settlement in New York, writes of things she knows of.

Archer Wall Douglas is one of the vice-presidents of the Simmons Hardware Company of St. Louis. When business hours are over, Mr. Douglas educates himself in human nature by analyzing character from handwritings. Hannah L. Protzman sends from Columbus, Ohio, this first story to the *Atlantic*. While a teacher in high school, the janitor told her 'colorful tales' of his life, which she wrote down as nearly as possible in his own words. 'Roast Chicking' the first of them.

* * *

Upton Close is the nom de guerre of Josef Hall, a lecturer and writer on Eastern subjects who has traveled and lived in the Orient. Joseph Auslander is a member of the English Department at Harvard and a poet whose harmonies are not unfamiliar to our readers. George P. Brett, whose life-long vocation has been successful publishing, writes of the dearest avocation of his later years. Bentley W. Warren is a distinguished member of the Boston bar.

* * *

On March twentieth next, President Eliot will be fourscore years and ten. The occasion will be national, and affords the *Atlantic* an appropriate opportunity for publishing this article so characteristically confident of our nation's future. Our readers will mark that on this day the *Atlantic* publishes a volume by President Eliot entitled *A Late Harvest*. Charles W. Brown, who has come to anchor as president of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, has spent many years afloat. If you ask whether he is a practical seaman, we reply that Captain Brown has sailed his ship round the Horn. Raymond Leslie Buell, now connected with the department of history of Harvard University, has recently returned from the Philippines. Alfred G. Gardiner, for years editor of the *London News*, is now living in alert retirement, a sharp observer of British politics.

Henry W. Bunn, who retired from the army on account of disabilities incurred in service, has for many years made an intensive study of European politics.

* * *

The following passage, taken from a recent letter of Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, is an interesting comment on his important article:—

Few Englishmen can be hostile to France, and I am certainly not one of them. It is with deep regret that I now find myself driven into the ranks of those who are opposed to her present policy.

The French reply to me will probably be that I myself have constantly urged Britain to develop her air power. That is true. So long as France pursues her present policy her neighbors must arm; they have no alternative. If force is to remain the only form of arbitrament, then force we must possess; but the interests of humanity nevertheless call for a protest against the fervid militarism which is marching all Europe at the quick step towards catastrophe.

Since my article was written I have seen it stated in the Press that the Italian air programme has been expanded and now envisages a total of 4000 heavier-than-air aircraft by the end of next year. Only last week our own Air Ministry called for an additional 400 pilots. Certain it is if the competition in aerial armaments is to continue, it is bound to be intensive. But who is to call a halt? Obviously if either of the Powers which are behind in the race were to make the first move the result would be merely a charge of self-interest. In my judgment, America alone is in a position to take the initiative. I feel that you will not consider it impertinent of me to suggest that this task is incumbent upon her. The Fates have made her the trustee of civilization, and civilization is in peril.

* * *

Countless readers have been 'listening in' at Professor Sherman's remarkable 'Conversation with Cornelia.' Their opinions take many forms. Here is one:—

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Cornelia's moral standards and Mr. Sherman's critical are alike incontrovertible. Can they be any less infallible in their judgment of the younger generation? I dare the question because I read books with Cornelia's daughters until they are eighteen and go away to college; and until they are twenty and past, they come back to

sit beside my fire and talk. (Eighteen to twenty was Cornelia's perilous period.)

Between the ages of fourteen and eighteen Cornelia's daughters read with me, directed by the all-wise Providence of the College Board, those nineteenth-century novels which Mr. Sherman instances in his study of 'the idea of chastity.' I fancy that Cornelia read them at the same age, as I, half way between Cornelia's generation and that of her daughters, did. May I ask Cornelia whether it was a development of 'the idea of chastity' that she found in that reading of *David Copperfield* and *Adam Bede* and *Tess* and *The Scarlet Letter*? At eighteen was it ideas that she found in novels?

Last spring Hilda, who went to Vassar this fall, read *Adam Bede*. She talked to me about it with so much appreciation that I was pleased. 'But one step in the plot I must have missed,' she remarked finally. 'I never could find when Arthur and Hetty were married, but they must have been, for Hetty had the baby.' — Hilda is bobbed and lip-sticked: her gold vanity case always lies on top of her notebook. She it was who told me of the empty flasks in the boys' dressing-room at the Christmas dance.

This year Martha and Helen, who are going to university and college next year, read *The Scarlet Letter*. They discussed it with me. Said Martha, who is eighteen: 'It was beautiful like a piece of music, the forest, and the dancing figure of Pearl, but so queer and mysterious. What did that letter mean?'

Perhaps these girls are exceptional, but they are in no way set apart from their associates in manner or appearance. I am inclined to believe them rather like Cornelia's daughters. In the colleges in which they will spend the years from eighteen to twenty I hope that they will learn the physiology which Cornelia should have taught them. But why is it certain that in those colleges their literary diet will be exclusively the novels of Mr. D. H. Lawrence and his peers? Frances, a college junior, lent me Sabatini's newest novel this Christmas, and Janet, a debutante, was deep in *Hawkeye*. They do not really like novels, they tell me, which deal with the lives of old married-folk of thirty-five and thereabout; and, fortunately, Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Galsworthy do. Some novels of this type they will read, but if Cornelia and school and college have helped them to find bravery and beauty and fidelity in books, will the noisome vapors that sometimes reach them spoil that taste and tarnish their shining youth?

The lady's elder brother, you remember, had an idea of chastity, but the lady herself passed safely through the dark wood in the 'sun-clad power of chastity.'

EVA MCKINLEY WEST.

It is always a pleasure to set New York right. Will our anonymous critic from the Metropolis, who takes for granted Boston's perfect ignorance concerning all things topical, take note that when Mr. Pound (January *Atlantic*) wrote, 'dozens of "Ford alumni," as Dean Marquis calls them,' he meant just what he said. Even on Arlington Street we know that Don Marquis is a bird — and a brilliant one — of quite a different feather.

* * *

We shall not soon hear the last of Mr. Haywood's discussion of the all-important subject. Scores of letters simply rehearse, with greater or less emphasis, opinions on one side or the other, strongly held. Some, however, cast a new and interesting light on this subject. Note the following:—

TWISP, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

You have for many years been a welcome visitor in the home of a couple of middle-aged high-school teachers in the wilds of the State of Washington, thus forming the link that joins them to the thinking world at large.

Mr. Haywood's article has been used by me for classroom work in English. I thought it might interest you to get the opinion of twenty upper classmen in our H. S. 'Charley' and the 'Ex-Soldier' divided honors for most contempt, the Italians and the 'Farmer' for most sympathy. In answering the question asked by the article, twelve were for unconditional repeal of the Prohibition amendment; four wanted a National Referendum, one did not want the open saloon back but a system of distribution based on Canada's. Three were for more and better law enforcement, blaming severely judges and courts for slackness and graft.

We live not far from the Canadian line, the country is mountainous and full of stills, hence booze is plentiful. This explains perhaps the overwhelming 'wet' vote of the class.

It is in keeping up the continuous struggle for more moral earnestness that your publication comes as a monthly inspiration.

LYDIA T. VAN HOUTE.

* * *

What sort of a man best loves a cat?

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I hesitate to quarrel with as entertaining an article as Mr. Wickham's presentation of Maupassant's cat, but it contains a reference or

two that come as a sort of last straw, and I feel that some of us *should* set the world right about cats.

The particular passage to which chief exception is made is: 'Maupassant was not the sort of man one would expect to have a cat. He was extremely active.'

What sort of man would one expect to have a cat? I knew a cat, no less attended than the Piroli, who was the sole pet of a railroad round-house, and made regular trips in a certain locomotive. The other day when the battleship North Dakota was placed out of commission, no less than twenty-eight cats were to be disposed of; practically all found excellent homes. At least two were taken hundreds of miles inland to the homes of sailors. Then there was Dick Baker's cat.

My last ten years have been spent mostly in construction camps and on ships; I have seldom been without a cat and could fill pages with anecdotes of 'active' men's cats. Why then do people arch their brows and say, 'Why, I did n't know men liked cats!'

Please allow the remark in passing that comparatively few old maids of my acquaintance *do* like cats.

One other little point—the 'Maupassantian perversity' is rubbing the fur the wrong way. Where was that superstition born? A cat likes nothing so well—when done with understanding.

Cattily,
M. R. J.

Apropos of this, a delightful letter comes to us from Harvey Wickham himself:—

I adore cats. Did you ever notice how much greater a place the cat occupies in literature than does the dog? I don't mean books about cats, which are usually detestable. But the real literary cat finds itself recorded in stray paragraphs. I have come across one even in such an unlikely place as the *Memoires* of Goron, a former Chef de la Police de Sûreté, Paris.

He was at the old Château Rouge—said to have been the hotel of the notorious Gabrielle d'Estrées, onetime favorite of Henri Quatre—showing certain people of importance the slum sights of the town, I believe. For the place by that time had become a thieves' hang-out, sordid even among the *bas plafonds* of Paris. He was regarding 'une pauvre vieille, dormante, la tête appuyée sur un panier contenant quelques chiffons—tout ce qu'elle possédait.' Then he sees her companion, 'un angora chetif, à coté d'elle, somnolent aussi. Expulsée de sa dernière mansarde, la malheureuse n'avait pas voulu se séparer du fidèle compagnon de sa détresse.'

The 'malheureuse,' observe, was the old woman, not the angora, even though it was a trifle 'chetif.' Being a cat, it was comfortable and had managed to preserve itself from the contamination of its surroundings. Perhaps that is why we love the little beasts. A dog would have been horribly pathetic, faithful, suffering, and dirty. The real agony of cats, when it comes, is something much worse than that. In a certain sunken court at Rome I have seen thirty odd cats — all starving to death. They had leaped in after bits of garbage, and could n't get out again. And at Messina, a few years after the big earthquake there, I was once 'entertained' by a melon-seller, who thought he would show his appreciation of my continued patronage by letting me see him dispose of a litter of kittens by throwing them one after another as high as he could into the air — to fall and die at leisure in the hot dust of the hard road. The cat appears to awaken the devil in some people.

But Goron was n't of that sort. And it being nearly 2 A.M., the hour when all 'malheureux,' according to the one rule of the place which seems to have been enforced, had to leave Château whether they had any other place to go to or not, he has the grace to wonder what became of the angora.

Then there are Pierre Loti's cats: M. Souris, 'surnommé La Suprématie,' who loved the sonatas of Mozart; the cat, 'un vrai,' that welcomed him to the palace of the Empress in the Forbidden City; the kédís of Eyoub, and many others. Some day I simply must write an essay on Loti's cats, and if I had the slightest sense of timeliness I would have done it when the newspapers announced poor old Julien's death last June. Perhaps I was too lazy, like those cats of Baudelaire — 'les chats qui se pâment sur les pianos.'

Someone asked me once if that meant piano-forte! — was thinking, I suppose of the cat's fugue of Moscheles. (Or was it his? Who wrote the thing? I have forgotten.) It's not so easy to translate, at that. 'The cats which swoon upon the floors' sounds ridiculous. Somewhere I have tried to render it, 'The cats that dream.' But the real meaning won't come across. In English a cat will do no more than sleep upon a rug.

* * *

A kind friend sends us the following, copied literatim from a letter written by a Korean youth to a lady in Honolulu.

DEAR MRS. F.,—

It is with faltering penmanship that I communicate with you, about the prospective condition of your house-girl Sarah.

For remote time past, secret passion has been firing my bosom internally with loving your girl Sarah. I have traveled all the channels in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction, cruelly to smother the growing love knot that is being constructed within my inside.

But the timid lamp of my affection, trimmed by Cupid's productive hands, still nourishes my lovesick breast. Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has generated in my head and heart.

During the reign of nightness my intellectually cranium has been entangled in thoughtful attitude of my beloved consort. Nocturnal slumberlessness has been the infirmity which has be-seiged my now generated condition.

My educational abilities have abandoned, and now I cling to these lovely stresses of your much coveted girl, like a mariner shipwrecked on the rocks of love.

As to my scholastic caliber, I was ejected from the Honolulu school. I am now masticating and will make a motion as soon as I perceive the business of life a little laxly.

I am of lofty and original lineage and independent income, and hoping that having debated proposition in your girl's mind, you will concur daintily, corroborated in espousing Sarah progeny to my tender bosom, and thereby acquiring me into your friendship circle.

As your faithful,
JOHN ALI GIN.

* * *

Offers of help still come pouring in.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

Would you buy all my storys that I may write or furnish I want to sell them all to just one party it's so much trouble and expence to write and send my manuscripts to so meny Publishing houses.

I had rather sell all just to one eaven if I had to take less for tem. What doe you pay for short and long stories.

If you dont buy them cant you write me some one that would buy all of me.

I remain thanking you for a satisfactory reply, I am

Yours very truly,
M— B—